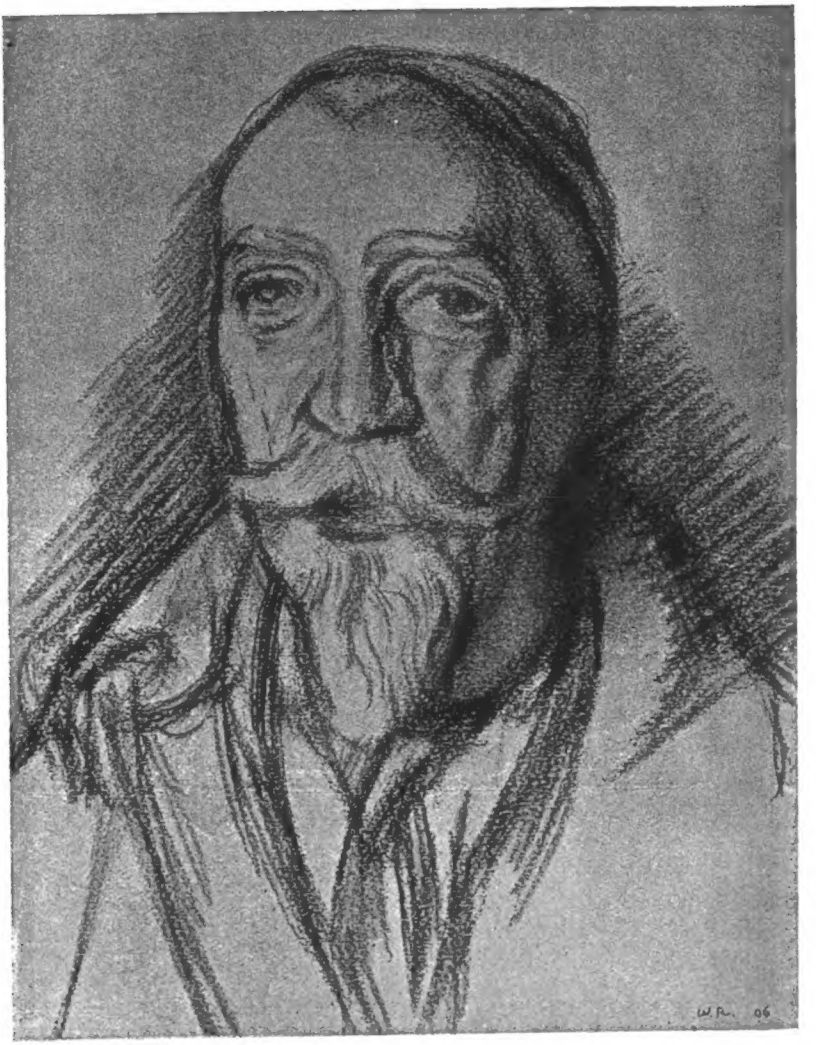

ANATOLE FRANCE

BY W. ROTHENSTEIN

Digitized by Google

Original from
MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

THE
ENGLISH REVIEW
APRIL 1910

A Singer Asleep

By Thomas Hardy

(A.C.S. 1837—1909)

I

In this fair niche above the unslumbering sea,
That sentrys up and down all night, all day,
From cove to promontory, from ness to bay,
The Fates have fitly bidden that he should be
Pillowed eternally.

II

—It was as though a garland of red roses
Had fallen about the hood of some smug nun
When irresponsibly dropped as from the sun
In fulth of numbers freaked with musical closes
Upon Victoria's formal middle time,
His leaves of rhythm and rhyme.

III

O that far morning of a summer day
When, down a terraced street whose pavements lay
Glassing the sunshine into my bent eyes,
I walked and read with a quick glad surprise
New words, in classic guise,—

Digitized by Google
Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

IV

The passionate pages of his earlier years,
Fraught with hot sighs, sad laughters, kisses, tears;—
Fresh-fluted notes, yet from a minstrel who
Blew them not naively, but as one who knew
Full well why thus he blew.

V

I still can hear the brabble and the roar
At those thy tunes, O still one, now passed through
That fitful fire of tongues then entered new!
Their power is spent like spindrift on this shore;
Thine swells yet more and more.

VI

—His singing-mistress verily was no other
Than she the Lesbian, she the music-mother
Of all the tribe that feel in melodies;
Who leapt, love-anguished, from the Leucadian steep
Into the rambling world-encircling deep
Which hides her where none sees.

VII

And one can hold in thought that nightly here
His phantom may draw down to the water's brim,
And hers come up to meet it, as a dim
Lone shine upon the heaving hydrosphere,
And mariners wonder as they traverse near,
Unknowing of her and him.

VIII

One dreams him sighing to her spectral form:
"O teacher, where lies hid thy burning line;
Where are those songs, O poetess divine,

Digitized by Google
Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

Whose very orts are love incarnadine ? "
And her smile back : " Disciple true and warm,
Sufficient now are thine . . . "

IX

So here, beneath the waking constellations,
Where the waves peal their everlasting strains,
And their dull subterrene reverberations
Shake him when storms make mountains of their plains—
Him once their peer in sad improvisations,
And deft as wind to cleave their frothy manes—
I leave him, while the daylight gleam declines
Upon the capes and chines.

Digitized by Google
Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

Night Songs

By D. H. Lawrence

WORKDAY EVENINGS

I. YESTERNIGHT

We have shut the doors behind us, and the velvet flowers of night
Lean about us scattering their pollen puffs of golden light :

Now at last we lift our faces, and our faces come aflower
To the hushed, grey-wingèd ministrants the bats of night devour :

Now at last the closèd calyx opens from our tired eyes,
And out of the chambered weariness wanders a perfume abroad on its enterprise.

Still there is left us
The golden grainèd night aflower across the sky.
Shall we lament for what is bereft us
While the street lamp censers swinging high
Stream golden smoke—?
And river-lamps like full-blown roses
Shake down their golden litter, that discloses
The waters' restless stroke.

Ours even now
The street that is full of the rustling sound of a shell
Hoarsely whispering us how
The waves ran laughing up the shore at the swell

Digitized by Google
Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

When the tide was high :
—Endless whisper of passing feet
And wash of voices along the street
Where the ebb of life slips by.

The plane-leaves fall through the lamp-light like tired quails sinking down in the grass,
They sigh just once round our feet and are still, heavy with the dark narcotic of weariness.

The moon, like a reddening lantern hangs low across the river ; we have eaten the narcotics of night,
We have forgotten the sunny apples of day that we craved to eat ; the moon of sleep is alight.

II. TO-MORROW NIGHT

When into the night the yellow light is roused like dust above the towns,
Or like a mist the moon has kissed from off a pool in the midst of the downs :

Our faces flower for a little hour pale and uncertain along the street,
Daisies that waken all mistaken white-spread in expectancy to meet

The luminous mist which the poor things wist was dawn arriving across the sky,
When the dawn is far behind the star that the lamp-lit town has driven so high.

All the birds are folded in a silent ball of sleep,
All the leaves are fallen, and the starlight shines through the tree ;
Only the bats are flickering round and round, and keep
The figure of song aflutter in a black-winged revelry.

Digitized by Google
Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

The small birds that lifted their heads when morning looked
in at our eyes
Have been caged and covered with darkness all day, and now
that the doors
Are open for them they are moping, or they break with little
cries
Into the night, and are lost, to sadden with jetsam the dawn's
pale shores.

But the night is full of the flutter of invisible revelry,
And drunk with the death of the soothing, grey-wingèd creatures
of night. . . .
The bats, depraved, are dropping gaily from off the tree,
Black birds whose songs are unutterable, spinning fantastic
flight.

REBUKED

How big and white the night is !
I stumble where the shadows lie
Fooling my feet !—does the night-moth
Mock as it flutters by ?

Who is it the owl is hooting ?
Is it me the dark firs mean
When they point their slanting fingers
With the white of the moon between ?

The moon is high—I am little !
She leans forward her smooth pale face
And smiles at my furtive shadow
Dodging behind in disgrace.

Digitized by Google
Original from
MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

NIGHT SONGS

WAKENED

Is that the moon
At the window, so big and red ?
No one in the room—no one near the bed ?
Listen, her shoon
Palpitating down the stair !
—Or a beat of wings at the window there?

A moment ago
She kissed me warm on the mouth. . . .
The very moon is red in the south
With a bloody glow,
Welled up from the night's abysses
At her kiss, at her fervent two kisses !

And now the moon
Goes slowly out of the west,
Sullenly—as the kisses sink back in my breast.

AT THE WINDOW

The pine-trees bend to listen to the autumn wind as it mutters
Something that sets the black poplars ashake with hysterical laughter
—As slowly the house of day is closing its eastern shutters.

The pallid assembly of tomb-stones fades down the darkening valley,
And timid ghosts, like lovers come faltering up the hill
To hover disconsolate at the end of the lamp-lit alley.

Is it leaves in haste along the pavement, that rise and whisper as they go
Past the window-pane, a word from the sibilant night's strange mouth
To the one who sits in the two-roomed darkness behind the eye's window ?

Digitized by Google
Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

Whispering of words, and the sound of manifold footsteps, which veer
And brush the house—? Leaves in the wind's procession, and light
Blown mistily from the lamps on the pine-trees gasping for fear—— ?

Digitized by Google
Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

Two Poems

By Ezra Pound

CANZON: OF INCENSE

[To this form sings Arnault Daniel, with seven stanzas instead of five]

I

Thy gracious ways,
O Lady of my heart, have
O'er all my thought their golden glamour cast;
As amber torch-flames, where strange men-at-arms
Tread softly 'neath the damask shield of night,
Rise from the flowing steel in part reflected,
So on my mailèd thought that with thee goeth,
Though dark the way, a golden glamour falleth.

II

The censer sways
And glowing coals some art have
To free what frankincense before held fast
Till all the summer of the eastern farms
Doth dim the sense, and dream up through the light,
As memory by new-born love corrected—
With savour such as only new love knoweth—
Through dim sweet ways the hidden pasts recalleth.

III

On barren days,
At hours when I, apart, have
Bent low in thought of the great charm thou hast,
Behold with music's many stringèd charms

Digitized by Google
Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

The silence groweth thou. O rare delight!
The melody upon clear strings inflected
Were dull when o'er taut sense thy presence floweth
With golden sound whose echo never palleth.

IV

The glowing rays
That from the low sun dart, have
Turned gold each tower and every towering mast;
The saffron flame, that flaming nothing harms
Hides Khadeeth's pearl and all the sapphire might
Of burnished waves, before her gates collected:
The cloak of graciousness, that round thee gloweth,
Doth hide the thing thou art, as here befalleth.

V

All things worth praise
That unto Khadeeth's mart have
From far been brought through perils over-passed,
All santal, myrrh, and spikenard that disarms
The pard's swift anger; these would weigh but light
'Gainst thy delights, my Khadeeth!

Whence protected
By naught save her great grace that in him showeth,
My song goes forth and on her mercy calleth.

VI

O censer of the thought that golden gloweth,
Be bright before her when the evening falleth.

VII

Fragrant be thou as a new field one moweth,
O song of mine that "hers" her mercy calleth.

Digitized by Google
Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

TWO POEMS

THERSITES; ON THE SURVIVING ZEUS

[With apologies to all the rhetorical odists]

I

Immortal Ennui, that hath driven men
To mightier deeds and actions than e'er Love
With all his comfit kisses brought to be,
Thee only of the gods out-tiring Time,
That weariest man to glory ere the grave,
Thee do we laud within thy greyest courts!
O thou unpraisèd one, attend our praise!

II

Great Love hath turned him back but never thou,
O steely champion, hast let slip the rein.
Great deeds were thine in Rome and Macedon
When small gods gleaned the stubble of man's praise,
And silent thou alone didst know their birth.
Revealèd wast to none but thine elect
Who trod the chaff of earth's death-dusty crowns.

III

Immortal Ennui that hath saved the world
From dry contagion of man's great dull books,
O Wisdom's self that stillest wisdom's voice,
The frank Apollo never stole thy sheep,
No song hath lured thee from thy granite throne.
There is no bourne to thine insistency,
No power to turn the sword of thy disdain.

IV

All deeds are dust and song is less than deed
Thou dost beget such hunger in the soul.
To mightier conquests and to wars more vain
The sands of men are driven by thy breath;
Thine is the high emprise lordly lays.
O thou inspiring Might, drink deep this praise,
Ere our great boredom pass its several ways!

Digitized by Google
Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

The Miracle of the Stigmata

By Frank Harris

It was after the troubles in Jerusalem that a man called Joshua, a carpenter and smith, came to Cæsarea. Almost before the neighbours were aware of it, he had settled down in a little hut opposite the house of Simon the image-maker, and was working quietly at his trade. He was a Jew, to all appearance : a middle-aged Jew, with features sharpened by suffering, or possibly by illness, and yet in many ways he was not like a Jew ; he never went near a synagogue, he never argued about religion or anything else, and he took whatever people gave him for his work without bargaining.

To his loud, high-coloured, grasping compatriots he seemed to be rather a poor creature ; but a certain liking softened their contempt of him, for his shrinking humility flattered their vanity and disposed them in his favour. And yet, now and then, when they talked with most assurance and he lifted his eyes to them, they grew a little uneasy : his look was more one of pity than of approval. He was a queer fellow, they decided, and not easy to understand ; but, as he was peculiarly retiring and silent, the less agreeable impression wore away, and they finally took the view of him that was most pleasing to themselves, and regarded him as unimportant.

Joshua seemed to accept their indifference with humble gratitude. He hardly ever left his room, and made no friends, except Simon, who modelled in clay and wax the little figures of the Phœnician gods. Simon had the name of a rich man and he was very clever ; he used to paint some of his wax gods with rosy cheeks, black hair and gilded lips till they looked alive, and their robes were green and purple and saffron with dark shadows

Digitized by Google
Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

in the folds so that they seemed to move. Simon took a great liking to Joshua from the beginning, and did his best to break down his reserve and make an intimate of him. But even Simon had to content himself with moderate success. Joshua was always sympathetic, and would listen to him for hours at a time; but he spoke very little, and never about himself. Simon, however, used to maintain that Joshua's silence was more stimulating than the speech of other men.

Simon's wife, Tabitha, did not take to Joshua at first; she never felt at ease with him, she said, and his great eyes made her flesh creep. But, as she got to know him, she could not help seeing his industry and his love of home and a quiet life, and, in a month or so, she sent to Joppa for her sister's daughter, Judith, who was twenty-five years old, and still unmarried. It was poverty, Tabitha knew, and not choice that had kept Judith single. The very first night after the girl reached Cæsarea the two had a long talk, and Judith drank in all her aunt had to tell of Joshua and his peculiarities, and accepted the cunning advice of the older woman with complete submission.

"The girl is no fool," Tabitha said to herself, and began to take a liking to her pupil; while Judith felt that Tabitha was really clever in managing men, or how could she have contrived to keep her husband's affection, in spite of her age and barrenness, a thing which seemed to the girl wonderful? Tabitha's advice to Judith was not to hold off and thus to excite Joshua's desire; but to show him that she liked him.

"He has been disappointed in life," Tabitha said, "I'm sure, and wants comforting. Besides, he's soft and affectionate by nature, like a girl: he will be grateful to you for loving him. Trust me, I know the kind of man: there was Jonas when I was young; I might have had him ten times over, if I had wanted to; and James as well, the rich tanner of Joppa who married the Levite's daughter. You take my advice, Judith, make up to him, and you'll get him. Joshua has a lot of the woman in him or I'm a fool."

Tabitha turned out to be right, though Judith did not succeed as quickly as they had expected, for it was hard to persuade Joshua that he was loved by any one.

Digitized by Google
Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

"I am old," he said, "and broken, and my house is empty of hope."

But the women were patient, and, one afternoon, Simon put in a warm word for Judith, and a little later the wedding took place.

The marriage was not unhappy; indeed, the union of the two seemed to grow intimate as time went on, and nothing occurred to trouble the peace of the household, except the fact that the marriage of Judith, too, was barren, like the marriage of Tabitha. Now and again, Judith took this to heart and blamed her husband, but her anger never lasted very long. Joshua had a way of doing kind little things, even while he was being scolded, which was hard to resist. Still Judith always felt she would have thought more of him if he had turned on her and mastered her, as she had seen her father master her mother.

In the third year of the marriage, one Philip, a deacon, came from Jerusalem, and created a good deal of excitement and curiosity in the Jewish community. He talked of miracles and a Messiah; but no one believed much in him. And, as soon as he had left the town, the effect of his words disappeared, as hot vapour disappears in air. A little later, another wandering preacher, called Peter, came to Cæsarea, and with his coming the new doctrine began to be understood. Peter taught that one Jesus had been born in Bethlehem from the seed of David, and that He was the Messiah foretold by the prophets. But when it became known that this supposed Messiah had been crucified at Jerusalem as a sedition-monger, the more devout among the Jews grew indignant, and Peter often found it difficult to get a hearing. Still, he was a man of such passionate conviction that his teaching lent the subject an interest which, strangely enough, did not die out or even greatly diminish after he had gone away. From time to time, too, curiosity was excited anew by all sorts of rumours; so that, when it was told about that another apostle, Paul, had landed at Cæsarea and was going to speak, the Jews ran together to hear him.

Judith had heard the news at Tabitha's. As soon as she had made arrangements to go to the place of meeting, she hurried

Digitized by Google Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

across to her own house to dress and to tell Joshua. Joshua listened to her patiently as usual, but with a troubled brow, and when his wife told him to get ready to accompany them, to her amazement he said that he could not go, and, when she pressed him and insisted, he shook his head. In the years they had lived together, he had hardly refused her anything, and he had never gone against her wishes at any time without explaining and pleading as if he were in fault. So Judith was doubly determined to get her own way now. After asking once more for his reasons, she declared that he must go with her :

" It's seldom I ask you anything, and it is very dull here. You must come."

It pained him to refuse her, and, seeing this, she talked about the wretched loneliness of her life, and, at last, wept aloud over her poverty and childlessness. Joshua comforted her and wiped her eyes, but did not yield, and, in this plight, Simon and Tabitha found them, much to Judith's annoyance. Simon took in the position at once, and, in his good-humoured way, soon settled the difficulty.

" Come on, Judith," he said ; " you know you would not like him so much if he were not a stay-at-home, and it is not flattering to cry when you have me and Tabitha for company ; " and so he took the women away with him without further ado.

When they returned that evening, Judith seemed like a new creature ; her cheeks were red and her eyes glowed, and she was excited, as one is excited with the new wine. For hours she talked to Joshua about Paul and all he had said :

" He is the most wonderful man in the world," she declared ; " not big nor handsome ; small, indeed, and ordinary-looking, but, as soon as he begins to speak, he seems to grow before your eyes. I never heard any one talk as he talks : you cannot help believing him ; he is like one inspired."

So she went on, while Joshua, from time to time, raised his eyes to her in surprise. In spite of her excitement she answered his mute questioning :

" If you once heard him, you would have to believe him. He began by saying that he came to preach Christ and Him crucified. You know how every one is ashamed to speak of the

Digitized by Google Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

crucifixion. Paul began with it; it was the crowning proof, he said (What beautiful words!), that Jesus was indeed the Messiah. For Jesus was crucified, and lay three days in the grave, and then came to life again and was seen of many. This is the chief doctrine of the new creed; we shall all have to die with Jesus to the things of the flesh, Paul says, in order to rise again with him to everlasting life."

She spoke slowly, but with much feeling, and then, clasping her hands, she cried:

"Oh, it is true; I feel it is all true!"

"But did Jesus die?" Joshua asked. "I mean," he went on hesitatingly, "did Paul try to prove that?"

"No, indeed," replied Judith. "Every one knows that a man is not crucified by the Romans and allowed to live."

"But Jesus was not a criminal to the Romans," Joshua remarked quietly; "perhaps they took less care in his case."

"Oh, that's foolish," Judith retorted. "Of course, he was dead; they don't bury men who are alive."

"But sometimes," Joshua went on, "men are thought to be dead who have only fainted. Jesus is said to have died on the cross in a few hours; and that, you know, is very strange; the crucified generally live for two or three days."

"I've no patience with you!" cried Judith. "All your doubts come from your dislike of religion. If you had more piety, you would not go on like that; and, if you once heard Paul preach, you would know, you would feel in your heart, that he was filled with the very Spirit of God. He talks of Jesus beautifully."

"Did he know Jesus?" asked Joshua. "He was not one of the disciples, was he?"

"Oh, no," she said. "He made himself famous by persecuting the followers of Jesus. For a long time, he went everywhere, informing against them and throwing them into prison. He told us all about it: it is a wonderful story. He was going up to Damascus once to persecute the Christians—that's what they are called now—when suddenly, in the road, a great light shone upon him, and he fell to the ground, while a voice from Heaven cried:

Digitized by Google
Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

" ' Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou Me ? '

" The voice was the voice of Jesus. Paul was blind for three days in Damascus, and only got his sight again through the prayers of one of the Christians. Isn't it all—beautiful ? "

" It may have been the sun," said Joshua slowly, " the noonday sun ; his blindness afterwards seems to show that it was sunstroke."

" But the voice," said Judith, " the voice which came from Heaven, and which the others didn't hear, that wasn't sunstroke, I suppose ? "

" The others didn't hear the voice," repeated Joshua, as if he were speaking to himself ; " perhaps then it was the voice of his own soul, wounded by those persecutions."

" Oh, you're hateful," cried Judith, " with your stupid explanations. I can't see what pleasure you find in them, myself. Besides, they hurt me, for I believe in Paul. Yes, I do," she added passionately ; " he is as God to me " ; and, after a pause, she said :

" I'm going with Tabitha to-morrow to see Paul : I want to be baptized and to become a Christian, as Paul is."

Joshua shook his head and cast down his eyes in doubt and sorrow, but Judith turned from him : she had said what she wanted to say.

The next morning, Simon and Tabitha came over early, and they all talked of the effect of Paul's preaching : half the Jews in Cæsarea had been converted already, Judith said, and hundreds were going to be baptized at once. Tabitha confirmed this, and hoped that Simon, too, would follow the good example. Simon, however, said that, for his part, he meant to wait : he would hear more, and do nothing rashly ; but he did not wonder that the women were persuaded, for Paul was very eloquent.

" He's ugly," he went on. (" Oh no ! " cried Judith, " he's glorious ! ") " I think him very ugly," Simon persisted ; " but his face gets hold of you : he's nearly bald, with a long beaked nose and thick black beard ; but his eyes are wonderful ; they blaze and grow soft and weep and his voice changes with his eyes till your very soul is taken out of you. His Gospel, too, is astonishing."

Digitized by Google Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

"You see," he continued, "Paul's idea that the kingdom promised to us Jews is to be a spiritual kingdom, a kingdom of righteousness, and not a material kingdom, seems to me good. It is practicable at least, and that's something. And this Jesus of whom Paul preaches must have been an extraordinary being, greater than the prophets, greater even than Elias. He used to say, 'My kingdom is not of this world,' and he went about with the poor and the prostitutes and the afflicted. Did you ever happen to see him in Jerusalem?"

Joshua kept his eyes on the ground, and after a time replied in a low voice:

"He wasn't much in Jerusalem."

* * * * *

Day by day, the agitation spread and spread, like a pool in the rains, till it looked as if there were no limit to Paul's power of persuading the Jews. Conversion followed conversion; the meetings grew larger and larger; the interest in what he said more and more intense, till, at length, nearly all the Jews in Cæsarea had become followers of the Nazarene. The excitement caught in the other quarters of the city. The Phœnician fishermen and some landsfolk began to come to the meetings, and, every now and then, some Roman soldiers, and here and there a centurion; but these more out of curiosity than emotion.

As Tabitha and Judith had been among the earliest converts, it was only natural that their zeal should grow when they found their example followed by the priests and Levites and other leaders of the people. It was natural, too, that Judith should continue to press Joshua to give the new doctrine at least a fair hearing, as Simon had done, to his soul's salvation; but Joshua remained obstinate. One evening, however, Judith's patience was rewarded. They were all talking at Simon's house, and, at length, Judith quoted some words of Paul on Charity:

"Charity suffereth long, and is kind; is not easily provoked; thinketh no evil . . . beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things."

As she paused, Joshua looked at her for a moment and then said, simply:

"I will go with you to-morrow to hear Paul."

Digitized by Google Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

And they were all glad, and gave thanks unto God.

On the morrow, when they drew near the meeting-place, they found themselves in a great crowd of Jews, for the doors of the building had been closed by reason of the multitude. Every one was talking about the new doctrine.

"I like Paul," said one, "because he is a Hebrew of the Hebrews, and aforetime a Pharisee."

"Ah!" cried another. "Do you remember that splendid thing he said yesterday, 'If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink, for so thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head.' Ha! ha! ha! 'Coals of fire'! That was great, eh?"

"And true, too!" exclaimed a friend.

"And new!" cried another.

And the men embraced each other, while their faces shone with conquering enthusiasm. Joshua plucked Simon by the garment:

"Do you hear?"

"Yes," said Simon impatiently, for the prevailing excitement was exciting him, and he didn't like the interruption; "of course, I hear."

Then a red Jew, with head of flame, and beard of gold, started forward and uplifting his hand, cried:

"What I liked best in his last speech was what he said against backsliders and those who excite doubt by vain disputations; and, above all, that great word of the Messiah: 'He that is not with me is against me, and he that gathered not with me, scattereth abroad.'" *

The man thundered out the words as if he were defying the world.

Again Joshua plucked Simon by the garment, and, when Simon turned to him, he saw that the carpenter's face was pale, and tears stood in his eyes.

"What is it, Joshua?" he asked.

Joshua tried to speak, but could not for a moment, and, when at length he had drawn Simon a little apart, all that he was able to say was:

* Matthew xii. 30.

Digitized by Google Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

"Do you hear what they say?"

"Of course, I hear," said Simon crossly, for he had enjoyed the vivid, impassioned talk; "but what of that? What is the matter with you?"

And Joshua asked:

"Are these men true witnesses? Does Paul indeed teach these things?"

Simon answered shortly:

"Yes: I suppose so."

Joshua looked at him regretfully, and said:

"I must go, Simon; I could not listen to Paul. He does not speak as Jesus spoke; I must go."

But Simon was impatient.

"Nonsense," he cried; "what do you know of Jesus that you should contradict his apostle?"

And Joshua made answer:

"I know what Jesus taught; and this is not his teaching. I remember his very words once: 'He that is not against us is on our part.'* He always preached love, Simon; and this man——I must go!"

Simon shrugged his shoulders and threw out by way of warning:

"Judith will be very angry!"

But, at that moment, the doors were opened, and, as Joshua turned to go, he saw Simon carried away by the rush of the human tide that swept past and in a moment filled the building.

* * * * *

From that day on, Judith took no pains to hide her coolness towards her husband. And even to Simon, Joshua seemed unreasonable; he would not listen now to any talk about Paul; the mere mention of Paul's name seemed to pain and distress him; and, as Judith went oftener and oftener to Paul's preaching, the rift between her and her husband widened from day to day.

At last the disagreement came to speech. One afternoon, after sitting still for a long time watching her husband at work fashioning a cattle-yoke, Judith said:

"I want to speak to you; I must speak to you."

* Mark ix. 40.

Digitized by Google Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

Joshua leant on the tool he was using and paused to hear what she had to say, and she began :

" It is very hard for me to say it, but I must. You are the only Jew in Cæsarea who has hardened his heart and refused even to listen to the teaching of Jesus, and that has hurt me. Now Paul is going away, and, and—he asked us before he left to write down any question we wished to have answered ; so that his absence might not be so much felt."

She paused here, and seemed to grow a little confused, but, gathering courage, went on :

" I—I asked him something. I asked him," and she lifted her eyes to her husband boldly, " I asked him whether it was right to live with an unbeliever, one who would not even listen to the truth or hear it ; and he answered me——"

She paused, looking down, and Joshua gazed at her with wistful eyes, but said nothing, and at length she began again :

" He answered me yesterday, and I remember every word he said : ' Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers, for what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness, and what communion hath light with darkness——' "

She recited the words with a certain exaltation, and, as her voice rose defiantly over the last syllables, she looked up at her husband as if she expected to meet his anger ; but she was mistaken. His eyes were full of unshed tears, and, resenting his want of spirit, she rang out :

" ' ——and what concord hath Christ with Belial ? ' "

After a long pause, Joshua spoke :

" Can this indeed be Paul," he asked, with a sort of sorrowful wonder, " who calls himself the follower of Jesus ; yet denies his teaching ?

" ' Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers,' Paul says ; but Jesus would have said, ' Be ye unequally yoked together with unbelievers,' for faith is stronger than doubt, as light is stronger than darkness."

" Oh no," cried Judith, starting up ; " it is not true. Paul says, ' Be ye separate and touch not the unclean thing, and I will receive you.' "

As she spoke, Joshua stretched out his hands to her beseechingly.

Digitized by Google
Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

"Ah, Judith, that is not the teaching of love; and Jesus came into the world to teach love, and nothing else. Paul has made doctrines of belief and rules of conduct; but Jesus wanted nothing but love: love that is more than righteousness. . . . He may have been mistaken," he went on in a voice broken by extreme emotion; "he trusted God, cried to Him in his extremity, hoping for instant help—in vain. . . . He was forsaken, cruelly forsaken, and all his life's work undone. But he was not wrong, surely, in preaching love to men—love that is the life of the soul."

He spoke with an impassioned tenderness; but Judith broke in, her eyes narrowing with question and suspicion:

"What do you know of Jesus and what he said? You never spoke to me about him before. Did you know him in Jerusalem?"

Joshua hesitated, and his eyes fell; then he said:

"I know his teaching," and he went on hurriedly: "But all this is only words, isn't it, Judith? Surely," and his voice trembled, "you would not leave me after all these years of happiness for what a stranger says?"

"What Paul says is always right," she retorted coolly.

Joshua stretched out his hands to her in hopeless appeal: "Ah, Judith, why give pain; why add to that mist of human tears that already veils the beauty of the world?"

Judith replied solemnly: "Paul says that we only come to peace by leaving the lower for the higher way; no earthly ties should fetter us who are called to the service of the divine Master: I shall find a nobler satisfaction in the new life."

As she spoke, Joshua's face grew drawn and pale, and in alarm she cried:

"What is it? Are you ill?"

"No," he replied, "I am not ill."

But he sat down and covered his face with his hands. After a while she touched him, and he looked up with unutterable sadness in his eyes.

"How can I blame you—how?" and he sighed deeply. "I, too, left my mother and my brethren, in obedience to what I thought was the higher bidding; but, oh, Judith, if I had my life to live over again, I don't think I should act in the same way. I must have hurt my mother, and it seems to me now

Digitized by Google
Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

that the higher love ought to include the lower and not exclude it. I should be more——"

Again she interrupted him:

"Paul says hesitation is itself a fault; but I had no idea that you felt so much or cared for me so much."

Her tone was gentler, and he replied, with a brave attempt at smiling:

"I have had no life, Judith, so peaceful and happy as my life here with you."

Judith answered:

"You never say anything, so it is hard to believe you feel much."

This brought the talk to sympathy and intimacy, and, for a while, there was peace between them.

* * * * *

A little later Paul held his last meeting. Before taking ship, he preached once in the open air, on the foreshore where water and land meet; and, of course, Judith was by his side. He spoke with heavy sadness of the parting, and with pride of those, his brothers and sisters, who would, he knew, remain faithful until the present coming of Christ. His words moved the people to tears and new resolutions; for they all sorrowed bitterly, fearing to lose him for ever. . . .

The next day, when Joshua got up in the morning, Judith was nowhere to be found. He called her, but she did not answer; she was not in the house; he went across to Tabitha, and Tabitha could only tell him that Judith had resolved not to live with him any more and that she had gone back for a time to Joppa.

Joshua returned to his empty house and sat down by the bench where he had worked so long and where Judith had so often sat watching him, and tears streamed from his eyes. After mourning so for a long while, his sorrow grew too great for silence, and he stretched out his hands in his abandonment and loneliness, crying pitifully:

"But why this cup? Why?"

* * * * *

Months passed. Judith returned to Cæsarea and dwelt again with Tabitha; but, in spite of the reproaches of Simon,

Digitized by Google Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

she refused to cross the road to see Joshua, and, as Joshua scarcely ever left his house, some time elapsed before they met. One morning, however, as Joshua was returning home from the market, Judith hurried out of Simon's house on her way to a meeting, and the two came face to face. They both stopped for a moment, and then Joshua, in divine pity and tenderness, forgiving everything, went towards his wife with outstretched hands; but Judith put her hands before her face, and turned her head aside, as if she didn't want to see him; and, when he still came towards her, she hastened back into the house without a word. After waiting a while in the road, Joshua went slowly into his house with downcast eyes. Neither of them then knew that they had seen each other in life for the last time.

* * * * *

After many days, Paul came again to Cæsarea, on his way to Jerusalem; and, once again, all Cæsarea thronged to hear the man whom every one now recognised as the greatest of the apostles. As before, both Tabitha and Judith were diligent at the meetings, and Judith in especial was treated by Paul with great tenderness, as one who had suffered much for the faith.

One morning, Simon came in and told the women to go and see what had happened to Joshua; for he had not opened his door for two days, and was probably ill. The women went across and found Joshua. He had fallen by his bench, and was already cold; they could not lift him, and they came back to Simon, crying. Simon was angry with them, and said to Judith:

"He was too good for you, and so you left him. Paul says: 'Our faithful Judith,' and that's enough for you. Pish!"

Simon was too rich, Judith felt, ever to be a good Christian; but this time she bore his rebuke, for she needed his assistance. Simon went over with them, and helped to lift Joshua and lay him out straight on his bed, and there he left him to the care of the women.

Tabitha and Judith got clean linen and began to wash the body. Suddenly, Tabitha cried out:

"Judith, look! What are these marks on his hands?"

Digitized by Google Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

And she turned the palm of the right hand to Judith, and the whole palm was drawn together to a puckered white cicatrix in the middle.

"Oh, that is nothing," Judith replied; "an accident that happened to him in Jerusalem."

Tabitha repeated:

"An accident? How strange!"

A moment later, she cried again:

"Judith, look! The same marks are in his feet."

Judith started.

"Really?" And then: "I never knew that. They used not to be there, I am sure, or—oh!" she cried, as a new thought struck her, "perhaps they were covered by the sandal-strap; he never could walk far, you know."

As she spoke, staring and puzzled, Tabitha snatched the sheet from the body, and, pointing, said:

"Look! in his side as well," and then, in an awed whisper: "the Stigmata—the Holy Stigmata!"

Judith's lips framed the words, too, but she was unable to speak. When she came to herself, she said:

"Oh, Tabitha, let us go and tell Paul," and they hurried to the house where Paul dwelt, and, in a few words, told him the whole matter; and at once Paul set off, with all those who were with him, to the house of Joshua.

When he had come to the house and had entered in, and had seen the marks on Joshua's hands and in his feet and in his side, Paul turned swiftly to those standing by, and, holding up his hands, cried:

"Lo, great work has been wrought to-day in Israel!"

And all who were with him shouted:

"A miracle! A miracle!"

And Paul began to speak, and, while he spoke, the Jews in Cæsarea gathered about the house, and convinced themselves of the miracle that had been wrought on their behalf. And Paul went on preaching as one filled with the Spirit and with triumph in his voice, and soon the news spread to the port, and the Phœnician fishermen came and saw the wonder, and the Roman soldiers, and all listened now to Paul's words and were

Digitized by Google
Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

converted by him. For every one knew that this Joshua, though a Jew, had not followed the new teaching, and that he had been as Paul said he was, the last unbeliever in Cæsarea, and because of his unbelief, as Paul declared, and for a sign to the whole world, the Stigmata of Jesus the Crucified had been put upon him, and, indeed, the Stigmata were there, plain to be seen by every one, in his hands and feet and side. And all the inhabitants of Cæsarea, and of the parts round about, were converted and turned to the Lord through the preaching of Paul, and through the miracle of the Stigmata that had been wrought on the body of the last unbeliever in Cæsarea.

Digitized by Google
Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

Les Dieux asiatiques aux premiers Siècles de l'Ere chrétienne *

By Anatole France

Mesdames, Messieurs,—

La causerie que vous me ferez le très grand honneur d'entendre sera quelque chose de très particulier et même quelque chose d'un peu bizarre. Je vous lirai des vers que j'ai composés très anciennement et je les accompagnerai d'un commentaire que j'ai préparé à Rio même, à votre intention. Un petit poème sur les idées religieuses à l'époque d'Auguste, des réflexions sur les origines et les premiers développements du Christianisme, voilà sans doute un sujet grave, austère de lecture publique, et je désespère d'y mettre de l'agrément ni de l'égayer par les ornements dont il n'est pas susceptible. Mon entreprise est hardie ; il me faut, pour m'en tirer sans trop de dommage, un auditoire de poètes et de penseurs. Je ne le dis point afin de vous prévenir en ma faveur, mais pour solliciter votre attention bienveillante.

Des vers, soit ! direz-vous. Nous aimons les vers quand ils sont beaux et nous sommes très indulgents pour les vers français. Mais à quoi bon, pourquoi les commenter ? En ont-ils donc besoin ?—Vous avez raison. Les vers doivent pouvoir se passer de commentaire. Il faut qu'ils s'entendent d'eux-mêmes. Lamartine, au déclin de sa brillante carrière, a mis un commentaire à ses Méditations et à ses Harmonies ; ce commentaire a paru inutile et fastidieux. Les beaux vers du poète n'en avaient pas besoin. Mais ceux que je vais vous lire (il est vraiment inutile de vous en avertir) ne sont point nés d'une si heureuse et facile inspiration. Et, comme ils contien-

* Conférence prononcée à Rio-de-Janeiro le 30 Juin 1909.

Digitized by Google
Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

nent, en peu d'espace, beaucoup d'idées que je crois justes sur un sujet qui touche le cœur même de l'humanité moderne, ils gagneront, si je ne me trompe, à être expliqués.

Et puis, la glose dont je les éclaircirai aura du moins l'avantage de nous mettre tout d'abord en familiarité avec un poète latin vraiment aimable, l'ami de Virgile, Horace, le sage Horace, si sensé quand il tire sa pensée de son vieux fonds latin, si élégant lorsqu'il imite les poètes alexandrins.

C'est une circonstance de la vie d'Horace que nous allons évoquer et tâcher de remettre dans son vrai jour, une circonstance intéressante sans doute, mais très particulière, une historiette sur laquelle on peut philosopher à l'infini, mais qu'il faudrait conter à mi-voix, sur le banc d'un jardin. Oh ! comme cette salle me paraît grande et comme j'ai peur d'être obligé d'y enfler la voix pour dire une saison d'Horace sur une plage, près de Naples. Voici. La scène est simple et familière.

Le poète Horace, à qui la faveur de Mécène avait fait des loisirs et qui jouissait en paix d'une haute renommée, faible de santé vint, au déclin de sa vie, chercher à Baïes un hiver tiède et clément.

Située au bord de la mer dans la plus belle partie de la Campanie, Baïes était une ville d'eaux très fréquentée. On vantait les vertus médicinales de ses sources, de ses lacs fumants d'eau chaude. C'était une station à la mode, où la foule des gens riches cherchait moins la santé que le plaisir.

Elle était fréquentée par tout ce que Rome comptait d'élégants et de voluptueux. Aussi les amants voyaient-ils avec inquiétude leurs maîtresses aller sans eux à Baïes. Le poète Properce, tandis que sa belle Cynthie goûtait les douceurs de cette plage, se sentait rongé de jalousie ; il lui demandait de Rome en vers élégiaques si elle se rappelait encore, dans l'ombre des nuits, celui qui l'aimait si tendrement. Il la savait en butte aux sollicitations, aux propos caressants, aux offres, et il l'adjurait d'abandonner au plus vite le rivage corrupteur, ce rivage qui suscitait tant de querelles entre les amants, ces rochers de la côte enchantée, écueils éternels de la vertu des femmes ; et il maudissait les eaux de Baïes, criminelles envers l'amour.

Digitized by Google
Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

Horace n'était pas très riche, mais il était célèbre, il était aimable et sans doute il faisait bonne figure dans la société cultivée de Baïes.

Il y rencontra une courtisane à laquelle il donne dans ses vers le nom grec de Leuconoé, soit qu'elle le portât en effet, soit que le poète l'eût choisi pour son euphonie. Ce devait être une femme d'une élégance reconnue. Il n'était pas donné à tout le monde d'aller à Baïes. Pour qu'une courtisane y eût sa villa et s'y montrât en litière ou en trirème, il fallait que ses talents consacrés lui eussent déjà acquis quelque richesse. Il y avait à Rome une multitude de petites femmes qui du premier au dernier jour de l'année, le soir, leur voile rejeté en arrière, battaient les dalles humides ou poudreuses de la voie sacrée, qu'on abordait sans crainte et que ne dédaignaient point les connaisseurs. Properce jura un jour de se vouer à celles-là seules. Leuconoé n'était pas de ces vendeuses obscures de plaisir. Elle appartenait à la classe des grandes courtisanes, fort goûtées dans la société romaine et recherchées comme les seules femmes avec lesquelles on pût causer. Elles n'étaient pas sans culture, et il leur fallait, pour réussir dans leur état, être exercées dans la musique et dans la danse. Plusieurs avaient des connaissances en poésie. L'une d'elles, il est vrai que c'est son ami qui le dit et que son ami était un poète, l'une d'elles dansait au sortir des festins avec une grâce incomparable, semblait une vraie muse quand elle jouait des airs savants sur le luth d'Éolie, et composait des vers aussi bien que Érinne et Corinne elles-mêmes. Les Romains ne trouvaient pas dans leur maison des femmes si cultivées et si agréables, et comme nul préjugé ne leur imposait la fidélité conjugale ils fréquentaient volontiers et très ouvertement les courtisanes.

Horace, d'ailleurs, n'était pas marié. Il avait, sur l'ordre d'Auguste, célébré le mariage, mais il en avait pas essayé. Quelle fut la nature du sentiment qui le lia avec Leuconoé ? Nous l'ignorons, mais il paraît avoir eu pour elle une véritable amitié. Il lui écrivait en vers et lui donnait les conseils de sa tranquille sagesse. Il ne faut rien affirmer. Peut-être parlait-il en vers à cette belle personne à la demande de quelque grand et riche personnage, car c'était assez l'usage des poètes d'alors de célébrer

Digitized by Google
Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

les maîtresses des patriciens. Je ne le crois pas pourtant. Il y a dans les préceptes qu'Horace adresse à cette femme quelque chose de familier et de grave à la fois qui trahit un sentiment vrai.

Leuconoé, qui, peut-être, n'était plus très jeune quand elle connut le poète, interrogeait les astrologues ; elle voulait savoir l'avenir et se faisait dire la bonne aventure. Sans doute ces curiosités extravagantes sont de tous les temps et troublent toute espèce d'hommes. Dans la vieille Italie, l'usage de consulter les sorts se perdait dans la nuit des âges héroïques. Mais à l'époque d'Auguste, en même temps que subsistaient les anciennes et simples pratiques latines, se répandaient les méthodes plus prestigieuses des Chaldéens, et ces superstitions se mêlaient sans se nuire les unes aux autres. Délia, chantée par Tibulle, avant de laisser partir son amant pour suivre sur la mer Messala Corvinus dans son expédition de Syrie, consulta tous les dieux ; trois fois elle fit tirer les sorts par un enfant du carrefour, et l'enfant ramena constamment les mêmes présages. Tous annonçaient le retour de Tibulle. Délia tirait les sorts à la façon latine, Leuconoé consultait les nombres babyloniens. C'était la folie du jour. Les femmes croyaient à toutes les merveilles de l'Asie. Les courtisanes nourissaient des troupeaux de Chaldéens : astrologues, devins, tireurs d'horoscopes et vendeurs de miracles. Horace, qui avait beaucoup de bon sens, et qui, étant latin, était la raison même, reprocha à Leuconoé sa crédulité dans une ode exquise, dont voici le sens :

" Ne demande pas (il est défendu de le savoir) quelle fin les dieux donneront à moi et à toi, Leuconoé, et ne consulte pas les nombres babyloniens. Qu'il est meilleur de supporter tout ce qui arrivera ! Soit que Jupiter t'accorde encore plusieurs hivers, soit que celui-ci, qui fatigue contre les rochers de la côte la mer Tyrrhénienne, soit le dernier de ta vie, soi sage, filtre tes vins et renferme en un petit espace de temps une longue espérance. Tandis que nous parlons, le temp jaloux fuit. Cueille le jour sans croire au lendemain."

Il ne s'agit, en somme, dans ce petit poème délicieux, que d' une femme frivole qui perd son argent et son repos à consulter les devins pour savoir ce qui lui arrivera. Horace lui

Digitized by Google Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

enseigne la seule science du bonheur qu'il connaisse, la seule compatible encore aujourd'hui avec le doute philosophique. Ne se troubler de rien, prendre la vie comme elle vient, tout souffrir avec tranquillité, ce qui est la seule façon de moins souffrir. Et surtout ne pas chercher à connaître l'avenir. L'ignorance de ce qui arrivera nous rend la vie supportable ; si nous savions ce qui nous attend, l'existence nous serait désormais intolérable. Horace, dans cette ode à son amie, semble considérer les dieux (et entre tous les dieux Jupiter) comme les arbitres de nos destinées ; mais il est visible que ce qu'il appelle Jupiter et les dieux c'est la destinée elle-même, et que, dans sa pensée, les arbitres de notre sort sont inflexibles comme notre sort lui-même. Il conseille à son amie de ne pas se tourmenter inutilement et de ne pas se faire tromper par des charlatans ; voilà tout. Mais avec un léger effort d'imagination on peut se figurer cette belle Leuconoé agitée d'une plus profonde inquiétude et tourmentée du mystère de la destinée. Leuconoé n'est point une latine ; c'est une étrangère et, sans doute, sous son nom grec, une Égyptienne ou une Syrienne.

A Rome, au temps d'Auguste, les courtisanes riches ou pauvres, les Délia, les Lycoris, les Tyndaris, les Lydie, les altières amantes des personnages consulaires et les filles crottées du Vélabre étaient, sous leurs noms italiens ou grecs, presque toutes des Orientales, des Juives, des Syriennes, et, comme dit le poète, des filles de l'Euphrate et de l'Oronte. Qu'importent à ces femmes Jupiter et tous les dieux du peuple romain, des Quirites ? La religion nationale du peuple-roi était froide ; le culte, étroitement associé à la vie politique, ne disait rien au cœur des femmes, des étrangers, des esclaves, des pauvres. Les Latins étaient raisonnables jusque dans leur religion. Ils connurent des dieux bornés, vulgaires, mais pleins de bon sens et parfois magnanimes, comme eux, laborieux et bons citoyens. Le panthéon latin présente constamment l'image d'une société bien organisée. Il ne renfermait que des dieux utiles dont chacun avait sa fonction. Les Dioscures, les deux frères d'Hélène, astres clairs, les Romains les employèrent comme estafettes au service de l'État. Ce sont les Dioscures qui vinrent sur un cheval blanc annoncer a Rome la victoire du lac Régille.

Digitized by Google
Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

Les nymphes elles-mêmes, dans ce panthéon sévère, occupaient des emplois civils et politiques. Rappelez-vous Juturna, dont l'autel est encore aujourd'hui debout au pied du Palatin. Elle ne semblait pas destinée par sa naissance, ses aventures et ses malheurs à tenir un emploi régulier dans la ville de Romulus. C'était une Rutule indignée. Aimée de Jupiter, elle avait reçu du dieu l'immortalité. Quand le roi Turnus fut tué par Énée, sur l'ordre des Destins, ne pouvant mourir avec son frère, elle se jeta dans le Tibre pour fuir du moins la lumière. Longtemps les pâtres du Latium contèrent l'aventure de la nymphe vivante et plaintive au fond du fleuve, et, plus tard, les villageois de la Rome rustique qui se penchaient la nuit sur la berge, crurent la voir, à la clarté de la lune, dans ses voiles glauques, sous les roseaux. Eh bien! les Romains ne la laissèrent point, oisive, à ses douleurs. La pensée leur vint tout de suite de lui donner une occupation sérieuse. Ils lui confièrent la garde de leurs fontaines. Ils en firent une déesse municipale. Enfin, ils ne demandaient aux dieux immortels que des biens terrestres et des avantages solides. Mais dès le temps de Lucullus et de Jules César personne n'y croyait plus, et l'on sait ce qui arrivait, au dire de Cicéron, quand deux augures se rencontraient.

Le prêtre romain n'était, en somme, qu'un personnage politique. Les cérémonies du culte avaient un caractère tout national ; quel intérêt pouvaient y prendre des femmes d'Orient qui vivaient en dehors de la vie latine, en dehors de ses devoirs, de ses traditions, de ses grandeurs ? Et quel besoin avaient-elles du culte déjà à demi effacé des vieux pâtres du Latium et des soldats laboureurs qui avaient conquis le monde ? N'avaient-elles pas apporté à Rome leurs croyances, leurs dieux ? Toute femme, à travers les plus folles aventures, garde un dieu chéri dans un pli de sa robe.

Ne trouvaient-elles pas en Italie, celles-là, des temples de leurs divinités, des prêtres orientaux bien différents de ces pontifes athées de la religion romaine, des prêtres à la fois enthousiastes et charlatans, éloquents, absurdes, plein de folie et d'amour, qui leur enseignaient l'extase de la rédemption. C'est par elles que les cultes étrangers envahirent l'Italie, par elles, par les marchands juifs, par les soldats, par les esclaves.

Digitized by Google
Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

Alors Adonis et Mithra, Isis et Cybèle, Attis, Serapis, Sabazios usurpèrent dans la ville éternelle, les honneurs dus aux vieux dieux indigètes des propriétaires fonciers et des patriciens. Ces dieux et ces déesses avaient un caractère pathétique et souffrant qui contrastait avec l'inaltérable sérénité de Jupiter et de Junon, de Mars et des Dioscures. On vit alors la mère des dieux, la bonne déesse promenée par les villes tandis que des prêtres, curèbes et corybantes, dansaient devant elle, en se frappant de chaînes qui leur déchiraient le corps. Le culte de la bonne déesse comportait le sacrifice du taurobole. Un prêtre immolait un taureau sur une fosse dans laquelle se tenaient les fidèles pour recevoir le sang de la victime dont ils étaient baptisés et renouvelés. Les femmes se faisaient initier à ces mystères dans des assemblées dont l'accès était interdit aux hommes. Des temples s'élevèrent, consacrés à Isis, qui cherche sur la terre le corps précieux de son époux, déchiré en quatorze morceaux et dispersé ; et elle accomplit les quatorze stations de sa voie douloureuse. La céleste victime, le frère et l'époux d'Isis, le bon Osiris, ressuscité par son fils, régnait désormais sur les morts.

Isis avait des temples dans tous le monde romain, un culte enivrant, un clergé nombreux et fanatique, des prêtres vêtus de lin blanc, des prêtresses qui frappaient le sistre sonore. Elle opérait des guérisons, comme en témoignaient les innombrables tableaux votifs suspendus dans ses temples. L'amie de Properce, cette belle Cynthia, qui paraît avoir été de sang romain et dont le vrai nom était, croit-on, Hostia, avait pour Isis une dévotion spéciale. Chaque année elle célébrait, en compagnie de dames pieuses, les solennités de la déesse et veillait dix nuits dans le sanctuaire. C'était une sainte dizaine, où, après avoir pleuré au son du sistre la mort d'Osiris, on célébrait joyeusement la résurrection, promesse gage de la résurrection des croyants et de leur vie éternelle. Pendant ces jours saints, les dévotes ne connaissaient plus ni maris, ni amants. Le jeune Properce se plaignait amèrement que sa trop dévote maîtresse l'abandonnait durant les fêtes d'Isis et il en maudissait les prêtres, les prêtresses et la déesse. En bon romain, habitué à identifier les dieux asiatiques ou égyptiens aux dieux du panthéon gréco-

Digitized by Google Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

latin, il confondait cette africaine Isis avec l'argienne Io, amante du maître des Dieux, et il s'écriait dans un accès de fureur poétique :

" Ah ! périsse la fille d'Inachus qui, des tièdes rivages du Nil, a envoyé ses sacrifices aux femmes de l'Ausonie, pour séparer tant de fois les amants brûlés de désirs ! . . . Au temps de tes secrètes amours avec Jupiter, ô déesse, tu sentis cruellement les maux d'une longue séparation, quand Junon eut chargé de cornes ton front virginal, et changé ta douce voix en de rudes mugissements. Ah ! que de fois le feuillage du chêne déchira ta bouche, lorsque tu restais enfermée au fond de ton étable ! Jupiter t'a dépouillée de cette forme sauvage ? Fallait-il pour cela devenir une divinité orgueilleuse ? Ne te suffit-il point de l'Égypte et de ses noirs habitants ? Que viens-tu de si loin chercher à Rome ? A quoi sert que nos femmes passent leurs nuits dans le veuvage ? Ah ! crois-moi, tu reprendras tes cornes, ou bien déesse cruelle, nous te bannirons de notre ville. Est-il, après tout, quelque amitié entre le Tibre et le Nil ? "

Sans rechercher (l'examen serait délicat) si Properce ne ressent pas avec quelque excès le tort que la déesse égyptienne fait à ses amours, il faut reconnaître le caractère austère de cette religion où l'on pleure, où, dans l'abstinence, le jeûne et les purifications, on célèbre la mort et la résurrection de celui qui ira régner sur les morts et sauver les âmes. Du temps de César et d'Auguste, Adonis, c'est-à-dire le Seigneur, était déjà venu depuis longtemps, de son sanctuaire de Biblos, à Chypre et dans toute la Grèce. Aimé d'Astarté, la Vénus syrienne, il fut tué à la chasse par un sanglier et pleuré de son amante. Chaque année, à l'anniversaire de sa mort, la rivière de Biblos se colorait en rouge et les femmes pleuraient le jeune dieu. Elles faisaient à son beau corps inanimé un lit de fleurs coupées, les jardins d'Adonis, qui ne duraient qu'un jour.

A son sujet, et sans perdre de vue Leuconoé qui se tourmente à Baïes, je vous rapporterai un récit fort beau de Plutarque, la mort du grand Pan, que la critique religieuse vient de rattacher d'une façon très inattendue au culte du jeune dieu que déchira

Digitized by Google
Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

la dent d'un sanglier. Le fait est ainsi rapporté dans le *Traité des oracles qui ont cessé d'exister :*

Sous le règne de l'Empereur Tibère, un navire chargé de marchandises et d'un grand nombre de passagers, fut surpris par un calme près des îles Œchinades, sur la côte d'Épire. Or, de nuit, tandis qu'ils achevaient de souper, les passagers entendirent une voix venue des îles et qui criait : " Thamous, Thamous." Le pilote qui conduisait ce navire était Égyptien et se nommait Thamous. La voix l'appela deux fois sans qu'il fît de réponse, puis elle senfla pour lui dire : " Thamous, quand tu seras près du port de Palodes, annonce que le grand Pan est mort." (En grec, " *Thamous, Pan megas tethnéké.*") Cette voix fut entendue de tous ceux qui étaient dans le navire ; et l'on s'inquiéta de savoir si l'on devait obéir à son ordre. On en disputa longuement et, à la fin, il fut résolu que si l'on avait bon vent on passerait outre, sans rien dire, mais que si le calme retenait le navire devant Palodes, Thamous crierait ce qu'il avait entendu. A l'approche du rivage, la mer, demeurait toute plate et pas un souffle de vent ne ridait les voiles. Le pilote s'avança sur la proue qui regardait la terre et dit tout haut : " Le grand Pan est mort." Il avait à peine prononcé ces paroles, qu'éclatèrent des lamentations, sur le rivage. Plutarque qui fait cet étrange récit ajoute que l'Empereur Tibère, instruit du prodige, manda Thamous et l'interrogea.

M. Salomon Reinach a donné tout récemment, dans son *Orpheus*, une explication ingénieuse de cette merveilleuse histoire, en la rapportant aux fêtes funèbres d'Adonis.

Adonis aimé d'Aphrodite fut tué à la chasse par un sanglier et pleuré de son amante. Chaque année, à l'anniversaire de sa mort, les femmes de Biblios pleuraient le jeune Dieu et dans leurs lamentations le nommaient de son nom sacré, Thamous, qu'on ne prononçait qu'en ces mystères douloureux. Ce culte et ces rites s'étendirent sur toute la Grèce. Tandis qu'ils longeaient les côtes d'Épire, les passagers grecs d'un bateau égyptien, dont le pilote se trouvait avoir nom Thamous, entendirent crier pendant la nuit : " *Thamous, Thamous, Thamous panmegas tethnéké* "—c'est-à-dire, " Thamous le très grand est

Digitized by Google
Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

mort." Le pilote crut qu'on l'appelait et qu'on annonçait ainsi la mort du grand Pan, *Pan megas.*

Ainsi, le seigneur Adonis, *Panmegas Thamous*, dieu venu d'Asie, mourut et ressuscita et fut pleuré des femmes. Mais il fut loin d'obtenir dans le monde romain les prodigieux succès de Mithra, venu de Perse et qui fut près de conquérir le monde entier. Mithra est ce dieu qu'on voit sur les bas-reliefs gréco-romains, jeune, beau, coiffé du bonnet phrygien et plongeant une épée dans la gorge d'un taureau. Il faisait surtout des prosélytes dans les légions ; c'était le dieu préféré de cet admirable soldat romain qui, après avoir conquis la terre, y traça des routes et la cultiva, plus puissant encore par la pioche et la bêche que par le javelot et l'épée. Mithra est à la fois le créateur du monde et le médiateur entre le dieu suprême et les hommes, le vainqueur du mal et le sauveur des hommes. Les initiés à ses mystères se donnaient le nom de frères et reconnaissaient l'un d'eux pour père spirituel ; ils obtenaient le bonheur sur la terre et le salut après la mort. Au nom de Mithra, on baptise, on communie. Il impose le célibat à ses prêtres.

Dieux morts et ressuscités, mères douloureuses, divins médiateurs entre le père céleste et les hommes, dieux du soldat, de l'esclave et de la courtisane, dieux de Leuconoé, aucun de vous ne parviendra à conquérir l'empire universe des âmes, mais vous ressemblez à celui qui doit conquérir le monde. L'avenir est au dieu qui, comme Osiris, comme Adonis, meurt et ressuscite, au médiateur entre Dieu et les hommes dont, comme le radieux Mithra, il assure le salut éternel. Auguste restaure les antiquités religieuses de l'Italie et le Christianisme est déjà né dans les âmes. Il est né avant Jésus. Il se cherche et s'essaye dans l'ombre des faubourgs où Leuconoé avec Délia, lavée d'eau lustrale et vêtue de lin, va s'asseoir devant les portes de la déesse égyptienne et s'enivrer du bruit des sistres d'airain, où le prophète syrien enseigne la purification, la prière, l'extase, le bonheur dans la privation, la joie dans le renoncement à la joie et l'espérance d'un monde meilleur ; le Christianisme, il a déjà jeté ses racines dans les cœurs humiliés et douloureux, et dans l'âme de ces femmes qui éprouvent une des souffrances les plus irritantes qu'on puisse ressentir : le désir dans la fatigue. Sous

Digitized by Google
Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

les noms d'Osiris et de Mithra, c'est déjà le Christ qu'on adore dans les bouges de Suburre.

Horace avait la saine philosophie d'un Romain instruit et intelligent. Il était bon citoyen, quoique ayant perdu son bouclier à la bataille de Modène ; il avait, sur l'ordre d'Auguste, en se faisait un peu tirer l'oreille, composé une belle cantate en l'honneur de la Patrie, des dieux de l'empire et des bonnes mœurs ; il voulait croire aux destins qui avaient promis à sa ville un empire sans fin : il voulait croire que le pontife gravirait éternellement le Capitole, accompagné de la vierge silencieuse. Il ne savait pas que bientôt les jeunes sœurs de sa Tyndaris et de sa Leuconoé, les premières frapperaient mortellement ces dieux latins vers qui le chant séculaire ne monterait pas deux fois ; il ne savait pas que des femmes inquiètes abattraient le grand édifice romain, changeraient le monde et seraient les premières chrétiennes.

C'est ce que j'ai voulu exprimer dans mon poème de Leuconoé, écrit à une époque où ces idées étaient loin d'être vulgaires. Elles font le mérite de ce petit ouvrage, si toutefois des idées soient un mérite en poésie. Je voudrais que les vers en fussent meilleurs. Les voici tels qu'ils sont :

La mer voluptueuse où chantaient les Sirènes,
Bleuissante à travers les fûts rouges des pins,
Traîne le long soupir de ses ondes sereines,
Au pied de la maison où des Amours sont peints.

Dans les fleurs, sur un lit de pourpre aux pieds d'ivoire,
Abandonnant le faix de son beau corps vaincu,
Leuconoé médite, et voit en sa mémoire
Quel lui fut le destin, et comme elle a vécu.

Le triple bandeau blanc, cher à l'épouse austère,
N'enclôt pas ses cheveux blonds et de perles ceints ;
Et le tissu de Cos d'une ombre de mystère
La baigne, et se soulève, agité par les seins.

Le retour des Saisons, les Heures enlacées,
Tandis qu'elle riait, accoudée aux festins,
Ont mûri sous son front les profondes pensées
Et le doux souvenir des jours déjà lointains.

Digitized by Google
Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

Elle songe et revoit l'enfant maigre et sauvage
Qu'autrefois elle fut, brune fleur du rocher,
Violette de Zanthe éclose au cher rivage,
Qu'un marchand carien vint un jour arracher.

Elle revoit ses pleurs et l'injuste galère,
Et le riche bétail couché, les bras liés,
Puis le marché latin, le lit du Consulaire,
L'ivresse, les parfums, le rire et les colliers ;

Les roses sur son seuil, les vœux des jeunes hommes,
Sur la couche de fleurs Téléphus aux beaux flancs,
Et l'héritage intact des vieillards économes
Coulant, fondu pour elle, en flots étincelants.

L'amour fatal des fils et les larmes des mères,
Les désirs, les fureurs, les deuils et les tourments
Que par elle ont filés les Sœurs trois fois amères,
Par elle, non souillée et chère à ses amants ;

Chevaliers, Sénateurs et Tétrarques d'Asie,
Conduits comme un troupeau sous son doigt obéi,
Car tu ceignis sa taille, entre toutes choisie,
De ta ceinture d'or, Vénus de Pompéi !

Elle est fière en son cœur de tes dons, ô Déesse !
Et l'orgueil d'être belle éclate dans ses yeux,
Mais son front est voilé d'une vague tristesse,
Et la vie est pesante à son sein glorieux.

Le mal des jours nouveaux s'allume dans ses veines,
Le monde a désappris ce sourire ingénu
Que reflétaient si clair les antiques fontaines ;
Un âge de langueur et de fièvre est venu.

Les femmes ont senti passer dans leur poitrines
Le mol embrasement d'un souffle oriental.
Une sainte épouvante a gonflé leurs narines
Sous des Dieux apparus loin de leur ciel natal.

Et celle-ci connaît la grande inquiétude ;
La chose humaine brille et l'enveloppe en vain.
A ses sens délicats la terre est triste et rude ;
Elle médite un monde immuable et divin.

Ses soupirs ont monté dans la sainte lumière.
O magique pouvoir, vertu d'un cœur pieux !
Tous les Dieux qu'elle aima viennent à sa prière
Parfumer son haleine et rafraîchir ses yeux.

Digitized by Google
Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

Elle les voit si beaux ! Son âme avide et tendre,
Que le siècle brutal fatigua sans retour,
Cherche entre ces Esprits indulgents à qui tendre
L'ardente et lourde fleur de son dernier amour.

Dans la troupe si douce aux âmes éphémères,
Elle choisit d'abord de ses regards en pleurs
Les Amantes des Dieux et les augustes Mères
Dont le cœur fut comblé d'ineffables douleurs :

La grande Phrygienne en hurlements féconde,
Et la Vénus en deuil près d'un enfant glacé,
Et cette bonne Isis qui cherche par le monde
Les membres précieux de l'époux dispersé.

Elles sont là, debout, ces femmes éternelles
Qui saignent à jamais des blessures du sort.
Quelle âme ne voudrait se confier en elles ?
Elles savent quel goût ont l'amour et la mort.

Mais voici, blanc troupeau dans la pâle prairie,
Leurs fils et leurs époux, les Dieux adolescents
Qu'aux jours mystérieux, sur la couche fleurie,
Les femmes vont pleurer dans la myrrhe et l'encens ;

L'enfant Atys, semblable aux vierges de Phrygie
Depuis que sa main blanche a mutilé sa chair,
Lui qui, menant la sainte et frénétique orgie,
Du bruit du tympanon remplit les monts et l'air,

Et qui, sous les pins noirs de son antique Amante,
D'un délire divin longuement transporté,
Par ses bonds, par les cris de sa bouche écumante,
Célèbre son impure et fière chasteté ;

Et le jeune barbare, astre clair de la Perse,
Le radieux Mithra, Seigneur aux mille noms,
Qui, robuste et charmant, d'un poignard d'or transperce
Le céleste Taureau sous ses larges fanons ;

Et l'Adonis fleuri tel qu'une belle plante,
Chasseur qui se plaisait à poursuivre les daims,
Et dont le sang rougit la cuisse étincelante,
Sous la morsure, hélas ! d'un monstre aux pieds soudains

Il repose, baigné de cinname et de larmes ;
Sur son corps la blessure ouvre un calice bleu,
Et Leuconoé goûte éperdument les charmes
D'adorer un enfant et de pleurer un Dieu.

Digitized by Google
Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

Tout s'éteint ! Elle est lasse, et n'est point apaisée.
Elle n'a pas donné tout l'amour de son cœur,
Et ses regards encor, sous la chaude rosée,
Traînent une inquiète et profonde lueur.

Solitaire, du fond de sa grande détresse,
Tendent au ciel son âme et ses ardentes mains,
Elle cherche, dans l'air du soir qui la caresse,
De plus tendres Esprits et des Dieux plus humains.

Elle voudrait savoir dans quelle ombre divine,
Sous quel palmier mystique, en quels bras endormi,
Brille l'Enfant céleste et doux qu'elle devine,
Le maître souhaité, l'incomparable ami.

Ce Roi mystérieux qui console et qui pleure,
Ce second Adonis et plus triste et plus pur,
Ce nouveau-né qui doit mourir quand viendra l'heure,
Quel lait l'abreuve encor dans la maison d'azur ?

Cherche, ô Leuconoé : va d'auberge en auberge
Voir si le Mage errant passe et n'apporte rien.
En quête de ton Dieu, visite sur la berge
Le Chaldéen obscur et le vil Syrien.

Courbe ta belle tête aux pieds du Juif immonde.
Ces impurs étrangers, humbles agitateurs,
Que travaille en secret la haine du vieux monde,
Sont tes bons conseillers et tes consolateurs.

Va demander ton maître à leur race exécrée.
Oh ! ne te lasse pas : désire, espère et crois ;
Cours épier, la nuit, quelque lueur sacrée,
Aux bouches des égoûts et sous l'ombre des croix.

Tes sœurs et toi, cherchez, saintes aventurières,
La plus noire caverne où se cache un devin.
Des fanges des faubourgs, des sables des carrières,
Au milieu des sanglots, monte un souffle divin.

Un immense frisson passe dans la nuit sombre.
Femmes, femmes, hâtez vos anxieux travaux,
Et dans l'amas confus des visions sans nombre,
Pressentez, suscitez le Roi des temps nouveaux.

Vous seules préparez le salut de la terre.
Des femmes comme vous, le dégoût dans le sein,
Achèveront un jour la tâche salutaire
Et sauront voir Celui que vous cherchez en vain.

Digitized by Google
Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

Il donnera la grâce et la gloire aux souffrances
Et, regardant les cœurs las désespérément,
Il viendra mettre en eux de longues espérances,
Avec la paix du deuil et du renoncement.

Mais toi, Leuconoé, mais vous, soyez bénies,
Femmes aux longs désirs, pour avoir aspiré,
Du fond des jours d'orgueil, aux douceurs infinies
De la sainte tristesse et de l'amour sacré.

Mesdames, Messieurs,—

Ce n'était pas aller contre le sens historique, contre la vérité des faits religieux et moraux, que de faire de l'amie d'Horace une aspirante au sentiment chrétien. La ressemblance des dieux égyptiens et syriens avec celui qui devait les rejeter tous dans les ténèbres de la mort est telle qu'elle a frappé les chrétiens des premiers âges. Tertullien, confondu de la similitude que le culte de Mithra présentait avec le culte de Jésus, y voyait un artifice du diable pour tromper les hommes. Plus raisonnablement, M. Salomon Reinach, dans son admirable petit livre *Orpheus*, tout nouvellement publié, en conclut que le Christianisme et le Mithraisme ont pour source commune, en partie du moins, une ou plusieurs de ces vieilles religions asiatiques dont nous ne connaissons que les formes relativement modernes et qui avaient pour caractères essentiels le sacrifice du Dieu et la communion.

Nous avons montré tous les dieux de l'Orient se disputant l'empire des âmes. Il nous reste à faire voir le triomphe du dieu des Juifs.

C'est Israël à qui échut justement le singulier privilège de donner une religion au monde. Dans les deux derniers siècles de la royauté juive et durant la captivité de Babylone, Israël crie par la bouche de ses prophètes sa soif de justice. Il soupire : "Que l'équité jaillisse comme l'eau des fontaines et la justice comme un fleuve intarissable!" Tandis que Rome prépare la conquête du monde, les Juifs élèvent d'une ardente haleine leur plainte en faveur de l'opprimé. Isaïe, au milieu d'un peuple pauvre, nourri du pain de l'amertume, annonce le bonheur universel, l'avènement d'un messie bienfaisant et pacificateur,

Digitized by Google
Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

et répand son âme tout entière en paroles d'une poésie délicieuse et d'une douceur invincible :

" La maison d'Iaveh sera établie sur le sommet des montagnes et s'élèvera par-dessus les collines. Alors toutes les nations s'y rendront, les peuples innombrables la visiteront, disant : ' Montons à la montagne d'Iaveh, à la maison du dieu de Jacob, afin qu'il nous enseigne ses voies et que nous marchions dans ses sentiers.' Car de Sion sortira la loi, et de Jérusalem, la parole d'Iaveh. Il jugera entre les nations ; il jugera entre les peuples innombrables. De leurs épées ils forgeront des charrues et de leurs lances des faucilles. Alors le loup habitera avec l'agneau. Le lionceau et les brebis seront ensemble et un petit enfant les conduira . . ."

Ce sont de tels accents qui assurèrent au dieu des Juifs la souveraineté des âmes, à Christ, à son messie, la victoire sur tous les dieux comme lui morts et ressuscités, les Adonis, les Osiris, et les Mithra.

Mais voici que la paix romaine enveloppe la terre. Les Juifs dispersés dans l'Empire sont répandus sur tous les points du monde où l'on fait le négoce ou la banque, Rome, Corinthe, Antioche. Il y en a de riches, mais pour la plupart ils sont très misérables, humbles dans leur orgueil, entêtés dans leur foi. Quelques uns sont lettrés, ils forment à Alexandrie une société tout imprégnée de philosophie hellénique. Et partout leur dieu invisible est présent à leur mémoire. Ce dieu qui les accompagne dans leur exil volontaire s'est montré le consolateur des humbles et des opprimés. Ses adorateurs épars depuis les bords de l'Océan aux montagnes du Caucase et de la brumeuse Erin aux syrtes brûlantes, les yeux tournés vers Sion et sa sainte montagne, appellent le Messie qui fera régner la paix sur la terre, promettent aux doux un royaume en ce monde, annoncent aux pauvres qu'ils verront Dieu. Iaveh est devenu le défenseur des faibles, le vengeur de l'innocence persécutée. Et Titus va naître.

Quel enseignement contient l'histoire véritable, l'histoire humaine et sincère de l'établissement du Christianisme dans l'Empire !

Rome étend sa puissance bienfaisante sur tout le monde connu. Plus grande dans la paix que dans la guerre, elle ad-

Digitized by Google Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

ministre les provinces avec une souveraine sagesse. Elle maintient la sûreté des mers et des routes, la tranquillité des campagnes, la police des villes. Elle élève partout des aqueducs, des thermes, des théâtres. Elle respecte, sur toute l'étendue de l'Empire, les coutumes des peuples et leurs religions. Douée d'un admirable esprit politique, elle identifie les dieux des Grecs et des Barbares avec ses propres dieux. Elle vénère dans les cités grecques les images et les symboles de la liberté. Les peuples reconnaissants élèvent des temples à Rome tutélaire. L'apothéose des Césars n'est que l'affirmation sublime de la justice universelle et de la paix du monde. Mais des millions d'esclaves et de misérables échappent à ses bienfaits. Elle ne les connaît pas. Victorieuse et pacificatrice, fière de ses orateurs et de ses légions, elle dédaigne les artisans et toutes ces petites gens qui s'occupent de produire et de transporter les choses nécessaires à la vie. Elle méprise le travail manuel et considère tout trafic comme indigne d'un citoyen. Elle se fait servir par des armées d'esclaves, auxquels dans sa cruelle prudence, elle n'enseigne que la terreur des supplices. Elle voit sans crainte la misère orientale ronger comme une lèpre les berges du Tibre, insulter au fleuve époux, si fier de presser de ses flancs fauves le monument de Numa Pompilius et le temple de Vesta. Là, dans la boue et les immondices, les Juifs, issus des prisonniers de Pompée, humbles et haineux, et une foule sans cesse accrue de Syriens, de Chaldéens, d'Égyptiens, vivent des métiers les plus vils, déchargent les chalands, échangent des allumettes contre des verres cassés, vendent des loques et des rogations. Leurs femmes vont dire la bonne aventure dans les maisons des riches ; leurs enfants mendient, pieds nus, dans les bosquets d'Égérie. Ils vivent dans une promiscuité qui amène des disputes perpétuelles et dans une exaltation religieuse qui va parfois jusqu'à la fureur. Rome châtie avec une sévérité impitoyable et distraite leurs émeutes et leurs turbulences. La police apaise à coups de bâton leurs querelles au sujet d'un certain Christus, dont parle Suétone, en qui on a reconnu le Christ, mais qui peut bien plutôt n'être qu'un esclave révolté. Puis, cette Rome, providence de l'Univers, les laisse dédaigneusement croupir dans la misère et l'infamie. Elle n'essaye pas d'adoucir leurs maux,

Digitized by Google
Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

elle ne fait rien pour les gagner à elle. Elle ne leur apprend rien de Romain. Elle n'apprend d'eux rien d'humain. Elle ignore leur humble pensée, leur foi, leurs espérances, ils sont la lie de l'humanité, le rebut des peuples, ces Juifs du Janicule. Dans leur abjection et leur dénuement, ils n'ont que leurs rêves. Ce sont leurs rêves qui changeront le monde. De l'infâme Suburre, des Ergastules, des carrières, des prisons va sortir l'Église que Constantin asseoira dans la pourpre, qui arrachera de la curie la statue de la victoire et qui debout sur les ruines de Rome intéressera à sa gloire Pépin et Charlemagne, disputera l'Empire aux Césars germains et se fera baiser les pieds par les rois et les empereurs.

Toutes les puissances de la terre grandissent dans l'opprobre. Que les dominateurs des hommes regardent à leurs pieds, qu'ils cherchent parmi les peuples qu'ils oppriment et les doctrines qu'ils méprisent : c'est de là que sortira la force qui doit les abattre !

Le Christianisme triomphe ; il triomphe parce qu'il a conquis les âmes par la promesse d'une justice plus juste et d'une bonté plus douce que la justice et la bonté de ses innombrables rivaux d'Europe et d'Asie. Les pressentiments de Leuconoé n'étaient point vains. L'humanité va goûter enfin la douceur

D'adorer un enfant, et de pleurer un dieu,

elle va se tremper avec délices dans les eaux du baptême qui rendent aux pêcheurs l'innocence et la pureté. Le Christianisme triomphe. Hélas ! il tromphe aux conditions imposées par la vie à tous les partis politiques et religieux. Tous, quels qu'ils soient, ils se transforment si complètement dans la lutte, qu'après la victoire il ne leur reste d'eux-mêmes que leur nom et quelques symboles de leur pensée perdue. Les religions se transforment sans cesse et si complètement au gré des sertiments et des intérêts de leurs fidèles et de leurs ministres, qu'au bout de peu d'années, elles ne gardent rien de l'esprit qui les créa. Les dieux changent plus que les hommes, parce qu'ils ont une forme moins précise et qu'ils durent plus longtemps. Il y en a qui s'améliorent en vieillissant ; d'autres se gâtent avec l'âge. En moins d'un siècle, un dieu devient méconnaissable. Celui des chrétiens

Digitized by Google
Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

s'est transformé plus complètement, peut-être, qu'aucun autre. Cela tient sans doute à ce qu'il a appartenu successivement à des civilisations et à des races très diverses, aux Latins, aux Grecs, aux Barbares, à toutes les nations formées sur les débris de l'Empire romain. Certes, il y a loin du roide Apollon de Dédale à l'Apollon classique du Belvédère. Il y a plus loin encore du Christ pauvre et communiste vaguement des Catacombes, au Christ protecteur de l'usine, défenseur du capital et adversaire du socialisme, qui fleurit sous le souverain pontificat de Léon XIII et règne encore. Et l'on comprend, en considérant ces transformations d'un idéal divin à travers les siècles, cette parole fièrement cynique du plus intelligent des autoritaires français, Charles Maurras, qui, appuyant sa doctrine du pouvoir absolu sur l'enseignement de l'Église catholique, répond quand on lui oppose le doux Évangile : " Je ne me soucie pas de savoir ce que quatre Juifs obscurs ont pensé de Jésus-Christ."

Digitized by Google
Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

A Round of Visits

By Henry James

PART FIRST

I

He had been out but once since his arrival, Mark Monteith; that was the next day after—he had disembarked by night on the previous; then everything had come at once, as he would have said, everything had changed. He had got in on Tuesday; he had spent Wednesday for the most part down town, looking into the dismal subject of his anxiety—the anxiety that, under a sudden decision, had brought him across the unfriendly sea at mid-winter, and it was through information reaching him on Wednesday evening that he had measured his loss, measured above all his pain. These were two distinct things, he felt, and, though both bad, one much worse than the other. It wasn't till the next three days had pretty well ebbed, in fact, that he knew himself for so badly wounded. He had waked up on Thursday morning, so far as he had slept at all, with the sense, together, of a blinding New York blizzard and of a deep sore inward ache. The great white savage storm would have kept him at the best within doors, but his stricken state was by itself quite reason enough.

He so felt the blow indeed, so gasped, before what had happened to him, at the ugliness, the bitterness and, beyond these things, the sinister strangeness, that, the matter of his dismay little by little detaching and projecting itself, settling there face to face with him as something he must now live with always, he might have been in charge of some horrid alien thing, some violent, scared, unhappy creature whom there was small joy, of a truth, in remaining with, but whose behaviour wouldn't

Digitized by Google
Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

perhaps bring him under notice, nor otherwise compromise him, so long as he should stay to watch it. A young jibbering ape of one of the more formidable sorts, or an ominous infant panther, smuggled into the great gaudy hotel and whom it might yet be important he shouldn't advertise, couldn't have affected him as needing more domestic attention. The great gaudy hotel—The Pocahontas, but carried out largely on " Du Barry " lines—made all about him, beside, behind, below, above, in blocks and tiers and superpositions, a sufficient defensive hugeness ; so that, between the massive labyrinth and the New York weather, life in a lighthouse during a gale would scarce have kept him more apart. Even when in the course of that worse Thursday it had occurred to him for vague relief that the odious certified facts couldn't be all his misery, and that, with his throat and a probable temperature, a brush of the epidemic, which was for ever brushing him, accounted for something, even then he couldn't resign himself to bed and broth and dimness, but only circled and prowled the more within his high cage, only watched the more from his tenth storey the rage of the elements.

In the afternoon he had a doctor—the caravanserai, which supplied everything in quantities, had one for each group of so many rooms—just in order to be assured that he was *grippé* enough for anything. What his visitor, making light of his attack, perversely told him was that he was, much rather, " blue " enough, and from causes doubtless known to himself —which didn't come to the same thing ; but he " gave him something," prescribed him warmth and quiet and broth and courage, and came back the next day as to re-administer this last dose. He then pronounced him better, and on Saturday pronounced him well—all the more that the storm had abated and the snow had been dealt with as New York, at a push, knew how to deal with things. Oh, how New York knew how to deal—to deal, that is, with other accumulations lying passive to its hand—was exactly what Mark now ached with his impression of ; so that, still threshing about in this consciousness, he had on the Saturday come near to breaking out as to what was the matter with him. The Doctor brought in somehow

Digitized by Google Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

the air of the hotel—which, cheerfully and conscientiously, by his simple philosophy, the good man wished to diffuse ; breathing forth all the echoes of other woes and worries and pointing the honest moral that, especially with such a thermometer, there were enough of these to go round. Our sufferer, by that time, would have liked to tell some one ; extracting, to the last acid strain of it, the full strength of his sorrow, taking it all in as he could only do by himself and with the conditions favourable at least to this, had been his natural first need. But now, he supposed, he *must* be better ; there was something of his heart's heaviness he wanted so to give out.

He had rummaged forth on the Thursday night half a dozen old photographs stuck into a leather frame, a small show-case that formed part of his usual equipage of travel—he mostly set it up on a table when he stayed anywhere long enough ; and in one of the neat gilt-edged squares of this convenient portable array, as familiar as his shaving-glass or the hair-brushes, of backs and monograms now so beautifully toned and wasted, long ago given him by his mother, Phil Bloodgood handsomely faced him. Not contemporaneous, and a little faded, but so saying what it said only the more dreadfully, the image seemed to sit there, at an immemorial window, like some long effective and only at last exposed " decoy " of fate. It was *because* he was so beautifully good-looking, because he was so charming and clever and frank—besides being one's third cousin, or whatever it was, one's early schoolfellow and one's later college classmate—that one had abjectly trusted him. To live thus with his unremoved, undestroyed, engaging, treacherous face, had been, as our traveller desired, to live with all of the felt pang ; had been to consume it in such a single hot, sore mouthful as would so far as possible dispose of it and leave but cold dregs. Thus, if the Doctor, casting about for pleasantness, had happened to notice him there, salient since he was, and possibly by the same stroke even to know him, as New York—and more or less to its cost now, mightn't one say ?—so abundantly and agreeable had, the cup would have overflowed and Monteith, for all he could be sure of the contrary, would have relieved himself positively in tears.

Digitized by Google
Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

"Oh *he's* what's the matter with me—that, looking after some of my poor dividends, as he for the ten years of my absence had served me by doing, he has simply jockeyed me out of the whole little collection, such as it was, and taken the opportunity of my return, inevitably at last bewildered and uneasy, to 'sail,' ten days ago, for parts unknown and as yet unguessable. It isn't the beastly values themselves, however; that's only awkward and I can still live, though I don't quite know how I shall turn round; it's the horror of *his* having done it, and done it to *me* —without a mitigation or, so to speak, a warning or an excuse." That, at a hint or a jog, is what he would have brought out—only to feel afterwards, no doubt, that he had wasted his impulse and profaned even a little his sincerity. The Doctor didn't in the event so much as glance at his cluster of portraits—which fact quite put before our friend the essentially more vivid range of imagery that a pair of eyes transferred from room to room and from one queer case to another, in such a place as that, would mainly be adjusted to. It wasn't for *him* to relieve himself touchingly, strikingly or whatever, to such a man: such a man might much more pertinently—save for professional discretion —have emptied out there his own bag of wonders; prodigies of observation, flowers of oddity, flowers of misery, flowers of the monstrous, gathered in current hotel practice. Countless possibilities, making doctors perfunctory, Mark felt, swarmed and seethed at their doors; it showed for an incalculable world, and at last, on Sunday he decided to leave his room.

II

Everything as he passed through the place went on—all the offices of life, the whole bustle of the market and withal surprisingly scarce less that of the nursery and the playground; the whole sprawl in especial of the great gregarious fireside: it was a complete social scene in itself, on which types might figure and passions rage and plots thicken and dramas develop, without reference to any other sphere, or perhaps even to anything at all outside. The signs of this met him at every turn as he threaded the labyrinth, passing from one extraordinary

Digitized by Google Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

masquerade of expensive objects, one portentous "period" of decoration, one violent phase of publicity, to another: the heavy heat, the luxuriance, the extravagance, the quantity, the colour, gave the impression of some wondrous tropical forest, where vociferous, bright-eyed and feathered creatures, of every variety of size and hue, were half smothered between undergrowths of velvet and tapestry and ramifications of marble and bronze. The fauna and the flora startled him alike, and among them his bruised spirit drew in and folded its wings. But he roamed and rested, exploring and in a manner enjoying the vast rankness—in the depth of which he suddenly encountered Mrs. Folliott, whom he had last seen, six months before, in London, and who had spoken to him then, precisely, of Phil Bloodgood, for several years previous her confidential American agent and factotum too, as she might say, but at that time so little in her good books, for the extraordinary things he seemed to be doing, that she was just hurrying home, she had made no scruple of mentioning, to take everything out of his hands.

Mark remembered how uneasy she had made him—how that very talk with her had wound him up to fear, as so acute and intent a little person she affected him; though he had affirmed with all emphasis and flourish his own confidence and defended, to iteration, his old friend. This passage had remained with him for a certain pleasant heat of intimacy, his partner, of the charming appearance, being what she was; he liked to think how they had fraternised over their difference and called each other idiots, or almost, without offence. It was always a link to have scuffled, failing a real scratch, with such a character; and he had at present the flutter of feeling that something of this would abide. *He* hadn't been hurrying home, at the London time, in any case; he was doing nothing then, and had continued to do it; he would want, before showing suspicion—that had been his attitude—to have more, after all, to go upon. Mrs. Folliott also, and with a great actual profession of it, remembered and rejoiced; and, also staying in the house as she was, sat with him, under a spreading palm, in a wondrous rococo salon, surrounded by the pinkest, that is the fleshiest, imitation Boucher panels, and wanted to know if he *now* stood up for his swindler.

Digitized by Google Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

She would herself have tumbled on a cloud, very passably, in a fleshy Boucher manner, hadn't she been over-dressed for such an exercise; but she was quite realistically aware of what had so naturally happened—she was prompt about Bloodgood's "flight."

She had acted with energy, on getting back—she had saved what she could; which hadn't, however, prevented her losing all disgustedly some ten thousand dollars. She was lovely, lively, friendly, interested, she connected Monteith perfectly with their discussion that day during the water-party on the Thames; but, sitting here with him half an hour, she talked only of her peculiar, her cruel sacrifice—since she should never get a penny back. He had felt himself, on their meeting, quite yearningly reach out to her—so decidedly, by the morning's end, and that of his scattered sombre stations, had he been sated with meaningless contacts, with the sense of people all about him intensely, though harmlessly, animated, yet at the same time raspingly indifferent. *They* would have, he and she at least, their common pang—through which fact, somehow, he should feel less stranded. It wasn't that he wanted to be pitied—he fairly didn't pity himself; he winced, rather, and even to vicarious anguish, as it rose again, for poor shamed Bloodgood's doom-ridden figure. But he wanted, as with a desperate charity, to give some easier turn to the mere ugliness of the main facts; to work off his obsession from them by mixing with it some other blame, some other pity, it scarce mattered what—if it might be some other experience; as an effect of which larger ventilation it would have, after a fashion and for a man of free sensibility, a diluted and less poisonous taste.

By the end of five minutes of Mrs. Folliott, however, he felt his dry lips seal themselves to a makeshift simper. She could *take* nothing—no better, no broader perception of anything than fitted her own small faculty; so that though she must have recalled or imagined that he had still, up to lately, had interests at stake, the rapid result of her egotistical little chatter was to make him wish he might rather have conversed with the French waiter dangling in the long vista that showed the oriental *café* as a climax, or with the policeman, outside,

Digitized by Google
Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

the top of whose helmet peeped above the ledge of a window. She bewailed her wretched money to excess—she who, he was sure, had quantities more; she pawed and tossed her bare bone, with her little extraordinarily gemmed and manicured hands, till it acted on his nerves; she rang all the changes on the story, the dire fatality, of her having wavered and muddled, thought of this and but done that, of her stupid failure to have pounced, when she had first meant to, in season. She abused the author of their wrongs—recognising thus too Monteith's right to loathe him—for the desperado he assuredly had proved, but with a vulgarity of analysis and an incapacity for the higher criticism, as her listener felt it to be, which made him determine resentfully, almost grimly, that she shouldn't have the benefit of a grain of *his* vision or *his* version of what had befallen them, and of how, in particular, it had come; and should never dream thereby (though much would she suffer from that!) of how interesting he might have been. She had, in a finer sense, no manners, and to be concerned with her in any retrospect was—since their discourse was of losses—to feel the dignity of history incur the very gravest. It was true that such fantasies, or that any shade of inward irony, would be Greek to Mrs. Folliott.

It was also true, however, and not much more strange, when she had presently the comparatively happy thought of "Lunch with *us*, you poor dear!" and mentioned three or four of her "crowd"—a new crowd, rather, for her, all great Sunday lunchers there and immense fun, who would in a moment be turning up—that this seemed to him as easy as anything else; so that after a little, deeper in the jungle and while, under the temperature as of high noon, with the crowd complete and "ordering," he wiped the perspiration from his brow, he felt he was letting himself go. He did that certainly to the extent of leaving far behind any question of Mrs. Folliott's manners. They didn't matter there—nobody's did; and if she ceased to lament her ten thousand it was only because, among higher voices, she couldn't make herself heard. Poor Bloodgood didn't have a show, as they might have said, didn't get through at any point; the crowd was so new that—there either having been no hue and cry for him, or having been too many others,

Digitized by Google Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

for other absconders, in the intervals—they had never so much as heard of him and would have no more of Mrs. Folliott's true inwardness, on that subject at least, than she had lately cared to have of Monteith's.

There was nothing like a crowd, this unfortunate knew, for making one feel lonely, and he felt so increasingly during the meal; but he got thus at least in a measure away from the terrible little lady; after which, and before the end of the hour, he wanted still more to get away from every one else. He was in fact about to perform this manœuvre when he was checked by the jolly young woman he had been having on his left and who had more to say about the Hotels, up and down the town, than he had ever known a young woman to have to say on any subject at all; she expressed herself in hotel terms exclusively, the names of those establishments playing through her speech as the *leit-motif* might have recurrently flashed and romped through a piece of profane modern music. She wanted to present him to the pretty girl she had brought with her, and who had apparently signified to her that she must do so.

"I think you know my brother-in-law, Mr. Newton Winch," the pretty girl had immediately said; she moved her head and shoulders together, as by a common spring, the effect of a stiff neck or of something loosened in her back hair; but becoming, queerly enough, all the prettier for doing so. He had seen in the papers, her brother-in-law, Mr. Monteith's arrival—Mr. Mark P. Monteith, wasn't it?—and where he was, and she had been with him, three days before, at the time; whereupon he had said, "Hullo, what can have brought old Mark back?" He seemed to have believed—Newton had seemed—that that shirker, as he called him, never *would* come; and she guessed that if she had known she was going to meet such a former friend ("Which he claims you are, sir," said the pretty girl) he would have asked her to find out what the trouble could be. But the real satisfaction would just be, she went on, if his former friend would himself go and see him and tell him; he had appeared of late so down.

"Oh, I remember him"—Mark didn't repudiate the friendship, placing him easily; only then he wasn't married and the

Digitized by Google Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

pretty girl's sister must have come in later: which showed, his not knowing such things, how they had lost touch. The pretty girl was sorry to have to say in return to this that her sister wasn't living—had died two years after marrying; so that Newton was up there in Fiftieth Street alone; where (in explanation of his being "down") he had been shut up for days with bad *grippe;* though now on the mend, or she wouldn't have gone to him, not she, who had had it nineteen times and didn't want to have it again. But the horrid poison just seemed to have entered into poor Newton's soul.

"That's the way it *can* take you, don't you know?" And then as, with her single twist, she just charmingly hunched her eyes at our friend, "Don't you want to go to see him?"

Mark bethought himself: "Well, I'm going to see a lady——"

She took the words from his mouth. "Of course you're going to see a lady—every man in New York is. But Newton isn't a lady, unfortunately for him, to-day; and Sunday afternoon in this place, in this weather, alone——!"

"Yes, isn't it awful?"—he was quite drawn to her.

"Oh, *you've* got your lady!"

"Yes, I've got my lady, thank goodness!" The fervour of which was his sincere tribute to the note he had had on Friday morning from Mrs. Ash, the only thing that had a little tempered his gloom.

"Well then, feel for others. Fit him in. Tell him why!"

"Why I've come back? I'm glad I *have*—since it was to see *you!*" Monteith made brave enough answer, promising to do what he could. He liked the pretty girl, with her straight attack and her free awkwardness—also with her difference from the others through something of a sense and a distinction given her by so clearly having Newton on her mind. Yet it was odd to him, and it showed the lapse of the years, that Winch—as he had known him of old—could *be* to that degree on any one's mind.

Digitized by Google Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

III

Outside in the intensity of the cold—it was a jump from the Tropics to the Pole—he felt afresh the force of what he had just been saying; that if it weren't for the fact of Mrs. Ash's good letter of welcome, despatched, characteristically, as soon as she had, like the faithful sufferer in Fiftieth Street, observed his name, in a newspaper, on one of the hotel-lists, he should verily, for want of a connection and an abutment, have scarce dared to face the void and the chill together, but have sneaked back into the jungle and there tried to lose himself. He made, as it was, the opposite effort, resolute to walk, though hovering now and then at vague crossways, radiations of roads to nothing, or taking cold counsel of the long but still sketchy vista, as it struck him, of the northward Avenue, bright and bleak, fresh and harsh, rich and evident somehow, a perspective like a page of florid modern platitudes. He didn't quite know what he had expected for his return—not certainly serenades and deputations; but without Mrs. Ash his mail would have quite lacked geniality, and it was as if Phil Bloodgood had gone off not only with so large a slice of his small *peculium*, but with all the broken bits of the past, the loose ends of old relationships, that he had supposed he might pick up again. Well, perhaps he should still pick up a few—by the sweat of his brow; no motion of their own at least, he by this time judged, would send them fluttering into his hand.

Which reflections but quickened his forecast of this charm of the old Paris inveteracy renewed—the so-prized custom of nine years before, when he still believed in results from his fond frequentation of the Beaux Arts; that of walking over the river to the Rue de Marignan, precisely, every Sunday without exception, and sitting at her fireside, and often all offensively, no doubt, outstaying every one. How he had used to want those hours then, and how again, after a little, at present, the Rue de Marignan might have been before him! He had gone to her there at that time with his troubles, such as they were, and they had always worked for her amusement—which had been her happy, her clever way of taking them: she couldn't have done anything better for them in that phase, poor innocent

Digitized by Google Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

things compared with what they might have been, than be amused by them. Perhaps that was what she would still be—with those of his present hour; now too they might inspire her with the touch she best applied and was most instinctive mistress of: this didn't at all events strike him as what he should most resent. It wasn't as if Mrs. Folliott, to make up for boring him with her own plaint, for example, had had so much as a gleam of conscious diversion over his.

"I'm *so* delighted to see you, I've such immensities to tell you!"—it began with the highest animation twenty minutes later, the very moment he stood there, the sense of the Rue de Marignan in the charming room and in the things about all reconstituted, regrouped, wonderfully preserved, down to the very sitting-places in the same relations, and down to the faint sweet mustiness of generations of cigarettes; but everything else different, and even vaguely alien, and by a measure still other than that of their own stretched interval and of the dear delightful woman's just a little pathetic alteration of face. He had allowed for the nine years, and so, it was to be hoped, had she; but the last thing, otherwise, that would have been touched, he immediately felt, was the quality, the intensity, of her care to see him. She cared, oh so visibly and touchingly and almost radiantly—save for her being, yes, distinctly, a little *more* battered than from even a good nine years' worth: nothing could in fact have perched with so crowning an impatience on the heap of what she had to "tell" as that special shade of revived consciousness of having him in particular to tell it to. It wasn't perhaps much to matter how soon she brought out and caused to ring, as it were, on the little recognised marqueterie table between them (such an anciently envied treasure), the heaviest gold-piece of current history she was to pay him with for having just so felicitously come back: he knew already, without the telling, that intimate domestic tension must lately, within those walls, have reached a climax and that he could serve supremely—oh how he was going to serve!—as the most sympathetic of all pairs of ears.

The whole thing was upon him, in any case, with the minimum of delay: Bob had had it from her, definitely, the first

Digitized by Google Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

of the week, and it was absolutely final now, that they must set up avowedly separate lives—without horrible "proceedings" of any sort, but with her own situation, her independence, secured to her once for all. She had been coming to it, taking her time, and she had gone through—well, so old a friend would guess enough what; but she was at the point, oh blessedly now, where she meant to stay, he'd see if she didn't; with which, in this wonderful way, he himself had arrived for the cream of it and she was just selfishly glad. Bob had gone to Washington —ostensibly on business, but really to recover breath; she had, speaking vulgarly, knocked the wind out of him and was allowing him time to turn round. Mrs. Folliott moreover, she was sure, would have gone—was certainly believed to have been seen there five days ago; and of course his first necessity, for public use, would be to patch up something with Mrs. Folliott. Mark knew about Mrs. Folliott?—who was only, for that matter, one of a regular "bevy." Not that it signified, however, if he didn't: she would tell him about *her* later.

He took occasion from the first fraction of a break not quite to know what he knew about Mrs. Folliott—though perhaps he could imagine a little; and it was probably at this minute that, having definitely settled to a position, and precisely in his very own tapestry *bergère*, the one with the delicious little spectral "subjects" on the back and seat, he partly exhaled, and yet managed partly to keep to himself, the deep resigned sigh of a general comprehension. He knew what he was "in" for, he heard her go on—she said it again and again, seemed constantly to be saying it while she smiled at him with her peculiar fine charm, her positive gaiety of sensibility, scarce dimmed: "I'm just selfishly glad, just selfishly glad!" Well, she was going to have reason to be; she was going to put the whole case to him, all her troubles and plans, and each act of the tragi-comedy of her recent existence, as to the dearest and safest sympathiser in all the world. There would be no chance for *his* case, though it was so much for his case he had come; yet there took place within him but a mild, dumb convulsion, the momentary strain of his substituting, by the turn of a hand, one prospect of interest for another.

Digitized by Google Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

Squaring himself in his old *bergère*, and with his lips, during the effort, compressed to the same passive grimace that had an hour or two before operated for the encouragement of Mrs. Folliott—just as it was to clear the stage completely for the present more prolonged performance—he shut straight down, as he even in the act called it to himself, on any personal claim for social consideration and rendered a perfect little agony of justice to the grounds of his friend's vividness. For it was all the justice that could be expected of him that, though, secretly, he wasn't going to be interested in her being interesting, she was yet going to be so, all the same, by the very force of her lovely material (Bob Ash *was* such a pure pearl of a donkey!) and he was going to keep on knowing she was—yes, to the very end. When after the lapse of an hour he rose to go, the rich fact that she *had* been was there between them, and with an effect of the frankly, fearlessly, harmlessly intimate fireside passage for it that went beyond even the best memories of the pleasant past. He hadn't "amused" her, no, in quite the same way as in the Rue de Marignan time—it had then been he who for the most part took frequent turns, emphatic, explosive, elocutionary, over that wonderful waxed parapet while she laughed as for the young perversity of him from the depths of the second, the matching *bergère*. To-day she herself held and swept the floor, putting him merely to the trouble of his perpetual "Brava!" But that was all through the change of basis—the amusement, another name only for the thrilled absorption, having been inevitably for *him;* as how could it have failed to be with such a regular "treat" to his curiosity? With the tea-hour now other callers were turning up, and he got away on the plea of his wanting so to think it all over. He hoped again he hadn't too queer a grin with his assurance to her, as if she would quite know what he meant, that he had been thrilled to the core. But she returned, quite radiantly, that he had carried *her* completely away; and her sincerity was proved by the final frankness of their temporary parting. "My pleasure of you is selfish, horribly, I admit; so that if *that* doesn't suit you——!" Her faded beauty flushed again as she said it.

Digitized by Google Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

IV

In the street again, as he resumed his walk, he saw how perfectly it would *have* to suit him and how he probably for a long time wouldn't be suited otherwise. Between them and that time, however, what mightn't, for him, poor devil, on his new basis, have happened? She wasn't at any rate within any calculable period going to care so much for anything as for the so quaintly droll terms in which her re-arrangement with her husband—thanks to that gentleman's inimitable fatuity—would have to be made. This was what it was to own, exactly, her special grace—the brightest gaiety in the finest sensibility; *such* a display of which combination, Mark felt as he went (if he could but have done it still more justice) she must have regaled him with! That exquisite last flush of her fadedness could only remain with him; yet while he presently stopped at a street-corner in a district redeemed from desolation but by the passage just then of a choked trolley-car that howled, as he paused for it, beneath the weight of its human accretions, he seemed to know the inward "sinking" that has been determined in a hungry man by some extravagant sight of the preparation of somebody else's dinner. Florence Ash was dining, so to speak, off the feast of appreciation, appreciation of what she had to "tell" him, that he had left her seated at; and she was welcome, assuredly—welcome, welcome, welcome, he musingly, he wistfully, and yet at the same time a trifle mechanically, repeated, stayed as he was a moment longer by the suffering shriek of another public vehicle and a sudden odd automatic return of his mind to the pretty girl, the flower of Mrs. Folliott's crowd, who had spoken to him of Newton Winch. It was extraordinarily as if, on the instant, she reminded him, from across the town, that *she* had offered him dinner: it was really quite strangely, while he stood there, as if she had told him where he could go and get it. With which, none the less, it was apparently where he wouldn't find her—and what was there, after all, of nutritive in the image of Newton Winch? He made up his mind in a moment that it owed that property, which the pretty girl had somehow made imputable, to the fact of its simply being just

Digitized by Google
Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

then the one image of anything known to him that the terrible place had to offer. Nothing, he a minute later reflected, could have been so " rum " as that, sick and sore, of a bleak New York eventide, he should have had nowhere to turn if not to the said Fiftieth Street.

That was the direction he accordingly took, for when he found the number given him by the same remarkable agent of fate also present to his memory he recognised the direct intervention of Providence and how it absolutely required a miracle to explain his so precipitately taking up this loosest of connections. The miracle indeed soon grew clearer: Providence had, on some obscure system, chosen this very ridiculous hour to save him from cultivation of the sin of selfishness, the obsession of egotism, and was breaking him to its will by constantly directing his attention to the claims of others. Who could say what at that critical moment mightn't have become of Mrs. Folliott (otherwise too then so sadly embroiled !) if she hadn't been enabled to air to him her grievance and her rage ?—just as who could deny that it must have done Florence Ash a world of good to have put her thoughts about Bob in order by the aid of a person to whom the vision of Bob in the light of those thoughts (or in other words to whom *her* vision of Bob and nothing else) would mean so delightfully much ? It was on the same general lines that poor Newton Winch, bereft, alone, ill, perhaps dying, and with the drawback of a not very sympathetic personality—as Mark remembered it at least—to contend against in almost any conceivable appeal to human furtherance, it was on these lines, very much, that the luckless case in Fiftieth Street was offered him as a source of salutary discipline. The moment for such a lesson might strike him as strange, in view of the quite special and independent opportunity for exercise that his spirit had during the last three days enjoyed there in his hotel bedroom; but evidently his languor of charity needed some admonition finer than any it might trust to chance for, and by the time he at last, Winch's residence recognised, was duly elevated to his level and had pressed the electric button at his door, he felt himself acting indeed as under stimulus of a sharp poke in the side.

(*To be concluded*)

Digitized by Google Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

Two Studies

By Gilbert Cannan

BIRTH

Two young men lay in a punt by a wide meadow between Godstow and Eynsham. They were dressed in flannels and their hair was wet from bathing in the river. They were about the same age, anything between twenty-five and thirty-three. One of them wore a happy, pleased expression, the other seemed much older, more thoughtful and pre-occupied. They were having tea.

Martin raised his cup to his lips, put it down again, and a serious expression came across his happy face.

"Life is so grey," he said.

His friend looked up from lighting his pipe, and his expression of preternatural gravity changed to a look almost quizzical.

"For you?" he said.

"No, Ray. I mean, for all the other poor devils."

He turned lazily over on his side, and looked out over the edge of the punt, reached out his hand and plucked a water-fly from the surface of the water where it was skimming in circles.

"Oh! poor beast! I've broken its wing! . . . that's what I mean. . . . That's how so many of them go through life, with their wings broken . . . right from the very beginning. What chance do they have?"

"They're alive."

"Are they? You don't see what I see."

"I should have more sympathy with them than you, if I did."

"What do you mean? D'you think I don't pity them? That's what I meant when I said 'Life is so grey!'"

Digitized by Google Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

"And that's what I meant when I said you don't sympathise with them."

"Please explain."

"I don't think you'd understand."

"I admit I haven't your perception or your intellect, or I should be you instead of being what I am."

"Did you or did you not dive into the water just now?"

"I did."

"And did you or did you not ride over the meadow bare-backed with that friendly horse?"

"I did."

"And after that you can say that life is grey?"

"Well—it is."

"You're incorrigible."

"My dear man, in my work in hospital I come across such hopeless misery. I tell you, you have no idea. You can't imagine . . ."

"I can imagine anything."

"It is you who are arrogant."

"I said you were unsympathetic. You know much, but you understand nothing at all, and, therefore, you have no business to be a doctor."

"Indeed? I can be what I choose."

"There are some things which should not be done except by the people who understand—doctoring is one of them."

"I don't know what you mean."

"What I say—You say 'Life is so grey.' That means that though in your work you come in contact, as you say, with hopeless, ghastly misery, it has taught you nothing. I could tell you a great deal, but it wouldn't be any use, simply because you would not understand . . ."

Braithwaite's pipe went out. He stopped to clean it with a reed which he plucked with a lazy hand.

"Try . . ."

"Women understand more often than men, by sheer instinct and perception. That is why in the under classes the women are so often superior to the men, even for bare mechanical purposes. . . . Women know the joy that lies behind great

Digitized by Google Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

misery. . . . They know that the force of the world, or the life force, or whatever you like to call it, is a thing which laughs and cries at the same time—and—and I tell you, that so far as a man is sufficiently and truly himself to laugh and cry at the same time, so far is he a master of life, and mastery of life is the true aim and end of all human endeavour . . ."

"I don't see what you mean; but go on."

"The perfect man, the master of life, is he in whom thought and instinct are most absolutely balanced, but there is no perfect man—which is just as well, for he would die at once from sheer acceptance of things. But the balance is not in one man, never can be—it was in the legendary Christ I suppose—but in all men, in the whole world. In spite of all the waste, and friction, hideous distortion and terror, it is there; if it weren't there, the world would burst. Though a man may be mad, the world is sane. Now do you see what I mean?"

"No."

"You look puzzled, and I believe that I could make you see. The germ of understanding is in all of us. . . . Well, do you still say that 'Life is so grey?'"

"Yes. . . . You simply don't know what I know. You theorise about life and work yourself into an exalted state of optimism. Come with me some night and I'll make you see."

"I think I shall make *you* see."

"You will come?"

"Very well. When?"

"Next Tuesday?"

"Dine with me. Or call for me at the hospital and we'll go down. I'm on maternity cases."

"Maternity! By God! You shall see."

Braithwaite rose, took the punt pole and pushed out from the bank. His friend, Martin, restored the water-fly with its broken wing to its natural element, waved an elaborate farewell to the friendly horse with whom he had galloped over the golden meadow, and they returned up-stream to Eynsham, and thence back to London . . .

On the following Tuesday Braithwaite called for Martin at

Digitized by Google Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

the hospital. Martin's pleasant face wore the worried expression which he considered professional, and he was rather cross and officious, which he also considered professional. Braithwaite was moody and silent. He had been among the very poor before, but always alone and as a "sympathetic," as he was pleased to call himself, and at the moment he was bitterly resenting his friend's hard and purely professional attitude of mind.

Martin, a little hurt by his silence, turned to him and said: "Anything wrong?"

"No. I was thinking."

"You always are."

"I was thinking how perfectly intolerable the practice of your profession would be to you, if you were me."

They walked swiftly through well-lighted streets where there were crowds of men and women, girls and young men, strangely clad, many of them; and men with odd Eastern faces; Semites and Slavs, contrasting vividly in their alertness and swift change of expression with the slower, heavier, narrow astuteness of the Cockney type. The life and movement in the streets produced excitement in Braithwaite and he returned the smile which a prostitute cast at him. Martin saw it, and misunderstood.

They turned out of the stream into a narrow lane, where slatternly women were sitting gossiping on the doorsteps and men in varying states of intoxication were reeling home. Of the drunken men the majority were English, none were Jews. At a corner of the lane was a little public house. Two men were standing in the gutter. One played a whistle and the other a guitar. They were low Italians. On the shoulder of one of them sat a small monkey, alert and bright, combing its black little fingers through its master's greasy hair. Braithwaite stopped to caress it. Martin hurried him along. They turned the corner past the public house into another lane, lower, narrower, more squalid than the first. On the doorsteps sat women more slatternly than the others, more heavy, less interested. In the gutter among orange-peel, scraps of paper, and mud, lay a man. As they passed him a little woman rushed out of a house, pounced on him, kicked him, beat him, screamed

Digitized by Google
Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

at him, and finally felt in his pockets, and finding no money, left him.

Martin stopped a mean, mealy-faced little man and asked him for the house of such and such a one.

"That's 'im," said the mealy-faced man, pointing to the man in the gutter.

"That's the father," said Martin to Braithwaite. "Life at its rottenest."

"Life—still, it is life."

They came to the door of a house; a mean door, a battered, blistered door, that bore the marks of heavily shod feet. There was neither bell nor knocker. Martin kicked. There was no sign of life in the house. Martin kicked again, and they waited.

"How about your theories now?"

"Wait."

"There is nothing to hope for. Poor devils . . . what you will see inside! . . ."

The door was opened by a woman stark naked except for a dirty pink petticoat thrown hastily over her shoulders. Braithwaite took off his hat to her politely. She swore at him cheerfully. Martin passed in and the woman asked them to go upstairs.

"She's bad," she said. "Mind the stairs, there's a 'ole in them. Wait while I get a light."

She disappeared into the darkness, to return in a moment holding a tallow candle in her hand, over her head, so that the grease dripped down every now and then on to her hair. By the light of the candle they could see the stairs rising steeply in front of them within a few feet of the door. The banisters were gone and one or two stairs were broken. There were great holes in the plaster of the wall, and part of the ceiling of the passage bulged ominously. There was a vile thickness in the air and a smell of garlic from the ground floor room, from the door of which peered a thick-nosed Jew. They ascended the stairs, the woman first, Martin next, and then Braithwaite, who kept wondering with amusement why the woman preferred not to wash her feet and legs. At the top of the stairs they turned sharp to the left and entered a room, lit only by moonbeams struggling through the little window, the panes of which

Digitized by Google Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

were broken, stuffed with rags, plastered, where cracked, with paper, or grimily opaque. There were two beds in the room. In one lay a man snoring and at the foot two children asleep. It was a crazy iron bedstead and the bedclothes were stale and frowsy. The woman jabbed with her thumb in the direction of the opposite corner of the room, threw off her petticoat, and prepared to slide into bed. She stopped, however, with her knee on the edge of the mattress :

" Theer ain't nothin' I c'n dew ? "

" You can help," said Martin. From the other corner of the room there came moaning, moaning.

" Is there any brandy in the house ? " said Martin.

" I got some this arternoon thinkin' it might be wanted. I 'ad to 'ide it."

She rummaged under the mattress of the bed and produced a flat bottle of coarse green glass, filled with brown liquor.

" She's not strong. . . . An' the last time nearly killed 'er, she told me. She wasn't livin' 'ere then."

All the time she was dressing, getting into her clothes. Braithwaite sat on the table, the chairs all looked too crazy and perilous.

The woman in travail moaned, and moaned, and occasionally cried in fear. She opened her eyelids and gazed with heavy fevered eyes at Martin. Braithwaite moved and stood by her side. She rolled her head on the hard dirty pillow and tears streamed down her cheeks, but through her tears she smiled at him, and reached out her thin arm. He understood, and held out his hand which she clutched tightly. He sat there holding her hand, and he looked up at Martin, but quickly away again, for there was nothing but disinterest in his eyes.

Presently the tears of the woman in travail ceased to flow, as the pain grew in her, and her breathing came fast and fast, and sanity left her eyes ; they stared hard and glittering, senseless and yet questioning, in Braithwaite's direction, and tightly she held his hand. Through this contact he could feel the warm life in her, the outgoing and the struggle. In all his veins his blood boiled, and he could feel a sort of faint echo in himself of her agony. Tightly she held his hand.

Digitized by Google
Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

Martin and the woman were busy fetching water, towels, warm clothes, and the three of them were there, waiting . . . waiting. In the other bed the man stirred, turned in his sleep, cursed tranquilly in a gentle dreamy voice, and kicked one of the children at the foot of the bed. It cried out, then slept, and silence came again.

So they waited, and the woman moaned, twisted and moaned, and a feeling surged in Braithwaite's body, so that the veins in his temples swelled, and he choked. The woman gathered strength, all her forces, and all the while she clutched his hand tighter and tighter. . . . Agony grew . . . Unbearable. Braithwaite's eyes started from his head; he found his tongue between his teeth and bit it. . . . He saw Martin bend swiftly over the woman and lay something white over her mouth. . . . Then his head sank on his breast, he heard a buzzing, whispering voices,—and he knew no more. . . .

Far, far away, remote, distant, hazy, he heard a great glad cry greeting the world. . . . Such a cry——

When he came to himself he found Martin pouring brandy down his throat, and the woman still holding his hand, and he was glad—oh! glad . . .

On a chair near the bed the other woman was holding a white bundle in her arms, crooning over it, rocking to and fro, and her eyes shone. . . .

He looked up into Martin's face and saw that there were tears in his eyes.

They waited until the mother was restored to consciousness. Braithwaite stooped and kissed her on the forehead. She smiled tenderly at him, with a tenderness the greater for her large weariness. For a moment he took the child in his arms, then laid it by her side so that its head lay on her arm. Again she smiled at him.

He laid two pieces of gold on the mantelpiece and together they went, he and Martin, down the crazy stairs, out into the squalid street, past the father who lay there still in the gutter. . .

They spoke no word, not even when they separated, to bid each other "Good-night."

Digitized by Google
Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

DEATH

Downstairs in the cellar of the little house the soiled linen was being washed under the supervision of a sodden old woman, red-faced, with great rough arms and a coarse voice in which incessantly she sang songs of the pothouse, and every room was made moist and evil-smelling by the steam, so that the heat of the full summer was made almost unbearable.

In the front bedroom a thin little woman lay fully dressed on her bed staring dry-eyed at the flies crawling on the cracked grey ceiling. Her eyes followed the flies mechanically—great eyes they were, almost fawn-like, but dead and hard, unseeing. Her hands clutched tightly her breasts under the little faded blue cotton blouse, while barbed grief rent her body. Every now and then her bosom heaved, her whole body shook, and her throat throbbed as the choking relaxed that she might breathe. At such moments the hardness of the drawn face, so grey and thin, so young and yet so old, was almost softened, and it seemed that relief was near, but the woman's little mind was crushed by the calamity that had befallen her and she knew nothing, saw nothing, only knew her ache and agony, and that the heat was stifling. Her eyes followed the flies, but she saw as little consciously as a new-born infant. Presently her interest was roused in a large blue-bottle fly crawling over the blackened circle on the ceiling over the gas jet, and then followed a flood of thoughts, vague wanderings and memories, in a silly round. She saw herself as a girl in the unlovely home, the fierce passions, the dolls and animals she had loved, the boys and young men, the first real love-words, the passionate and glad giving of herself, the possession of the child, the sick loathings and futile revolts against monotony, and the great brilliant moments, sweet days of tenderness, the first suckling of the child. Outside her own life and experience, her own joys and sorrows, she had no thought. Her mind flew back to the blue-bottle. He was gone, and thought died in her.

Presently in the kitchen there came a clatter of pans and the cry of a hurt child, her son back from school. She heard the

Digitized by Google
Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

coarse voice of the charwoman cursing the boy and telling him to " 'ush 'is noise or she'd clout 'is ear-'ole." She rose from the bed and let down the crazy venetian blinds. The door was pushed open and a thin tiny boy with a large face, great eyes, and a complexion like a suet pudding, ran in to her sobbing bitterly. She caught him to her, and rocked and crooned over him.

" Hush, dear," she said, " baby's dead."

The boy said nothing.

" I'll get you some dinner, and then I want you to go to the office to fetch your father."

She took the boy by the hand and led him into the next room where the body of the dead child lay. It was covered with a sheet and a penny was laid on each eyelid. The woman knelt by the bedside in some sort of desire to pray, but she could not weep. The boy howled—it was something that neither could understand, and while the mother was staggering, quivering under it, the child wept copiously, self-conscious in the expression and, unconsciously, a little sickened by the hardness and tearlessness of his mother's face. He refused to eat his dinner of soup and bread-and-butter pudding, and abandoned himself to tears and the ache of sorrow, the bewilderment of it. His mother placed his cap on his head and pushed him out by the front door. He stood for a moment sullen and stubborn, sobbing and hiccoughing. He was beginning to feel tired and wished for change of some sort. There flashed in his mind a feeling that grew into words—" He's not dead ! "—and in some queer way they gave him the impulse to seek his father. He ran, and the tears streamed down his face. He ran through the sordid streets, strongly smelling in the thick heat. He saw nothing, was conscious only of speed, speed and running, faster and faster and faster, and the words, " He can't be dead " over and over again, rushing past and round, tumbling, twisting, springing, almost foaming. . . .

He reached the office and tapped at the little window from behind which his father would appear as from another world. An impish face peered from the window.

" Wot d'yer want ? "

" Father."

Digitized by Google Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

"'Oo the 'ell's father?"

"My father."

"I dunno 'oo *you* are."

"I'm Dick. . . ."

The father had recognised the boy's voice, and appeared in hat and old office coat, and without a word walked away, gripping the child's hand. His face was grey and hopeless. The boy, who had an odd sympathy with his father, forgot his own tears and revelled in his parent's greater emotions.

In the little house the mother was wandering from room to room, trying one occupation after another, wandering aimlessly. Her head ached. The charwoman offered coarse sympathy and comfortable words until she ran screaming away to the top of the house. Always in each vagary she ended by going to the dark room. At one time she lit two candles by the bedside, at another she returned to remove them. Again she laid a crucifix on the child's breast, and again she removed it. She laid a rose in its hand, and hurled it away. Nothing—nothing that she could do seemed to be of any good to it or to herself. Her head throbbed and her hands were dry—her eyes burned. She wanted to go into the sun, but she dared not, for she knew that she must not be away when her husband returned—and she must meet him, be with him, although he would never understand. . . . That seemed to her most horrible, that even in this that so nearly touched them both, he would understand nothing at all— She sat by the dead child, waiting.

Presently she heard his key fumbling in the latch. She heard his stumbling footsteps on the creaking stairs, the catch in his breathing. The door opened, he walked straight to the bed, gave no sign that he was conscious of her presence there, and knelt down and prayed. She saw his lips moving, and the words framed on them, and she leaned forward and stared at him, stared and stared and stared, through the darkness. . . . In the darkness by the door, the child hovered. Still the man prayed, saying: "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away," but she knew that he was thinking only of the hurt to himself. His shoulders shook, he cried aloud and then sobbed, burying his face in his arms. The child advanced, wide-eyed. It

Digitized by Google Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

seemed so strange and terrifying that a man should weep. He ran away.

The woman sat there feeling that it was more than she could bear, that he should kneel there like that and give no thought to her. Still he sobbed.

She rose, and placing her arms round his head, her hands on his chin so that his tears fell upon them—and she loved him for them—she held it against her bosom and bit his hair. In that moment he turned to her for comfort, and she did not fail him.

Together they lit candles and placed them by the bedside, and together they fetched the crucifix and laid it on the breast of the dead child. Then they left the room, turned the key in the door, and went downstairs, where she saw that he was fed.

Digitized by Google
Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

The Glass-Mender

By Maurice Baring

Once upon a time there lived a King and a Queen who had one daughter called Rainbow. When she was christened, all the people of the city were gathered together outside the cathedral, and amongst them was an old gipsy woman. The gipsy wanted to go inside the cathedral, but the Beadle would not let her, because he said there was no room. When the ceremony was over, and the King and Queen walked out followed by the Head Nurse who carried the baby, the gipsy called out to them :

" Your daughter will be very beautiful, and as happy as the day is long until she sees the Spring ! " And then she disappeared in the crowd.

The King and the Queen took counsel together, and the King said : " That gipsy was evidently a fairy, and what she said bodes no good."

" Yes," said the Queen, " there is only one thing to be done : Rainbow must never see the Spring, nor even hear that there is such a thing."

So an order was issued to the whole city that if any one should say the word " spring " in the presence of Princess Rainbow he would have his head cut off. Moreover, it was settled that the Princess should never be allowed to go outside the palace, and during the springtime she would be kept entirely indoors.

The King and the Queen lived in a city which was on the top of a hill, and had a wall round it, and the King's palace was in the middle of the city. In the spring-time Rainbow was taken to a high tower which looked on to the little round city, and from her window you could see the spires of the churches, the crenelated ramparts, and the broad green plain beyond. But a curtain made of canvas was fastened outside Rainbow's window, so that

Digitized by Google
Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

she could see nothing, and she was not allowed to go outside her tower until the springtime had passed.

Rainbow grew up into a most beautiful Princess, with soft grey eyes and fair hair, and until she was sixteen all went well and nothing happened to interfere with her happiness.

It was on her sixteenth birthday, which was in April, and she was sitting alone in her room, looking at her birthday presents, when she began to wonder for the first time why she was shut up in her tower during three months of the year, and why a curtain was placed outside her window so that she could see nothing outside. Her mother and her nurse had told her that this was done so that she might not fall ill, and she had always believed it; but on that day, for the first time, she began to wonder whether there might be any other reason as well. It was a lovely Spring day, and the sun streamed through the canvas curtain which was stretched outside Rainbow's open window; a breeze came into her room from the outside world and Rainbow felt a great longing to tear aside the curtain and to see what was happening out of doors.

At that very moment a sound came into her room from the city: it was the sound of two or three notes played on some small reed or pipe unlike those of any of the musical instruments she had heard in the palace, more tuneful and more artless and more gay. As she heard the few reedy notes of this little tune, she felt something which she had never known before. The whole room seemed to be full of a new sunshine, and she smelt the fragrance of dewy grass; she heard the blackbird whistling, and the lark singing; she saw the apple orchards in blossom, the white violets peeping from under the leaves, the hedges covered with primroses, the daffodils fluttering in the wind, the fern uncrumpling her new leaves, the green slopes starred with crocuses, fields of buttercups and marigolds, forests paved with bluebells; lilac bushes, the trailing gold of the laburnums, and the dazzling green of the awakening beech-trees; and she heard the cuckoo's note, and a thousand other unknown sounds of meadow, wood, and stream; and before her passed the whole pageant of the spring with its joyous music and its thousand and one sights.

Digitized by Google
Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

The vision disappeared and she cried out : " Let me go into the world and let me taste and see this wonderful new thing ! "

Rainbow said nothing about her vision either to her parents or her nurses, but she resolved to steal out of the palace as soon as she could and to see in the world what her vision had shown her ; but that very evening she fell ill and she was obliged to go to bed. The next day she was no better, and a week passed and she was just as ill as ever. All the wisest physicians of the land examined her, but not one of them could say what was the matter with her ; some of them prescribed medicines and others strange things to eat and drink ; but none of them did her the least good. The months went by and Rainbow was still lying in bed, suffering from a strange malady which nobody could even find a name for. When the spring was past Rainbow was borne on a couch into the garden of the palace ; but she got no better.

At last the Queen sent for a Wise Woman who lived in a wood near the city, and asked her advice. The Wise Woman was told Rainbow's history and what the gipsy had said, and after she had looked at Rainbow and spoken with her, she said to the Queen :

" I understand quite well what has happened. Your daughter has seen the spring."

" But that's impossible," said the Queen, " for during the whole of the spring months she has never left her room."

" Somehow or other the spring has reached her," said the old woman, and then she asked Rainbow some more questions and the end of this was that Rainbow told her about the tune she had heard on her birthday, and the vision she had seen.

" I knew it," said the old woman, " she heard somebody playing the spring's own tune, and she won't get well until she hears it again, and even then her troubles will be far from ended." So saying the old woman went away.

The King at once sent for the court musicians and told them to play the Spring's Song. They fiddled, and they blew upon every kind of pipe and flute ; they beat the cymbals and struck the harp ; but none of these tunes aroused the slightest interest in Rainbow or roused her from her listlessness. The King then issued a proclamation saying that whoever should

Digitized by Google
Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

play the song that cured Rainbow would receive any reward he should ask for, and even, if he wished it, his daughter's hand.

The news was spread far and wide, and people came from the four corners of the world to play to the Princess.

First of all a young lad came from the northern country, where he had slain a huge dragon in single combat, and he said that he if any one knew the Song of Spring, for the birds themselves had taught it him; and when he was shown into the Princess's room he blew a blast on his silver horn so strong that the rafters trembled, and so sweet that the palace seemed to be full of the scent of the northern forests. But Rainbow paid no heed, and the young lad went his way.

Then an uncouth minstrel came from Greece; he had furry ears and a pointed beard, and he played on a double pipe and he said: "I know the Song of Spring if any one knows it, for the bees taught it me." He breathed on his pipe and the whole room seemed to be full of the smell of thyme, the murmur of reeds, and the drone of golden bees. . . . But Rainbow paid no heed to him, and the uncouth minstrel went his way.

Then there came a man who carried a silver lyre. His face was beautiful and very sad, and he said: "I know the Song of Spring if any one knows it, for I heard it played in the happy fields." And he struck his lyre and sang a song which was so lovely and so plaintive that the horses neighed in their stalls, the dogs came to listen, and the trees of the garden bent over the palace window, and the King and the Queen and all the courtiers wept: but Rainbow paid no heed, and the man with the silver lyre went his way.

Then came a knight from over the sea, from the West Country and he was the most splendid knight ever seen, and he carried neither harp nor pipe, and he said: "I know the Song of Spring if any one knows it, for I learnt it in the forests of Tintagel": and he sang the song that only those who dwell in the forests of the West know, and it was a song of love. But Rainbow paid no heed, and the knight went his way.

Then Prince Charming came from the Golden Isles and said: "I know the Song of Spring if any one knows it, for my fairy-

Digitized by Google Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

godmother gave me an enchanted flute, and when I play on it the elves dance round me in a ring" : and he played a dreamy tune on his enchanted flute, and the lights and rainbows of the golden islands seemed to twinkle in the room. But Rainbow paid no heed, so Prince Charming went his way.

Then there came a Prince who was a changeling and who had been brought up in Fairyland itself, and he said : "I know the Song of Spring if any one knows it, for Proserpine, the Queen of the Fairies, herself taught me the song she heard in the Vales of Enna, when she was picking flowers in the spring." And he sang of the Sicilian fields, a song of the swallow and the south ; and the song was like a moonlit dream, and the room seemed to be full of the murmur of the azure seas ; but Rainbow paid no heed, and the changeling went his way.

Then Prince Apollo himself came from Italy with his fiddle, and he said : "If I do not know the Song of Spring, who can know it ? For my music excels that of all mortal men."

Prince Apollo struck up a triumphant tune on his fiddle and the room was filled with a golden glory ; but Rainbow paid no heed, and Prince Apollo went away in a great rage, saying that the Princess had no ear.

After this people gave up the quest, for they said : "If all these great people fail, how should we succeed ?" Now it happened one day, when the springtime came round again, that two tumblers were playing at ball in the Princess's room to try and amuse her, and one of them in throwing, threw the ball and broke the pane of her casement ; so a glass-mender was sent for to mend the window, and there happened to be one that day just outside the palace.

The glass-mender was a youth, and his eyes were very blue and his cheeks very fresh, and as he strode up the staircase to the Princess's room, he whistled on a small glass pipe the tune that glass-menders have always whistled ever since the beginning of the world. Directly Rainbow heard this sound, she leaped from her bed and cried out :

"That is it ! I hear it, the Song of Spring !" And as the glass-mender came into the room with his basket and his tools,

Digitized by Google
Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

she said: "At last you've come! You've cured me, and I am now quite well again."

There was no doubt about it. Rainbow from that moment was cured, and the glass-mender went to the King and claimed his reward.

At first the King was rather vexed that his daughter should have to wed a glass-mender, but he did not dare play any tricks with his daughter's life after what had happened, for fear she should fall ill again; and besides, Rainbow was determined to marry him, and as he was so young, so handsome, and so well-spoken, the King told the Queen that he was very likely a Prince in disguise.

But the glass-mender made two conditions about his marriage: the first was that he was to continue to be a wandering glass-mender who earned his living by going from city to city and from village to village, mending glass, and the second was that Rainbow was never to ask him where he came from nor who were his parents, and that she could call him Blue Eyes, nor ever ask him whether he had another name.

This convinced the King that Blue Eyes was a Prince in disguise, and the conditions were readily agreed to, and Rainbow and Blue Eyes were married without further delay. The King gave them each a white pony for a wedding present and they started off on their travels.

They rode through the fields and the woods, from village to village, sleeping now in a house and now out of doors, and for the first time in her life Rainbow tasted and saw the Spring; and no words can tell how happy they were: all day long Blue Eyes played a tune on his glass-pipe, and he showed Rainbow the haunts of the birds and the beasts, and whenever they came to a village it was as though they brought the sunshine of the morning with them, for as soon as any one looked at Blue Eyes, they could not help being happy, and when he played on his pipe people danced for joy. Like this they wandered over the wide world, and they saw every kind of country and city, and wherever they went smiling faces met them and they made sad people happy, and happy people happier still.

When they were in the woods or meadows the very birds and

Digitized by Google
Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

beasts seemed to know Blue Eyes, and he talked with them just as if they were real people; and the most savage beasts—wolves and bears and wild boars,—were as tame as lap-dogs when he spoke to them; and the nightingales used to perch on Blue Eyes' shoulder in the evening and sing as he rode with Rainbow through the forest; the bees and butterflies used to fly in front of them and show them the way.

The years went by and they had a little son who was called Blue Boy, who grew up just like his father and talked with the birds and beasts directly he could speak, and they were all three of them together as happy as the day is long.

One spring evening, they arrived rather late in a wood, and after they had made a fire and cooked their supper, Rainbow and Blue Boy went to sleep, and Blue Eyes sat by the fire for he said he wasn't sleepy.

After Rainbow had been sleeping for a few hours she woke up with a start. The moon had risen and the camp-fire had not yet gone out, but the ashes were smouldering and there by the fire sat Blue Eyes. Rainbow could not see him distinctly, but he seemed to her to look different from usual; strange, beautiful, and more like a fairy Prince than a glass-mender. Sitting with him by the fire was a lovely maiden with roses in her golden hair and some ears of wheat in her hand, and a silver sickle hanging from her girdle. They were talking together. Rainbow was so surprised that she uttered a cry, and immediately the beautiful maiden vanished into the wood. Blue Eyes at once went to Rainbow, but she turned over on her side and pretended to be asleep.

The next day Blue Eyes said nothing about the strange maiden, and Rainbow began to be jealous and sad. She tried not to think of it, but she could not get rid of the thought that perhaps Blue Eyes loved somebody else. The next evening they again camped out in the wood, and Rainbow said she was tired and lay down to sleep early; but she only pretended to go to sleep, and she was really wide awake.

As soon as Blue Eyes thought that Rainbow was asleep he blew a note on his glass pipe, and once more the strange maiden came out of the wood, and she and Blue Eyes talked together in a

Digitized by Google Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

whisper, and once more Blue Eyes seemed to look quite different, and not at all like a glass-mender, only as it was dark that night, Rainbow could not see him distinctly.

The next morning Blue Eyes again said nothing about the strange maiden, and Rainbow was sadder than ever. If Blue Eyes would only explain, she said to herself, everything would be all right. So as they were riding through the wood, Rainbow said to him :

" I saw you in the wood last night talking to a strange maiden ; and Blue Eyes, you looked different. I am sure now that you are not a glass-mender ; and now that I have seen you talking to that strange maiden I shall have no peace until you tell me who you are and who she is."

" Alas, alas, alas ! " said Blue Eyes. " Oh, Rainbow, why could you not trust me ? I must tell you now whether I wish it or no, but you have destroyed our happiness, and I shall have to leave you. My name is Spring, and I was talking to my sister Summer ; and now I shall have to leave you, for I can only take a mortal shape as long as nobody knows who I am."

Then Rainbow wept bitterly, and said :

" Do you mean you must leave me for ever, and that I shall never see you again ? "

" There is one hope left," said Blue Eyes. " We shall meet again if you are able to find me. You will have to search all over the world, and you will not find me until you recognise my look and my voice in the speech or the look of a human being : and if you fail to recognise it when it is there, you will never find me at all."

" And when I recognise you either in the speech or the look of a human being," said Rainbow, " what must I do then ? "

" Then," said Blue Eyes, " you must say this :

> Blue Eyes, Blue Eyes, come back to me,
> Over the hills and over the sea ;
> Brother of Summer, husband and friend,
> Come and stay till the world shall end."

" But what will happen," asked Rainbow, " if I make a mistake and say the rhyme to some one who seems to have your look and your speech, when really they are not there ? "

Digitized by Google
Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

"If you make a mistake," said Blue Eyes, "you will never see me again."

Rainbow again began to weep bitterly. She implored Blue Eyes to forgive her, but she no longer begged him to stay, for she knew it was useless; and Blue Eyes kissed her and Blue Boy, and when he had said good-bye, he leapt on to his pony and galloped off into the wood. As he galloped away his appearance changed; his glass-mender's clothes fell away from him; instead of his blue cap, there was a crown of dew on his head, and he was clothed with the petals of snowdrops and cowslips, and two lovely little gossamer wings grew out of his shoulders, and he wore a rainbow for a scarf which fluttered in the wind; and his pony changed into a white horse with silver wings, and in his hand he carried a large wand of almond blossom, and a starling perched on his wrist. And as he galloped through the wood the hoofs of his steed left behind them a trail of twinkling anemones. Thus he galloped on until he disappeared into the heart of the forest, and Rainbow was left alone with Blue Boy.

After she had had a long cry she dried her eyes and began at once to look for Blue Eyes. She wandered on through the wood with Blue Boy until they came to a hermit's cave. The hermit lived there all the year round, and his only company were the birds and the beasts of the forest, and Rainbow thought if she talked to him she would perhaps hear the voice or see the look of Blue Eyes. But when she spoke to him she saw that he had forgotten what human beings were like, and he gave Rainbow and Blue Boy some bread and milk just as though they were birds. Then he opened his big book and began reading in it and no longer noticed their presence.

The months went by and Rainbow searched everywhere. She searched all through the summer, and although she met many kind faces and saw many a happy smile, and heard many a young voice, nowhere did she meet any one who in the least reminded her of Blue Eyes.

When the winter came they went to a city and Blue Boy, who was growing up into a big boy, was apprenticed to a glass-mender, and Rainbow and he lived together in a little room in the glass-mender's house. The glass-mender had a pretty

Digitized by Google
Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

daughter called Joan, and she had a tame blackbird which she kept in a wicker cage. All through the winter the city had been muffled in snow, and it had been bitterly cold; at last the snow melted and March came with his boisterous wind and his cold showers of sleet and rain.

But one day the rain stopped; the sun shone in the blue sky, and Joan cried out:

"This is the first Spring day!" She ran out of doors with her bird cage and hung it up on the wall outside the house, and although there were as yet no green leaves anywhere, the blackbird knew that the spring had come and began to sing. While Joan was looking at the blackbird, Rainbow was watching her from her window, and was thinking to herself. "Surely now I shall hear the voice of Blue Eyes or see his look!" She was on the point of calling out:

Blue Eyes, Blue Eyes, come back to me,

when Joan looked up at her and met her gaze and laughed and blushed and ran away. Rainbow knew that it was neither the voice nor the look of Blue Eyes; and she cried from disappointment.

By the time the spring was over, Blue Boy had learned his trade, and he was able to work on his own account and to support his mother, so they left the city together when the summer came, and they went from village to village and from city to city, mending broken window panes.

The years went by: Blue Boy was almost a man, and still Rainbow had not come across any one who had reminded her of Blue Eyes. She was very sad, because she knew that in a year's time Blue Boy would be a man and that it would be time for him to marry, and that she would then be left all alone. She knew that this was the last year that she and Blue Boy would be together.

One day they were walking through a grassy wood which was yellow with cowslips. It was a lovely April morning and in the wood a lot of children were playing and making chains and wreaths with the cowslips.

"Now, at last," thought Rainbow, "I shall hear the voice of Blue Eyes." She ran up to the children, but when the children

Digitized by Google Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

saw her running towards them, they were frightened and they ran away into the wood, and although she called and called they would not come back.

A little further on they came to a lovely village on a hill overlooking a river which was a small arm of the sea. The hill was covered with orchards which were in full blossom, and in front of the little white straw-thatched cottages the neat flower-beds were full of sweet smelling violets.

Rainbow and Blue Boy stayed in this village, and found plenty of work. One evening Rainbow was strolling in a narrow lane on the top of the hill; the steep lane had on each side of it two very grassy banks, on the top of which bushes and brambles and nut-trees grew so thickly that the ends of their boughs almost met across the lane, and the banks were covered with primroses. Walking along this lane, with their faces towards the sunset, Rainbow met a youth and a maiden; they were whispering to each other little broken words, with many sighs and smiles, and their talk was like the talk of two birds.

Rainbow's heart leapt as she heard them, and she was just going to cry out:

Blue Eyes, Blue Eyes, come back to me,

when they caught sight of her and stopped talking, and Rainbow knew that Blue Eyes was not there.

Then came the month of May, and the woods grew green and the lilac blossomed, and Rainbow grew sadder and sadder. One night she could not sleep, and she got up and walked through the moonlit village right down to the quay by the river-side where the fishermen kept the boats and their nets. Many of the fishermen were out fishing on the sea, and one of them, a young lad, was setting his brown sail in the river, and as he did so, he sang a song which was like this:

I have a cottage I love well,
In the sweet west countree:
And there my love and I shall dwell,
When I come back from sea.

We'll stow the sail and stow the oar,
And oh, how glad she'll be
To mend the nets upon the shore,
When I come back from sea.

Digitized by Google
Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

I have a cottage on the hill,
Just right for her and me,
And she will say "I love you still,"
When I come back from sea.

The fisherman's voice was so glad and joyous as he sang this song, that Rainbow thought Blue Eyes must be here, and she ran to the shore. At that moment the moonlight fell full upon the fisherman so that Rainbow could see his face, and she stopped herself calling out just in time, for she saw he was not at all like Blue Eyes.

During that same month Blue Boy fell in love with a Dairy Maid called Cherry-Ripe, and it was arranged that they should be married at Michaelmas. But as Michaelmas drew near Rainbow grew sadder and sadder, because she could not bear to think what she would do without Blue Boy.

September came and the corn was carried, and the leaves began to turn gold. On Michaelmas Eve, Rainbow was sitting in her garden watching the beautiful autumn sunset. Not far from her garden, which was on the side of a steep hill, there was a quarry in which there was an old seat, and this was a favourite spot for lovers, for from this place you could see the little river, all the village and the sea beyond, and the view was beautiful. Rainbow thought she would walk to the quarry so as to get a better view of the sunset.

When she got there she saw an old couple sitting on the seat. The man was a fisherman whose face was bronzed and wrinkled by the wind and the waves, and the woman's hair was grey and silvery. They did not notice Rainbow coming, and the old woman said to the man :

"Do you remember how we used to meet here in the days when you were courting me ?"

And the old man said : "It was in the spring, and the apple-trees were out."

And the old woman said : "Ah ! I was a comely lass then : there was no one like me in the village. Folks wouldn't believe it now, what with my white hair and my wrinkles."

And the old man said : "I see no difference in you, lassie. You've the same lovely blue eyes as you always had,

Digitized by Google
Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

and if your hair has turned silver, it's none the less fair for that."

And the old woman said: "And I see no difference in you, sweetheart: you're just as strong and brave as ever."

And the old man said: "Why, it's forty years ago, but it makes nought to us, for as long as I've got you and you've got me, we shan't see any change in each other, for with us it has always been springtide and courting time, and it always will be."

And the old man looked at the old woman and smiled and took her hand, and her eyes filled with tears. And when Rainbow saw this, before she knew what happened she had called out:

Blue Eyes, Blue Eyes, come back to me,
Over the hills and over the sea.
Brother of Summer, husband and friend,
Come and stay till the world shall end.

As soon as she had said this, Blue Eyes stood before her just as he had been when he rode away, clothed in snowdrops and cowslips, wearing the rainbow for a scarf, and carrying a branch of blossom in his hand.

Rainbow was so glad to see Blue Eyes that she almost fainted. She led him to her cottage, and there she wept a long time for joy. Then Blue Eyes told her that he would never leave her again, but that he could not live on the earth a second time in the guise of a glass-mender. During the spring they would ride through the world scattering sunshine, laughter and hope; mortals would see them but they would not know who they were. During the summer and the autumn they would be invisible to mortals, and during the winter they would slumber in the Diamond Palace of his mother, the Snow Queen.

They waited to see Blue Boy and Cherry-Ripe married, and Blue Eyes gave them as a wedding-present a little glass pipe, which, whenever he played it, brought the spring into the hearts of all who heard it. And Blue Eyes promised that whenever Blue Boy whistled on the pipe, he and Rainbow would immediately answer his call and come to him.

When the wedding was over Blue Eyes gave Rainbow his scarf, and they mounted on two winged steeds and galloped off

Digitized by Google
Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

through the lanes. Now if you ever meet in a wood or by a river a man with blue eyes, on a winged horse, with a crown of dew, gossamer wings, and a tunic of snowdrops and cowslips, and by his side on a white pony a beautiful woman wearing the rainbow for a scarf, and holding a branch of blossom in her hand, you will know it is Blue Eyes and Rainbow.

And if ever you hear on a spring morning in a city or a village three little notes played on a pipe which make your heart dance for joy, you will know that Blue Boy is calling for his father and his mother; for he does this very often.

Digitized by Google
Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

St. Catherine's Eve*

By Mrs. Belloc Lowndes

"In this matter of the railway James Mottram has proved a false friend, a very traitor to me!" Charles Nagle's brown eyes shone with anger; he looked loweringly at his companions, and they, a beautiful young woman, and an old man dressed in the sober garb of a Catholic ecclesiastic of that day, glanced at one another apprehensively.

All England was then sharply divided into two camps, the one composed of those who welcomed with enthusiasm the wonderful new invention which obliterated space, the other of those who dreaded and abhorred the coming of the railroads.

Charles Nagle got up and walked to the end of the terrace. He stared down into the wooded combe or ravine below, and noted with sullen anger the signs of stir and activity in the narrow strip of wood which till a few weeks before had been so still, so entirely remote from even the quiet human activities of 1835.

At last he turned round, pirouetting on his heel with a quick movement, and his good looks impressed anew each of the two who sat there with him. Eighty years ago beauty of line and colour were allowed to tell in masculine apparel, and this young Dorset squire delighted in fine clothes. Though November was far advanced it was a mild day, and Charles Nagle wore a bright blue coat, cut, as was then the fashion, so as to show off the points of his elegant figure—of his slender waist and his broad shoulders; the elaborately frilled waistcoat terminated in an India muslin stock, wound many times round his neck. He looked a foppish Londoner rather than what he was—an honest country gentleman who had not journeyed to the capital for some six years, and then only to see a great physician.

* Copyright, U.S.A., by Paul R. Reynolds.

Digitized by Google
Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

"'Twas a most unneighbourly act on the part of James—he knows it well enough, for we hardly see him now!" He addressed his words more particularly to his wife, and he spoke more gently than before.

The old priest—his name was Dorriforth—looked uneasily from his host to his hostess. He felt that both these young people, whom he had known from childhood, and whom he loved well, had altered during the few weeks which had gone by since he had last seen them. Rather—he mentally corrected himself—it was the wife, Catherine, who was changed. Charles Nagle was much the same; poor Charles would never be other, for he belonged to the mysterious company of those who, physically sound, are mentally infirm, and shunned by their more fortunate fellows.

But Charles Nagle's wife, who for so long had been content, nay glad, to share this pitiful exile, seemed now to have escaped, if not in body then in mind, from the place where her sad, monotonous duty lay.

She did not at once answer her husband; but she looked at him fixedly, her hand smoothing nervously the skirt of her pretty gown.

Mrs. Nagle's dress also showed a care and research unusual in those of the country lady of those days. This was partly no doubt owing to her French blood—her grandparents had been *émigrés*—and to the fact that Charles liked to see her in light colours. The gown she was now wearing on this mild November day was a French flowered silk, the spoil of a smuggler who pursued his profitable calling on the coast near by. The short high bodice and puffed sleeves were draped with a scarf of Buckinghamshire lace which left, as was the fashion of those days, the wearer's lovely shoulders bare.

"James Mottram," she said at last, and with a heightened colour, "believes in progress, Charles. It is the one thing concerning which you and our friend will never agree."

"Friend?" he repeated moodily. "Friend! James Mottram has shown himself no friend of ours. And then I had rights in this matter—am I not his heir-at-law? I could prevent my cousin from touching a stone, or felling a tree,

Digitized by Google Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

at the Eype. But 'tis his indifference to my feelings that angers me so. Why, I trusted the fellow as if he had been my brother!"

"And James Mottram," said the old priest authoritatively, "feels the same to you, Charles. Never forget that! In all but name you are brothers. Were you not brought up together? Had I not the schooling of you both as lads?" He spoke with a good deal of feeling; he had noticed—and the fact disturbed him—that Charles Nagle spoke in the past tense when referring to his affection for the absent man.

"But surely, sir, you cannot approve that this iron monster should invade our quiet neighbourhood?" exclaimed Charles impatiently.

Mrs. Nagle looked at the priest entreatingly. Did she by any chance think that he would be able to modify her husband's violent feeling? "If I am to say the truth, Charles," said Mr. Dorriforth mildly, "and I am sure you would not have me conceal my true feeling from you, then I believe the time will come when even you will become reconciled to this marvellous invention. Those who surely know declare that thanks to these railroads our beloved country will soon be all cultivated as is a garden. Nay, perhaps others of our Faith, strangers, will settle here——"

"Strangers?" repeated Charles Nagle sombrely, "I wish no strangers here. Even now there are too many strangers about." He looked round as if he expected those strangers of whom the priest had spoken to appear suddenly from behind the yew hedges which stretched away, enclosing Catherine Nagle's charming gardens, to the left of the plateau on which stood the old Dorset manor-house.

"Nay, nay," he repeated, returning to his grievance, "never had I expected to find James Mottram a traitor to his order. As for the folk about here, they're bewitched! They believe that this puffing devil will make them all rich! I could tell them different; but, as you know, there are reasons why I should not."

The priest bent his head gravely. The Catholic gentry of those days were not on comfortable terms with their neighbours. In spite of the fact that legally they were now "emancipated,"

Digitized by Google Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

any malicious person could still make life intolerable to them. The railway mania was at its beginnings, and it would have been especially dangerous for Charles Nagle to take, in an active sense, the unpopular side.

In other parts of England, far from this Dorset countryside, railroads had brought with them a revival of trade. It was hoped that the same result would follow here, and a long strip of James Mottram's estate had been selected as being peculiarly suitable for the laying down of the iron track which was to connect the nearest inland town with the sea. Unfortunately the land in question consisted of a wood which formed the boundary-line where his property marched with that of his kinsman and co-religionist. Charles Nagle had taken the matter very ill indeed. Even now he had not wholly recovered, in a physical sense, from the effects of the violent fit of passion which the matter had induced, and which even his wife Catherine had not been able to allay. . . .

As he started walking up and down with caged, impatient steps, she watched him with an uneasy, anxious glance. He kept shaking his head with a nervous movement, and he stared across the ravine to the opposite hill, where against the sky-line the large mass of Eype Castle, James Mottram's house, stood four-square to the high winds which swept up from the sea. Then he again strode over to the edge of the terrace: "I think I'll go down and have a talk to those railroad fellows," he muttered uncertainly.

Charles knew well that this was among the forbidden things—the things he must not do; yet occasionally Catherine, who was, as the poor fellow dimly realised, his mentor and guardian as well as his outwardly submissive wife, would allow him to do that which was forbidden.

But to-day such was not her humour. "Oh no, Charles," she said decidedly, "you cannot go down to the wood. You must stay here, and talk to Mr. Dorriforth."

"They were making hellish noises all last night; I had no rest at all," Nagle went on inconsequently. "They were running their puffing devil up and down. 'The Bridport Wonder'—that's what they call it, reverend sir." He turned to the priest.

Digitized by Google Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

Catherine again looked up at her husband, and their old friend saw that she bit her lip as if checking herself in impatient speech. Was she losing the sweetness of her temper, the evenness of disposition the priest had ever admired in her, and even reverenced ?

Mrs. Nagle knew that the steam-engine had been run over the line for the first time the night before, for James Mottram and she had arranged that the trial should take place then rather than in the daytime. She also knew that Charles had slept through the long dark hours, those hours during which she had lain wide awake by his side listening to the strange new sounds made by the Bridport Wonder. Doubtless one of the servants had spoken of the matter in his hearing.

She frowned, then felt ashamed. "Charles," she said gently, "would it not be well for me to go down to the wood and discover when these railroad men are going away ? They say in the village that their work is now done."

"Yes," he said eagerly. "A good idea, love ! And if they're going off at once you might order that a barrel of good ale be sent down to them. I'm informed that that's what James has done this very day. Now I've no wish that James should appear more generous than I !"

Catherine Nagle smiled, the indulgent kindly smile which a woman bestows on a loved child who suddenly betrays a touch of that vanity which is, in a child, so pardonable.

She went into the house, and in a few moments returned with a pink scarf wound about her soft dark hair—hair dressed high, turned back from her forehead in the old pre-Revolution French fashion, and not, as was then the fashion, arranged in stiff curls.

The two men watched her walking swiftly along the terrace till she sank out of their sight, for a row of stone steps led down to an orchard planted with now leafless pear- and apple-trees, and surrounded with a quick-set hedge. A wooden gate, with a strong lock to it, was set in this closely clipped hedge. It opened on a steep path which, after traversing two fields, led down into the beech-wood where now ran the iron track of the new railroad.

Digitized by Google
Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

Catherine Nagle unlocked the orchard gate, and went through on to the field path. And then she slackened her steps.

For hours, nay, for days, she had been longing for solitude, and now, for a brief space, solitude was hers. But instead of bringing peace, this respite from the companionship of Charles and Mr. Dorriforth brought increased tumult and revolt.

She had ardently desired the visit of the old priest, but his presence had bestowed, instead of solace, fret and discomfort. When he fixed on her his mild, penetrating eyes, she felt as if he were dragging into the light certain secret things which had been so far closely hidden within her heart, and concerning which she had successfully dulled her conscience.

The waking hours of the last two days had each been veined with torment. Her soul sickened as she thought of the morrow, St. Catherine's Day, that is, her feast-day. The *émigrés*, Mrs. Nagle's own people, had in exile jealously kept up their own customs, and to Charles Nagle's wife the twenty-fifth day of November had always been a day of days, what her birthday is to a petted Englishwoman. Even Charles always remembered the date, and in concert with his faithful man-servant Collins he sent to London each year for a pretty jewel. The housefolk, all of whom had learnt to love their mistress, and who helped her loyally in her difficult, sometimes perilous task, also made of the feast a holiday.

Now, on this St. Catherine's Eve, Mrs. Nagle told herself that she was at the end of her strength. And yet only a month ago—so she now reminded herself piteously—all had been well with her; she had been strangely, pathetically happy a month since; content with all the conditions of her singular and unnatural life. . . .

Suddenly she stopped walking. As if in answer to a word spoken by an invisible companion, she turned aside, and, stooping, picked a weed growing by the path. She held it up for a moment to her cheek, and then spoke aloud. "Were it not for James Mottram," she said slowly and very clearly, "I, too, should become mad."

Then she looked round in sudden fear. Catherine Nagle had never before uttered, or permitted another to utter aloud in

Digitized by Google Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

her presence, that awful word. But she knew that their neighbours were not so scrupulous. One cruel enemy, and, what was especially untoward, a close relation, Mrs. Felwake, own sister to Charles Nagle's dead father, often uttered it. This lady desired her son to reign at Edgecombe; it was she who in the last few years had spread abroad the notion that Charles Nagle, in the public interest, should be asylumed.

In his own house, and among his own tenants, the slander was angrily denied. When Charles was stranger, more suspicious, moodier, more violent than usual, those about him would tell one another that "the squire was ill to-day," or that "the master was ailing." That he had a mysterious illness was admitted. Had not a famous London doctor persuaded Mr. Nagle that it would be dangerous for him to ride, even to walk outside the boundary of his small estate, in a word, to run any risks which might affect his heart? He had now got out of the way of wishing to go far afield; contentedly he would pace up and down for hours on the long terrace which overhung the wood—talking, talking, talking, with Catherine on his arm.

But he was unselfish—sometimes. "Take a walk, dear heart, with James," he would say, and then Mrs. Nagle and James Mottram would go out and make their way to some lonely farmhouse or cottage where Mottram had estate business. During these expeditions they never forgot Charles, so Catherine now reminded herself sorely, nay, it was then that they talked of him the most, discussing him kindly, tenderly, as they went. . . .

Catherine walked on, her eyes on the ground. With a feeling of oppressed pain she recalled the last time she and Mottram had been alone together. Bound for a distant spot on the coast, they had gone on and on for miles, almost up to the cliffs below which lay the sea. Heavens! how happy, how innocent she had felt that day.

Then they had come to a stile—Mottram had helped her up, helped her down, and for a moment her hand had lain and fluttered in his hand. . . .

During the long walk back to Edgecombe each had been very silent; and Catherine—she could not answer for her companion

Digitized by Google Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

—when she had seen Charles waiting for her patiently, had felt a pained, shamed beat of the heart. Mottram had gone home at once, scarce waiting to say good-night.

That evening—Catherine remembered it now with a certain comfort—she had been kinder to Charles; she was ever kind, but she had then been kinder than usual, and he had responded by becoming suddenly clearer in mind than she had known him to be for a long time. For some days he had been the old Charles—the Charles that had fascinated her, with whom, at a time when every girl is in love with love, she had alack! fallen in love. Then once more the cloud had come down, shadowing a dreary waste of days—dark days of oppression and of silence, alternating with sudden bursts of unreasonable rage.

James Mottram had come, and come frequently during that time of misery. But his manner had changed. He had become restrained, as if watchful of himself; he was no longer the free, the happy, the lively companion he had used to be. Catherine scarcely saw him out of Charles's presence, and when they were by chance alone they talked of Charles, only of Charles and of his unhappy condition, and of what could be done to better it. And now James Mottram had given up coming to Edgecombe in the old familiar way, or rather—and this galled Catherine shrewdly—he came only sufficiently often not to rouse remark among their servants and humble neighbours.

Catherine Nagle was on the edge of the wood, and looking about her she saw with surprise that the railway men she had come down to see had finished work for the day. There were signs of their immediate occupation, a fire was still smouldering, and the door of one of the shanties they occupied was open. But complete stillness reigned in this kingdom of high trees. To the right and left, as far as she could see, stretched the twin lines of rude iron rails laid down along what had been a cart-track, as well as a short cut between Edgecombe and Eype Castle. A dun drift, to-day's harvest of dead leaves, had settled on the rails; even now it was difficult to follow their course.

As she stood there, about to turn and retrace her steps, Catherine saw James Mottram advancing quickly towards her,

Digitized by Google Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

and the mingled revolt and sadness which had so wholly possessed her gave way to a sudden, overwhelming feeling of security and joy. She moved from behind the little hut near which she had been standing, and a moment later they stood face to face.

James Mottram was as unlike Charles Nagle as two men of the same age, of the same breed, and of the same breeding could well be. He was shorter, and of sturdier build than his cousin; and he was plain, whereas Charles Nagle was strikingly handsome. Also his face was tanned by constant exposure to sun, salt-wind, and rain; his hair was cut short, his face shaven.

The very clothes James Mottram wore were in almost ludicrous contrast to those which Charles Nagle affected, for Mottram's were always of serviceable homespun. But for the fact that they and he were scrupulously clean, the man now walking by Catherine Nagle's side might have been a prosperous farmer or bailiff instead of the owner of such large property in those parts as made him, in spite of his faith, lord of the little world about him.

On his plain face and strong, sturdy figure Catherine's beautiful eyes dwelt with unconscious relief. She was so weary of Charles's absorption in his apparel, and of his interest in the hundred and one fal-lals which then delighted the cosmopolitan men of fashion.

A simple, almost childish gladness filled her heart. Conscience, but just now so insistent and disturbing a familiar, vanished for a space, nay more, assumed the garb of a meddling busybody who seeks to discover harm where no harm is.

Was not James Mottram Charles's friend, almost, as the old priest had said, Charles's brother? Had she not herself deliberately chosen Charles in place of James when both young men had been in ardent pursuit of her—James's pursuit almost wordless, Charles's conducted with all the eloquence of the poet he had then set out to be?

Mottram, seeing her in the wood, uttered a word of surprise. She explained her presence there. Their hands scarce touched in greeting, and then they started walking side by side up the field path.

Mottram carried a stout ash stick. Had the priest been

Digitized by Google Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

there he would perchance have noticed that the man's hand twitched and moved restlessly as he swung his stick about; but Catherine only became aware that her companion was preoccupied and uneasy after they had gone some way.

When, however, the fact of his unease seemed forced upon her notice, she felt suddenly angered. There was a quality in Mrs. Nagle that made her ever ready to rise to meet and conquer circumstance. She now told herself, with heightened colour, that James Mottram should and must return to his old ways—to his old familiar footing with her. Anything else would be, nay was, intolerable.

"James,"—she turned to him frankly—"Why have you not come over to see us lately as often as you did? Charles misses you sadly, and so do I. You will find him in a bad mood to-day. But just now he distressed Mr. Dorriforth by his unreasonableness touching the railroad." She smiled, "He said that you were a false friend to him—a traitor!"

And then Catherine Nagle stopped and caught her breath. God! Why had she said that? But Mottram had evidently not heard the sinister word, and Catherine in haste drove back conscience into the lair whence conscience had leapt so suddenly to her side.

"Maybe I ought, in this matter," he said musingly, "to have humoured Charles. I am now sorry I did not do so. I have doubted lately whether the railroad will bring a lasting good. After all, Charles may have been right—and all we others wrong."

Catherine felt surprised at his speech. James Mottram had always been so sure of himself in this matter; but now there was dejection, weariness in his voice; and he was walking quickly, more quickly up the steep incline than Mrs. Nagle found agreeable. But she also hastened her steps, telling herself with proud pain that he was evidently in no mood for her company.

"Mr. Dorriforth has already been here two days," she observed irrelevantly.

"Aye, I know that. It was to see him I came to-day; and I will ask you to spare him to me for two or three hours. Indeed, I propose that he should walk back with me to the Eype.

Digitized by Google Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

I wish him to witness my new will. And then I may as well go to confession, for it is well to be shriven before a journey, though for my part I feel ever safer on sea than land!" Mottram looked straight before him as he spoke.

"A journey?" Catherine repeated the words in a low, wondering tone. There had come across her heart a feeling of such anguish that it was as though her body instead of her soul were being wrenched asunder. In her extremity she called on pride—and pride, ever woman's most loyal friend, flew to her aid.

"Yes," he repeated, staring straight in front of him, "I leave to-morrow for Plymouth. I have had letters from my agent in Jamaica which make it desirable that I should return there without delay." He dug his stick into the soft earth as he spoke. James Mottram was absorbed in himself, in his own desire to carry himself well, to avoid betraying what he believed to be his secret. But Catherine Nagle did not know this, she almost thought him indifferent.

They had come to a steep part of the incline, and Catherine suddenly quickened her steps and passed him, so making it impossible that he could see her face. She tried to speak, but the commonplace words she desired to say were strangled at birth in her throat.

"Charles will not mind; he will not miss me as he would have missed me before this unhappy business of the railroad came between us," Mottram said lamely.

She still made no answer; instead she shook her head with an impatient gesture. Her silence made him sorry. After all, he had been a good friend to her—so much he could tell himself without shame.

He stepped aside on to the grass and striding forward turned round and faced her. The tears were rolling down her cheeks; but she threw back her head and met his gaze with a cold, almost a defiant look.

"You startled me greatly," she said breathlessly, "and took me so by surprise, James! I am grieved to think how Charles —nay, how we shall both—miss you. It is of Charles I think, James; it is for Charles I weep——"

Digitized by Google Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

As she uttered the lying words, she still looked straight into his face as if daring him to doubt her. "But I shall never forget—I shall ever think with gratitude of your great goodness to my poor Charles. Two years out of your life—that's what it's been, James. Too much—too much by far!" She had regained control over her quivering heart, and it was with a wan smile that she added, "But we shall miss you, kind friend."

Her smile stung him. "Catherine," he said sternly, "I go because I must—because I dare not stay. You are a woman and a saint, I a man and a sinner. I've been a fool and worse than a fool. Charles to-day called me false friend, traitor! Catherine,—Charles spoke more truly than he knew."

His burning eyes held her fascinated. The tears had dried on her cheeks. She was thirstily absorbing the words as they fell, now slowly, now quickly, from his lips. But what was this he was saying? "Catherine, do you wish me to go on?" Oh cruel! Cruel! To put this further weight on her conscience. But she made a scarcely perceptible movement of assent—and again he spoke.

"Years ago I thought I loved you. I went away, as you know well, because of that love. You had chosen Charles—Charles in many ways the better fellow of the two. I went away thinking myself sick with love of you, but it was false—only my pride had been hurt. I did not love you as I loved myself. And when I got clear away, in a new place, among new people"—he hesitated and reddened darkly—"I forgot you! I vow that when I came back I was cured—cured if ever a man was. It was of Charles, not of you, Catherine, that I thought on my way home. To me Charles and you were one, I swear it!" He repeated: "To me you and Charles were one."

He waited a long moment, and then, more slowly, he went on as if pleading with himself—with her: "You know what I found here in place of what I had left? I found Charles a——"

Catherine Nagle shrank back. She put up her right hand to ward off the word, and Mottram, seizing her hand, held it in his with a convulsive clasp. "'Twas not the old feeling that came back to me—that I swear, Catherine. 'Twas something

Digitized by Google Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

different—something infinitely stronger—something that at first I believed to be all noble——"

He stopped speaking, and Catherine Nagle uttered one word—a curious word. "When?" she asked, and more urgently again she whispered, "When?"

"Long before I knew," he said hoarsely. "At first I called the passion that possessed me by the false name of 'friendship.' But that poor hypocrisy soon left me! A month ago, Catherine, I found myself wishing—I'll say this for myself, it was for the first time—that Charles was dead. And then I knew for sure what I had already long suspected—that the time had come for me to go——"

He dropped her hand, and stood before her, abased in his own eyes, but one who, if a criminal, had had the strength to be his own judge and pass heavy sentence on himself.

"And now, Catherine—now that you understand why I go, you will bid me God-speed. Nay more"—he looked at her, and smiled wryly—"if you are kind, as I know you to be kind, you will pray for me, for I go from you a melancholy, as well as a foolish man."

Mottram was deeply moved by the gentleness with which Catherine Nagle had listened to his story. He had been prepared for an averted glance, for words of cold rebuke—such words as his own long-dead mother would surely have uttered to a man who had come to her with such a tale.

They walked on for a while, and Catherine again broke the silence by a question which disturbed her companion. "Then your agent's letter was not really urgent, James?"

"The letters of an honest agent always call for the owner," he muttered evasively.

They reached the orchard gate. Catherine held the key in her hand, but she did not place it in the lock—a symbolic omission. "Then there is no special urgency?" she repeated. "And James—forgive me for asking—are you, indeed, leaving England because of this—this matter of which you have just told me?"

He bent his head in answer.

Digitized by Google Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

Then she said deliberately: "Your conscience, James, is too scrupulous. I do not think that there is any reason why you should not stay. When Charles and I were in Italy," she went on in a toneless, monotonous voice, "I met some of those young noblemen who in times of pestilence go disguised to nurse the sick and bury the dead. It is that work of charity, dear friend, which you have been performing in our unhappy house. You have been nursing the sick—nay more, you have been tending"—she waited, then in a low voice she added—"the dead—the dead that are yet alive."

Mottram's soul leapt into his eyes. "Then you bid me stay?" he asked.

"For the present," she answered, "I beg you to stay. But only so if it is indeed true that your presence is not really required in Jamaica."

"I swear, Catherine, that all goes sufficiently well there." Again he fixed his honest, ardent eyes on her face.

James Mottram was filled with a great exultation of spirit. He felt that Catherine's soul, incapable of the thought of evil, shamed, even made unreal the temptation which had seemed till just now one which could only be resisted by flight. Catherine was right; he had been over-scrupulous. There was proof of it in the blessed fact that even now, already, the poison which had seemed to possess him, that terrible longing for another man's wife, had left him, vanishing in her pure presence. It was when he was alone—alone in his great house on the hill, that the devil entered into him, whispering that it was an awful thing such a woman as was Catherine, sensitive, intelligent, and in her beauty so appealing, should be tied to such a being as was Charles Nagle—poor Charles whom every one, excepting his wife and one loyal kinsman, called mad. It was for Charles that Catherine now asked him to stay, for the sake of that unhappy, distraught man to whom he, James Mottram, recognised the duty of a brother.

"We will both forget what you have just told me," she said gently, and he bowed his head in reverence.

They were now on the last step of the stone stairway leading to the terrace.

Mrs. Nagle turned to her companion; he saw that her eyes

Digitized by Google
Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

were very bright, and that the beautiful colour in her cheeks had deepened as if she had been standing before a great fire.

As they came within sight of Charles Nagle and of the old priest, Catherine put out her hand. She touched Mottram on the arm—it was a fleeting touch, but it brought them both, with beating hearts, to a stand. "James," she said, and then she stopped for a moment—a moment that seemed to contain æons of mingled rapture and pain—"one word about Mr. Dorriforth." The commonplace words dropped them back to earth. "Did you wish him to stay with you till to-morrow? That will scarcely be possible, for to-morrow is St. Catherine's Day."

"Why no," he said quickly, "I will not take him home with me to-night. All my plans are now changed. My will can wait"—he smiled at her—"and so can my confession."

"No, no!" she cried almost violently. "Your confession must not wait, James——"

"Aye, but it must," he said, and again he smiled. "I am in no mood for confession, Catherine." He added in a lower tone, "you've purged me of my sin, my dear—I feel already shriven."

Shame of a very poignant quality suddenly seared Catherine Nagle's soul. "Go on, you," she said breathlessly, though to his ears she seemed to speak in her usual controlled and quiet tones, "I have some orders to give in the house. Join Charles and Mr. Dorriforth. I will come out presently."

James Mottram obeyed her. He walked quickly forward. "Good news, Charles," he cried. "These railway men whose presence so offends you go for good to-morrow! Reverend sir, accept my hearty greeting."

Catherine Nagle turned to the right and went into the house. She hastened through the rooms in which, year in and year out, she spent her life, with Charles as her perpetual, her insistent companion. She longed for a time of recollection and secret communion, and so she instinctively made for the one place where no one, not even Charles, would come and disturb her.

Walking across the square hall, she ran up the broad staircase leading to the gallery out of which opened the doors of

Digitized by Google
Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

her bedroom and of her husband's dressing-room. But she went swiftly past these two closed doors, and made her way along a short passage which terminated abruptly with the faded red baize door giving access to the chapel.

Long, low-ceilinged and windowless, the chapel of Edgecombe Manor had remained unaltered since the time when there were heavy penalties attached both to the celebration of the sacred rites and to the hearing of Mass. The chapel depended for what fresh air it had on a narrow door opening straight on to ladder-like stairs leading down directly and out on to the terrace below. It was by this way that the small and scattered congregation gained access to the chapel when the presence of a priest at Edgecombe permitted of Mass being celebrated there.

Catherine went up close to the altar rails, and sat down on the arm-chair placed there for her sole use. She felt that now, when about to wrestle with her soul, she could not kneel and pray. Since she had been last in the chapel, acting sacristan that same morning, life had taken a great stride forward, dragging her along in its triumphant wake, a cruel and yet a magnificent conqueror.

Hiding her face in her hands, she lived again each agonised and exquisite moment she had lived through as there had fallen on her ears the words of James Mottram's shamed confession. Once more her heart was moved to an exultant sense of happiness that he should have said these things to her—of happiness and shrinking shame. . . .

But soon other thoughts, other and sterner memories were thrust upon her. She told herself the bitter truth. Not only had she led James Mottram into temptation, but she had put all her woman's wit to the task of keeping him there. It was her woman's wit—but Catherine Nagle called it by a harsher name—which had enabled her to make that perilous rock on which she and James Mottram now stood heart to heart together, appear, to him at least, a spot of sanctity and safety. It was she, not the man who had gazed at her with so ardent a belief in her purity and honour, who was playing traitor—and traitor to one at once confiding and defenceless. . . .

Digitized by Google
Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

Then, strangely, this evocation of Charles brought her burdened conscience relief. Catherine found sudden comfort in remembering her care, her tenderness for Charles. She reminded herself fiercely that never had she allowed anything to interfere with her wifely duty. Never? Alas! she remembered that there had come a day, at a time when James Mottram's sudden defection had filled her heart with pain, when she had been unkind to Charles. She recalled his look of bewildered surprise, and how he, poor fellow, had tried to sulk—only a few hours later to come to her, as might have done a repentant child, with the words, "Have I offended you, dear love?" And she who now avoided his caresses had kissed him of her own accord with tears, and cried, "No no, Charles, you never offend me—you are always good to me!"

There had been a moment to-day, just before that she had taunted Mottram with being over-scrupulous, when she had told herself that she could be loyal to both of these men she loved and who loved her, giving to each a different part of her heart.

But that bargain with conscience had never been struck; while considering it she had found herself longing for a convulsion of the earth which should throw her and Mottram in each other's arms.

James Mottram traitor? That was what she was about to make him be. Catherine forced herself to face the remorse, the horror, the loathing of himself which would ensue.

It was for Mottram's sake, far more than in response to the command laid on her by her own soul that finally determined Catherine Nagle to the act of renunciation which she knew was being immediately required of her.

When Mrs. Nagle came out on the terrace the three men rose ceremoniously. She glanced at Charles, even now her first thought and her first care. His handsome face was overcast with the look of gloomy preoccupation which she had learnt to fear, though she knew that in truth it signified but little. At James Mottram she did not look, for she wished to husband her strength for what she was about to do.

Making a sign to the others to sit down, she herself remained

Digitized by Google
Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

standing behind Charles's chair. It was from there that she at last spoke, instinctively addressing her words to the old priest.

"I wonder," she said, "if James has told you of his approaching departure? He has heard from his agent in Jamaica that his presence is urgently required there."

Charles Nagle looked up eagerly. "This is news indeed!" he exclaimed. "Lucky fellow! Why, you'll escape all the trouble that you've put on us with regard to that puffing devil!" He spoke more cordially than he had done for a long time to his cousin.

Mr. Dorriforth glanced for a moment up at Catherine's face. Then quickly he averted his eyes.

James Mottram rose to his feet. His limbs seemed to have aged. He gave Catherine a long, probing look.

"Forgive me," he said deliberately. "You mistook my meaning. The matter is not as urgent, Catherine, as you thought." He turned to Charles, "I will not desert my friends—at any rate not for the present. I'll face the puffing devil with those to whom I have helped to introduce him!"

But Mrs. Nagle and the priest both knew that the brave words were a vain boast. Charles alone was deceived; and he showed no pleasure in the thought that the man who had been to him so kind and so patient a comrade and trusty friend was after all not leaving England immediately.

"I must be going back to the Eype now." Mottram spoke heavily; again he looked at Mrs. Nagle with a strangely probing look. "But I'll come over to-morrow morning—to Mass. I've not forgotten that to-morrow is St. Catherine's Day—that this is St. Catherine's Eve."

Charles seemed to wake out of a deep abstraction. "Yes, yes," he said heartily. "To-morrow is the great day! And then, after we've had breakfast I shall be able to consult you, James, about a very important matter, that new well they're plaguing me to sink in the village." For the moment the cloud had again lifted; he looked at his cousin with all his old confidence and affection, and in response James Mottram's face worked with sudden emotion.

Digitized by Google
Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

"I'll be quite at your service, Charles," he said, "quite at your service"

Catherine stood by. "I will let you out by the orchard gate," she said. "No need for you to go round by the road."

They walked, silently, side by side, along the terrace and down the stone steps. When in the leafless orchard, and close to where they were to part, he spoke:

"You bid me go—at once?" Mottram asked the question in a low, even tone; but he did not look at Catherine, instead his eyes seemed to be following the movements of the stick he was digging into the ground at their feet.

"I think, James, that would be best." Even to herself the words Mrs. Nagle uttered sounded very cold.

"Best for me?" he asked. Then he looked up, and with sudden passion, "Catherine!" he cried. "Believe me, I know that I can stay! Forget the wild and foolish things I said. No thought of mine shall wrong Charles—I swear it solemnly. Catherine!—do not bid me leave you. Cannot you trust my honour?" His eyes held hers, by turns they seemed to become beseeching and imperious.

Catherine Nagle suddenly threw out her hands with a piteous gesture. "Ah! James," she said, "I cannot trust my own——" And as she thus made surrender of her two most cherished possessions—her pride and her womanly reticence, Mottram's face—the plain-featured face so exquisitely dear to her—became transfigured. He said no word, he made no step forward, and yet Catherine felt as if the whole of his being was calling her, drawing her to him. . . .

Suddenly there rang through the still air a discordant cry: "Catherine! Catherine!"

Mrs. Nagle sighed, a long convulsive sigh. It was as though a deep pit had opened between herself and her companion. "That was Charles," she whispered, "poor Charles calling me. I must not keep him waiting."

"God forgive me," Mottram said huskily, "and bless you, Catherine, for all your goodness to me." He took her hand in farewell, and she felt the firm, kind grasp to be that of the kinsman and friend, not that of the lover.

Digitized by Google Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

Then came over her a sense of measureless and most woeful loss. She realised for the first time all that his going away would mean to her—of all that it would leave her bereft. He had been the one human being to whom she had been able to bring herself to speak freely. Charles had been their common charge, the link as well as the barrier between them.

"You'll come to-morrow morning," she said, and she tried to withdraw her hand from his. His impersonal touch hurt her.

"I'll come to-morrow, and rather early, Catherine. Then I'll be able to confess before Mass." He was speaking in his usual voice, but he still held her hand, and she felt his grip on it tightening, bringing welcome hurt.

"And you'll leave——?"

"For Plymouth to-morrow afternoon," he said briefly. He dropped her hand, which now felt numbed and maimed, and passed through the gate without looking back.

She stood a moment watching him as he strode down the field path. It had suddenly become, from day, night. High time for Charles to be indoors. Forgetting to lock the gate, she turned and retraced her steps through the orchard, and so made her way up to where her husband and the old priest were standing awaiting her.

As she approached them she became aware that something going on in the valley below was absorbing their close attention. She was vaguely glad that this was so.

"There it is!" cried Charles Nagle angrily. "I told you that they would begin their damned practice again to-night!"

Slowly through the stretch of open country which lay spread to their right, the Bridport Wonder was puffing its way. Lanterns had been hung in front of the engine, and as it crawled sinuously along it looked like some huge monster with myriad eyes. As it entered the wood below, the dark barrel-like body of the engine seemed to give a bound, a lurch forward, and the men that manned it laughed out suddenly and loudly. The sound of their uncouth mirth floated upwards through the twilight.

"James's ale has made them merry!" exclaimed Charles,

Digitized by Google Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

wagging his head. "And he, going through the wood, will just have met the puffing devil. Well, I wish him joy of the meeting!"

II

It was five hours later. Mrs. Nagle had bidden her reverend guest good night, and she was now moving about her large, barely furnished bedchamber, waiting for her husband to come upstairs.

The hours which had followed James Mottram's departure had seemed intolerably long. Catherine felt as if she had gone through some terrible physical exertion which had left her worn out—stupefied. And yet she could not rest. Even now her day was not over; Charles often grew restless and talkative at night. He and Mr. Dorriforth were no doubt still sitting talking together downstairs.

Mrs. Nagle could hear her husband's valet moving about in the next room, and the servant's proximity disturbed her.

She waited awhile and then went and opened the door of the dressing-room. "You need not sit up, Collins," she said.

The man looked vaguely disturbed. "I fear that Mr. Nagle, madam, has gone out of doors," he said.

Catherine felt dismayed. The winter before Charles had once stayed out nearly all night.

"Go you to bed, Collins," she said. "I will wait up till Mr. Nagle comes in, and I will make it right with him."

He looked at her doubtingly. Was it possible that Mrs. Nagle was unaware of how much worse than usual his master had been the last few days?

"I fear Mr. Nagle is not well to-day," he ventured. "He seems much disturbed to-night."

"Your master is disturbed because Mr. Mottram is again leaving England for the Indies." Catherine forced herself to say the words. She was dully surprised to see how quietly news so momentous to her was received by the faithful servant.

"That may be it," said the man consideringly, "but I can't help thinking that the master is still much concerned about the railroad. I fear that he has gone down to the wood to-night."

Catherine was startled. "Oh, surely he would not do that,

Digitized by Google Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

Collins ? " She added in a lower tone, " I myself locked the orchard gate."

" If that is so," he answered, obviously relieved, " then with your leave, madam, I'll be off to bed."

Mrs. Nagle went back into her room, and sat down by the fire. Sooner than she had expected to do so, she heard a familiar sound. It came from the chapel, for Charles was fond of using that strange and secret entry into his house. She got up and quietly opened her bedroom door.

From the hall below was cast up the dim light of the oil-lamp which always burnt there at night. And soon Catherine saw her husband emerge from the chapel passage, and begin walking slowly round the opposite side of the gallery. Was he then not coming to bed after all ?

She watched him with languid curiosity. Charles Nagle was walking slowly, his head bent as if in thought. Suddenly he stayed his steps by a half-moon table on which stood a large Chinese bowl filled with pot-pourri ; and into this he plunged his hands, seeming to lave them in the dry rose-leaves. Catherine felt no surprise, she was so used to his strange ways ; and more than once he had hidden things—magpie fashion—in that great bowl. She turned and closed her door noiselessly ; Charles much disliked being spied on.

At last she heard him go into his dressing-room. Then came the sounds of cupboard doors being flung open, and the hurried pouring out of water. . . . But long before he could have had time to undress, she heard the familiar knock.

She said feebly, " Come in," and the door opened.

It was as she had feared ; her husband had no thought, no intention, of going to bed. Not only was he fully dressed, but the white evening waistcoat he had been wearing had been changed by him within the last few moments for a waistcoat she had not seen before, though she had heard of its arrival from London. It was of cashmere, the latest freak of fashion. She also saw with surprise that his nankin trousers were stained as if he had been kneeling on damp ground. He looked very hot, his wavy hair lay damply on his brow, and he appeared excited, oppressively alive.

Digitized by Google
Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

"Catherine!" he exclaimed, hurrying up to the place where she was standing near the fire. "You will bear witness that I was always and most positively averse to the railroad being brought here?" He did not wait for her to answer him. "Did I not always say that ill would come of it—misfortune to us all? Yet sometimes it's an ill thing to be proved right."

"Indeed it is, Charles," she answered wearily. "But let us talk of this to-morrow. It's time for bed, my dear, and I am very tired."

He was now standing by her, staring down into the fire. Suddenly he turned and seized her left arm. He brought her unresisting across the room, then dragged aside the heavy yellow curtains which had been drawn before the central window.

"Look over there, Catherine," he said meaningly. "Can you see the Eype? The moon gives but little light to-night, but the stars are bright. I can see a yellow glimmer at a window. They must be still waiting for James to come home!"

"I see the glimmer you mean," she said dully. "No doubt they leave a lamp burning all night, as we do. James must have got home hours ago, Charles." She saw that the cuff of her husband's coat was covered with dark damp stains, and again she wondered uneasily what he had been doing out of doors.

"Catherine!" Charles Nagle turned her round, ungently, and forced her to look up into his face. "Have you ever thought what 'twould be like to live at the Eype?"

The question startled her. She roused herself to refute what she felt to be an unworthy accusation. "No, Charles," she said, looking at him steadily. "God is my witness that at no time did I think of living at the Eype! Such a wish never came to me——"

"Nor to me!" he cried, "nor to me, Catherine! All the long years that James Mottram was in Jamaica the thought never once came to me that he might die, and I survive him. After all, we're much of an age, he has but two years the advantage of me. I always thought that the boy—my aunt's son, curse him!—would get it all. Then, had I thought of it—and I swear I never did think of it—I should have told myself that any day James might bring a wife to the Eype——"

Digitized by Google
Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

He was staring through the leaded panes with an intent, eager gaze. "It is a fine house, Catherine, and commodious. Larger, airier than ours—though perhaps colder," he added thoughtfully. "Cold I always found it in winter when I used to stay there as a boy—colder than this house. You prefer Edgecombe, Catherine? If you were given a choice, is it here that you would live?" He looked at her, as if impatient for an answer.

"Every stone of Edgecombe, our home, is dear to me," she said solemnly. "I have never admired the Eype. It is too large, too cold for my taste. It stands, too, much exposed to the wind."

"It does! It does!" There was a note of regret in his voice. He let the curtain fall and looked about him rather wildly.

"And now, Charles," she said, "shall we not say our prayers and go to bed?"

"If I had only thought of it," he said, "I might have said my prayers in the chapel. But there was much to do. I thought of calling you, Catherine, for you make a better sacristan than I. Then I remembered Boney—poor little Boney crushed by the miller's dray—and how you cried all night, and that though I promised you a far finer, cleverer dog than that poor old friend had ever been, Collins said, 'Why, sir, you should have hid the old dog's death from the mistress till the morning!' A worthy fellow, Collins. He meant no disrespect to me. At that time, d'you remember, Catherine, Collins had only been in my service a few months?"

It was an hour later. From where she lay in bed, Catherine Nagle with dry, aching eyes stared into the fire, watching the wood embers turn from red to grey. By her side, his hand in hers, Charles slept the dreamless, heavy slumber of a child.

Scarcely breathing, in her anxiety lest he should wake, she loosened her hand, and with a quick movement slipped out of bed. The fire was burning low, but Catherine saw everything in the room very clearly. She threw over her night-dress a long cloak, and wound about her head the scarf which she had worn during her walk to the wood.

Digitized by Google
Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

It was not the first time Mrs. Nagle had risen thus in the still night and sought refuge from herself and from her thoughts in the chapel. Her husband had never missed her from his side.

As she crept round the dimly lit gallery she passed by the great bowl of pot-pourri by which Charles Nagle had lingered, and then came to her the thought that it might perchance be well for her to discover, before the servants should have a chance of doing so, what he had doubtless hidden there. Catherine plunged both her hands into the scented rose-leaves, and then she gave a sudden cry of pain—for her fingers had closed on the sharp edge of a steel blade. Then she drew out a narrow damascened knife, one which her husband, taken by its elegant shape, had purchased long before in Italy.

Mrs. Nagle's brow furrowed in vexation—Collins should have put the dangerous toy out of his master's reach. Slipping the knife into the deep pocket of her cloak, she hurried on into the unlit passage giving access to the chapel.

Save for the small altar-lamp, which since Mr. Dorriforth had said Mass there that morning signified the presence of the Blessed Sacrament, the chapel should have been in darkness. But as Catherine passed through the door she saw, with sudden, uneasy amazement, the farther end of the chapel in a haze of brightness.

Below the altar, striking upwards from the floor of the sanctuary, gleamed a corona of light. Charles—she could not for a moment doubt that it was Charles's doing—had moved the six high, heavy silver candlesticks which always stood on either side of the altar, and had placed them on the ground.

There, in a circle, the wax candles blazed, standing sentinel-wise about a dark round object which was propped up on a pile of altar-linen, carefully arranged to support it.

Fear clutched at Catherine's heart—such fear as even in the early days of Charles's madness had never clutched it. She was filled with a horrible dread, and a wild, incredulous dismay.

What was the Thing, at once so familiar and so terribly strange, that Charles had brought there out of the November night and placed with so much care below the altar?

But the thin flames of the candles, now shooting up, now

Digitized by Google
Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

guttering low, blown on by some invisible current of strong air, gave no steady light.

Staying still close to the door, she sank down on her knees, and desiring to shut out, obliterate, the awful sight confronting her, she pressed both her hands to her eyes. But that availed her nothing. Suddenly there rose up before Catherine Nagle a certain scene of that great Revolution drama of which she had been so often told as a child. She saw, with terrible distinctness, the severed heads of men and women borne high on iron pikes, and one of these blood-streaked livid faces was that of James Mottram—the wide-open sightless eyes, his eyes . . .

There also came back to her as she knelt there, shivering with cold and anguish, the story of a French girl of noble birth who, having bought her lover's head from the executioner, walked with it in her arms to the village near Paris where stood his deserted château.

Slowly she rose from her knees, and with her hands thrown out before her, she groped her way to the wall and there crept along, as if a precipice lay on her other side.

At last she came to the narrow oak door which gave on to the staircase leading into the open air. The door was ajar; it was from there that blew the current of air which caused those thin fantastic flames to flare and gutter in the awful stillness.

She drew the door to, and went on her way, so round to the altar. In the now steadier light Catherine saw that the large missal lay open at the Office for the Dead.

She laid her hands with a blind instinct upon the altar, and felt a healing touch upon their palms. Henceforth—and Catherine Nagle was fated to live many long years—she remained persuaded that it was then there had come to her a shaft of divine light piercing the dark recesses of her soul. For it was at that moment that there came to her the conviction, and one which never faltered, that Charles Nagle had done no injury to James Mottram. And there also came to her the swift understanding of what others would believe, were there to be found in the private chapel of Edgecombe that which now lay on the ground behind her, close to her feet.

So understanding Catherine suddenly saw the way open

Digitized by Google
Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

before her, and the dread thing which she must do if Charles were to be saved from a terrible suspicion—one which would undoubtedly lead to his being taken away from her and from all that his poor atrophied heart held dear, to be asylumed.

With steps that did not falter, Catherine Nagle went behind the altar into the little sacristy, there to seek in the darkness an altar-cloth.

Holding the cloth up before her face she went back into the lighted chapel, and kneeling down, she uncovered her face and threw the cloth over what lay before her.

And then Catherine's teeth began to chatter, and a mortal chill overtook her. She was being faced by a new and to her a most dread enemy, for till to-night she and that base physical fear which is the coward's fear had never met. Pressing her hands together, she whispered the short simple prayer for the Faithful Departed that she had said so often, she now felt so unmeaningly. Even as she uttered the familiar words base Fear slunk away, leaving in his place her soul's old companion, Courage, and his attendant, Peace.

She rose to her feet, and opening wide her eyes forced herself to think out what must be done by her in order that no trace of Charles's handiwork should remain in the chapel.

Snuffing out the candles, Catherine lifted the candlesticks from the ground and put them back in their accustomed place upon the altar. Then, stooping, she forced herself to wrap up closely in the altar-cloth that which must be her burden till she found James Mottram's headless body where Charles had left it.

Placing the precious burden within the ample folds of her cloak, she held it with her left hand and arm closely pressed to her bosom. . . .

With her right hand she gathered up the pile of stained altar-linen from the ground, and going once more into the sacristy she thrust it into the oak chest in which were kept the Lenten furnishings of the altar. And then, walking slowly lest she should trip and fall, she made her way to the narrow door Charles had left open to the air, and going down the steep stairway was soon out in the dark and windy November night.

Digitized by Google
Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

Charles had been right, the moon gave but little light; enough, however, so she told herself, for the accomplishment of her task.

She sped swiftly along the terrace, keeping close under the house, and then more slowly walked down the stone steps where last time she trod them Mottram had been her companion, his living lips then silent, as were his dead lips now.

The orchard gate was wide open, and as she passed through it there came to Catherine Nagle the knowledge why Charles on his way back from the wood had not even latched it; he also, when passing through it, had been bearing a burden. . . .

She walked down the field path; and when she came to the steep place where Mottram had told her that he was going away, the tears for the first time began running down Catherine's face. She felt again the sharp poignant pain which his words had dealt her, and the blow this time fell on a bruised heart. She pressed more closely that which she was holding to her desolate breast.

At night the woodland is strangely, curiously alive. Catherine shuddered as she heard the stuffless sounds, the tiny rustlings and burrowings of those wild shy creatures whose solitude had lately been so rudely invaded, and who now of man's night made their day. Their myriad presence made her human loneliness more intense than it had been in the open fields, and as she started walking by the side of the iron rails, her eyes fixed on the dark drift of dead leaves which dimly marked the path, she felt solitary indeed, and beset with vague and fearsome terrors.

At last she found herself nearing the end of the wood. Soon would come the place where what remained of the cart-track struck sharply to the left up the hill towards the Eype.

It was there, close to the open, that Catherine Nagle's quest ended; and there that she accomplished the task she had set herself, of making that which Charles had rendered incomplete, complete as men, considering the flesh, count completeness.

Within but a few yards of safety, James Mottram had met with death; a swift, merciful death, due to the negligence of an engine-driver not only new to his work but made blindly merry by Mottram's gift of ale.

Digitized by Google Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

Charles Nagle woke late on the morning of St. Catherine's Day. The pale November sun fell on the fully dressed figures of his wife and Mr. Dorriforth standing by his bedside.

But Charles, absorbed as always in himself, saw nothing untoward in their presence. "I had a dream!" he exclaimed. "A most horrible and gory dream this night! I thought I was in the wood; James Mottram lay before me, done to death by that puffing devil we saw slithering by so fast. His head nearly severed—*à la guillotine*, you understand, my love?—from his poor body——" There was a curious, secretive smile on Charles Nagle's pale handsome face.

Catherine Nagle gave a cry, a stifled shriek of horror.

The priest caught her by the arm and led her to the couch which stood across the end of the bed. "Charles," he said sternly, "this is no light matter. Your dream—there's not a doubt of it—was sent you in merciful preparation for the awful truth. Your kinsman, your almost brother, Charles, was found this morning in the wood, dead as you saw him in your dream."

The face of the man sitting up in bed stiffened—was it with fear or grief? "They found James Mottram dead?" he repeated with an uneasy glance in the direction of the couch where crouched his wife. "And his head, most reverend sir—what of his head?"

"James Mottram's body was terribly mangled. But his head," answered the priest solemnly, "was severed from his body, as you saw it in your dream, Charles. A strangely clean cut, it seems——"

"Ay," said Charles Nagle. "That was in my dream too; if I said nearly severed, I said wrong."

Catherine was now again standing by the priest's side. "Charles," she said gravely, "you must now get up; Mr. Dorriforth is only waiting for you, to say Mass for James's soul."

She made the sign of the cross, and then, with her right hand shading her sunken eyes, she went on, "My dear, I entreat you to tell no one—not even faithful Collins—of this awful dream. We want no such tale spread about the place——"

She looked at the old priest entreatingly, and he at once responded. "Catherine is right, Charles. We of the Faith

Digitized by Google Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

should be more careful with regard to such matters than are the ignorant and superstitious."

But he was surprised to hear the woman by his side say insistently, "Charles, if only to please me, vow that you will keep most secret this dreadful dream. I fear that if it should come to your Aunt Felwake's ears——"

"That I swear it shall not," said Charles sullenly. And he kept his word.

Digitized by Google
Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

Agriculture and the Development Grant

By A. D. Hall, F.R.S.

To the old *laissez-faire* economist any effort to utilise the machinery of the State in order to ameliorate the condition or extend the scope of a particular industry was just as much an economic blunder dashed with a touch of deliberate wickedness as the crudest and most selfish measure of Protection that any interest ever succeeded in setting up. He would ask with conviction why any selected trade should be subsidised at the expense of the community, and he would deny the possibility of giving any permanent assistance to the business by means of State aid. On the one hand he prophesied that such help would bring about the destruction of the self-help and adaptability that form the soul of enterprise, and on the other he mistrusted the capacity of the officials who would be called upon to administer the fostering process. The economist of the old school had convinced himself that in the past statesmen had always blundered into unexpected pitfalls when they had endeavoured to influence the state of trade, and this historical distrust was accentuated by a consciousness of the ineptitude in matters of business, even of their own affairs, that is displayed by the majority of educated men, *i.e.* of the governing classes. Hence, what was only a fact of experience—that officials had made mistakes in the past—became raised to the dignity of a principle, almost a law of nature—that governments are incapable of intelligent action in matters of trade. But the hard and fast economist of the Manchester School has become a vanishing quantity; in public life a few are still left to report to us the beliefs of our forefathers, to tell how Adam Smith was understood in mid-Victorian times, and to give vitality to what we read

Digitized by Google
Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

of Herbert Spencer's doctrine; but they remain surprisingly few considering the strength of their dialectical position and the logical precision of their case. The old economics has counted but little of late years in the conduct of affairs; its last but silent stronghold has been the great public offices, where the great Gladstonian tradition is still dominant, where, too, a *laissez-faire* theory of government has always afforded the most plausible of reasons for peace and quietness. But rightly or wrongly, and in these matters of the slow interplay of uncalculated social forces it must be a very cocksure type of mind that is at all confident about its conclusions, the world has drifted towards another point of view and is no longer content to conceive of the State as policeman only. Men prefer to regard the State as father of a family, and believe once more that the authorities can direct the community both intelligently and effectively.

If we concede that we no longer need be greatly moved by the more abstract theories of economics which view the actions of men as taking place *in vacuo* without reference to wider questions of national health and character, then on its merits agriculture in the United Kingdom can make out rather a strong case for preferential treatment. As a manufacturing country doing a great export trade, as a rich country constantly investing capital in new territories, the United Kingdom has to be paid for these commodities and services very largely in agricultural produce. Furthermore, the United Kingdom is the open agricultural market of the world, for though Denmark and Belgium are equally free, they have not the wealth to attract a great volume of international trade, and in consequence every developing country wishing to sell corn or meal or other foodstuff must make an effort to secure a footing in the British market. And many countries, especially our own colonies, exert themselves to secure this footing by devices which the abstract economist might designate as unfair or at least unsound, *i.e.* by bounties on exportation, more often by services rendered in the way of organisation such as will be considered later, sometimes by assisted freights and reduced rates. At any rate the net result is to focus on the British farmer an exceptionally

Digitized by Google
Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

severe competition, the competition of every other country in the world that has agricultural produce to export. Nor does the competition end here; the British Islands are so small that the manufacturing districts and the towns set the standard of wages and of what we might call expenses of administration. It is true that the agricultural labourer in many districts still receives a wage which on paper is far below that of the workers in the towns, but the disparity is not so great as it appears, and with the freedom of communication that now prevails we may take it that the farmer has to pay very little less than the manufacturer for the same class of labour. As regards administration expenses, who can doubt but that even in the most rural of counties the farmer is being made to support a system of education, of poor-relief, of roads, of sanitation and public health, far in advance of his own views, and still further beyond the corresponding burdens that are laid on his competitors, in the Argentine or Canada. Farming is, after all, a very primitive occupation, and whatever skill or scientific assistance may be brought to its assistance, it still cannot be hustled into growing two crops in one year, nor organised into ensuring the most profitable type of weather; it therefore fits in with a somewhat primitive community and finds a difficulty in carrying all the burdens of a high civilisation.

Twenty or thirty years ago, when the successive waves of agricultural depression were beating upon the landowner and farmer, many men accepted this point of view and mentally jettisoned agriculture as a factor in British life; let it die naturally and quietly they thought, and leave the countryside as the playground of the town dweller. Even when this opinion was not avowed or even recognised it was still operative in the apathy and neglect with which all agricultural matters were regarded. But since that time a considerable shift of public opinion has taken place; the countryman is seen to be of value as constituting the most stable and the most healthy class in the State, until the sociologist would now admit that the State may wisely tax itself to maintain and strengthen the agricultural community if only as a measure of national assurance. It has been reported by one of the largest of firms in the United Kingdom, a firm employ-

Digitized by Google
Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

ing a number of men in work calling for a certain amount of physical strength and endurance, that it cannot recruit these men from the city in which its business is situated, not even from among the sons of its own employés. It must be always indenting on the country-bred population. Of course this is perhaps chiefly an argument for improving the conditions of life in our great cities, but pending such reforms it does show that agriculture has a value to the State quite irrespective of the food it produces for the people.

Both political parties are agreed that "something must be done for agriculture"; naturally they differ as to the method to be followed. The most obvious resource, that which demands the least consideration or skill in handling, that which the rural party has everywhere and always demanded, is protection against the entry of competing products. Without traversing the stock arguments between Protection and Free Trade, there are certain special difficulties attached to Protection in matters agricultural. For example, many British farmers live by fattening live stock, buying for the purpose unfinished animals and foreign food-stuffs; most East Anglian farmers sell their barley for malting purposes and buy Russian or similar coarse barleys, thus obtaining a foreign-grown cereal of superior feeding value for about 10*s*. a quarter less than they have received for their own product. Similarly with live stock—the embargo on the importation of living store cattle, necessary as it is in order to keep contagious diseases out of the country and so retain our most valuable trade in pedigree stock, yet hits very hard the fatteners of cattle all down the east coast from Aberdeen to Norfolk. In fact store cattle have become so dear that fattening has ceased to be a profitable industry, and the fierce periodic agitations for the admission of Canadian store cattle into the country show that the graziers at least have no doubt but that the exclusion of foreign store cattle (though done in the interests of the farming community as a whole and not as a measure of protection) has forced up the price of the home-grown article. To put it briefly, there are farmers and farmers, and some of them are buyers and transformers of the agricultural raw materials which others produce. The other great difficulty about Protection

Digitized by Google Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

comes from the fact that the typical British farmer is a tenant whose rent, when all personal and temporary fluctuations have been smoothed out, represents the margin between the gross profit and the return on his capital for which he is in the long run willing to work. Should a tariff wall put up the prices of all the produce the farmer sells, his extra profit, or at any rate the bulk of it, will ultimately find its way into the landlord's pocket as increased rent. The purely rural landlord, who owns no urban property that has been accruing in value, has certainly suffered a great fall in the value of his capital during the last generation, during which period the play of natural forces has been reducing the margin available for him, but it is doubtful whether the community is prepared to restore the landlord's position artificially in the hope of benefiting the farmer by the way. But the greatest evil of agricultural protection is that it would cause the worst farmers to set the standard and dictate the normal basis on which protective duties should be calculated. Farmers live isolated and practise a craft in which the wisdom of the ancients is always being justified, in which the odds are heavily against innovations except in the most skilful hands, they are therefore naturally inclined to be more conservative in their methods than the manufacturer, and more difficult to persuade that they can find for themselves a way out of their difficulties. Suppose the farmer had received Protection when the black times fell on him thirty years ago, when the prices of his products fell on an average by 40 per cent., would he have learnt as he has learnt to-day to alter his policy and cheapen his methods until he can get a profit at the lower scale? It is true that prices have risen decidedly from their lowest level, but they are still far below those prevailing in the early seventies, yet farming is a prosperous industry once more. It is not a business in which a man may hope to make a fortune, but it is so far from being "dead" that any man wanting a farm will find it impossible to get the refusal of a good one throughout the length and breadth of the country, unless he possesses some private information or interests. To Protection, a purely negative policy, the alternatives are constructive schemes that will aid the farmer to extend his industry in novel directions, schemes

Digitized by Google Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

that will remove the difficulties standing in the way of success in his ordinary business, that will provide him with information and advice and thus minimise the disadvantages which the farmer suffers in the world's market through his isolation and the necessarily individual character of his business. Such a policy has the great advantage over Protection of helping the most capable and active-minded among the farmers, it offers assistance to the men who will improve their methods, and thus advances agriculture as a whole instead of allowing the weaker members to set the pace. It is not a new policy, because it has been adopted in combination with Protection by most foreign countries and particularly by our Colonies. In Europe, Hungary provides perhaps the most advanced instance of such nursing of agriculture by the State; Ireland, too, has achieved some good work in that direction, but we must go to the United States, to Canada, or the Transvaal if we wish to see the system at its best.

A few concrete examples will illustrate the methods followed; the United States Department of Agriculture noted that the country imported every year the ordinary dried figs from Smyrna to a considerable value; they conceived that the climate of certain parts of the semi-arid regions of the south-western States approximated sufficiently to that of the Levant to permit of the same figs being grown. Some residents in California had already procured cuttings of figs from Smyrna, but the fruit was always worthless and fell before it reached maturity. The Department took up the question and detached one of their officers to study the question on the spot; he not only sent home fresh cuttings to make sure of the planting of the best varieties, but also overcame the hitherto inexplicable failures by introducing the wild fig and the tiny insect which is necessary to carry the pollen from the wild plant to the tree bearing the figs of commerce. This latter tree bears no male flowers and its fruits remain valueless unless they are fertilised by pollen carried by a particular insect from the male flowers which occur only on the wild or caprifig. Thus the production of Smyrna figs of commerce is only possible when the wild fig is grown alongside the proper bearing varieties, and when also the associated

Digitized by Google
Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

insect has been acclimatised, but the Department has accomplished this work in Southern California and has created an industry which promises to develop until it can more than supply the whole demand of the United States for figs.

In Hungary the manufacture of wine has always been of great importance, but like other highly technical industries that are carried out by numerous individuals on a small scale, the chief obstacle to a regular and especially an international market lay in the variable character of the product, due to want of knowledge and uniformity in regulating the fermentation and in storing the new wine. Not content with establishing research stations for studying the local grapes and wines and their characteristic fermentations, research stations from which the wine-grower of a particular district can in a bad season obtain active cultures of the yeast which generates in his wine the flavour characteristic of the growth or district, the Hungarian Department of Agriculture also sends out instructors who travel among the wine-growers at vintage-time and show them how to carry through a fermentation by the most approved methods. The Government has further established co-operative cellars in which the wine can be stored under properly regulated conditions, and by affixing a Government label only to the wine as it is bottled after storage in these cellars, it provides a guarantee to the public of genuineness, freedom from adulteration, and proper management.

As another instance we may note that when the Transvaal Government got to work after the war, it found tobacco a staple crop among many of its farmers, but the quality was so poor and irregular that even the local market was not fully supplied, while of export trade there was none except among a few who had learned to associate the somewhat bizarre flavour of Boer tobacco with the wide sunsets and the inspiring airs of the veldt. The Agricultural Department began the process of improvement by obtaining an expert acquainted with American methods of growing, and, what is still more important, of curing tobacco; new and improved seed was introduced capable of producing cigarette and cigar leaf; experimental plots were started and demonstrations were given of all the stages in management.

Digitized by Google
Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

Finally, since the creation of an export trade depends on uniformity in bulk, a central curing station has been established which will eventually be able to deal with all the tobacco grown in the colony. To this centre the farmers send their rough dried growths; the after-fermentation, curing, and baling are then done under proper supervision and on the large scale that is also desirable in order to secure a fine product.

Another action of the Transvaal Agricultural Department illustrates the method by which Governmental action can build up an export trade. Maize or mealies is the staple cereal of the country, the yield of which has incidentally been much improved by the introduction of better and more prolific varieties. The demand, however, was purely local and a few attempts at export had broken down because of the cost of making a market. The Agricultural Department began by fixing upon a standard maize sack, it had them made in large quantities and placed on sale at every railway station. It was then arranged that any farmer with maize to sell had only to buy the proper number of sacks, put up his crop in them, and hand them over to the railway, from which he obtained a warrant stating the extent of his delivery. From that point the Government managed the maize, inspected and graded it, saw to its shipping in bulk, its reception and fresh inspection on arrival, and finally its sale in Europe, where by its quality it found a ready and remunerative market. Eventually the farmer received the proceeds of the sale, but had he needed money in the meantime the local banks would always advance money on the warrant of delivery to the railway. In this way the Transvaal has gained an export trade in maize and oranges, but other Colonies had adopted similar plans in order to obtain a footing in the British market; butter and fruit in particular, both from Canada and Australia, are thus collected, transported, inspected, graded, and sold by Government action. Sometimes the services are wholly paid for, sometimes the Government gives the farmer part of the expenses incurred as a kind of bounty on export, but in all cases it is difficult to exaggerate the importance of these services in enabling scattered and often ignorant farmers at a vast distance

Digitized by Google
Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

from the desired market to sell their produce without an intolerable toll from a series of middlemen.

It is not suggested that these examples can be copied directly by the United Kingdom, but they show the spirit in which the problem of fostering agriculture and of giving the farming community the benefit of the knowledge and the organisation developed by wholesale commerce, have been approached by our commercial rivals. What a similar policy might attempt in our more complex society was outlined by Mr. Lloyd George in introducing the late Budget, this portion of his speech being in fact the prelude to the Land Development Act, which did become law during the closing days of the session, though it perforce remained without the organisation necessary to render it effective. Mr. Lloyd George said;

"The grant will be utilised in the promoting of schemes which have for their purpose the development of the resources of the country. It will include such objects as the institution of schools of forestry, the purchase and preparation of land for afforestation, the setting up of a number of experimental forests on a large scale, expenditure upon scientific research in the interests of agriculture, experimental farms, the improvement of stock—as to which there have been a great many demands from people engaged in agriculture—the equipment of agencies for promoting agricultural instruction, the encouragement and promotion of co-operation, the improvements of rural transport so as to make markets more accessible, the facilitation of all well-considered schemes and measures for attracting labour back to the land by small holdings or reclamation of wastes."

And in the Development Act itself, among the objects set out are:

"Clause I (1). (*a*) Aiding and developing agriculture and rural industries by promoting scientific research, instruction, and experiments in the science, methods, and practice of agriculture (including the provision of farm institutes), the organisation of co-operation, instruction in marketing produce, and the extension of the provision of small holdings; and by the adoption of any other means which appear calculated to develop agriculture and rural industries;

Digitized by Google Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

"(*b*) Forestry, &c.;

"(*c*) The reclamation and drainage of land."

Welcome words these to the friends of agriculture, most welcome to the small band of public men, of teachers, and of investigators, who for years have been trying to obtain public support for their work in the face of the opposition and still more of the apathy of all concerned. The movement is barely twenty years old, but in that time the general attitude of farmers towards science and education has changed entirely, and if the expert is still in many cases decried and neglected it is largely because he has been confined to a very narrow round of teaching and not given the proper opportunities of making himself master of his subject. Mr. Lloyd George has outlined the policy, but so unaccustomed have we been to regarding agriculture from this point of view that even the agricultural organisations themselves find some difficulty in seeing what can be done for their benefit. Though it would be impossible to cover the whole ground we may amplify a little the text of the Chancellor of the Exchequer and translate his principles into a few concrete examples of good work which might be attacked by a vigorous Department with some promise of success. Let us begin with matters of the spirit, since at bottom it is by ideas alone that the world moves forward, and the patient reformer who has set in motion whatever machinery can do for the creation and dissemination of knowledge, may then rest content that his action will surely bear fruit of the soundest and most enduring character. From such a point of view—that of the supremacy of the idea—we must first of all consider the provision that is made for investigation and research.

It is perhaps no longer necessary to justify at length the necessity for scientific investigation and its value to the community. As regards agriculture we need only reflect that within the last hundred years, a period contemporaneous with the growth of any science of agriculture, the production of wheat per acre in this country has been practically doubled. The causes have not been improved cultivation, because the older methods, if costly in labour, were very effectual, nor has the kind of wheat grown brought about the difference, because many

Digitized by Google Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

varieties more than a hundred years old are still grown to-day and yield well up to the average; the chief factor of change has been the introduction and general use of imported fertilisers which have brought about a general rise in the productivity of the soil. Agriculturists are apt to forget that the first step in these matters, the step that counts, was originally due to science; the use of fertilisers has now been absorbed into the stream of tradition, every farmer knows the value of superphosphate, but he "specs it growed," without any reference to the work of Lawes and Liebig in inventing it. To-day, when the great discoveries of the prime fertilisers are over, the work of the man of science in that connection consists rather in examining the new sources and in following out the secondary actions of the manure upon the soil and upon the quality of the crop. But in other directions almost virgin fields of work offer themselves; for example, the British farmer has always prided himself on his skill in raising breeds of plants and animals. Just as one or two English types of wheat and turnips and clover are recognised as yielding the heaviest crops, so the Shorthorn cattle have spread from Teesdale the world over, the Clydesdale horse is almost as plentiful in Canada as in his own country, and few foreign flocks exist which have not somewhere a cross of Leicester or Southdown blood. The methods by which the old breeders worked formed the basis of Darwin's speculations on the origin of species; now the debt of science is going to be repaid by the enormously increased powers which certain recently discovered laws of heredity have put into the hands of the breeders. Led by Professor Bateson, Cambridge has distinguished itself by its working out the applications to practice of Mendel's rediscovered principles; already some of the improved wheats there raised have reached the stage of being put on the market; the florists, particularly the sweet-pea enthusiasts, have learnt to rely entirely on the Cambridge work for their methods of raising and fixing new varieties; while Professor Wood's work in crossing sheep breeds has demonstrated practically that desirable characters can be selected from any and every breed and combined in one ideal type. Only time and continuity of work on a large scale are required.

At no period can we hope to dispense with investigation and

Digitized by Google
Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

content ourselves with applying the knowledge that has already been gained; the most humdrum farmer following a routine consecrated by generations of practitioners may any day light upon a problem which cannot be answered from the books but must be solved by actual trial. New diseases are always arising; it is within the experience of most fruit-growers that practically every black currant plantation in England has been destroyed by the "big bud" mite, a disease which had long been known though only of late years has it become virulent. The old grounds have been rested and then replanted with clean and possibly disease-resisting stocks of French origin, various other palliatives have been resorted to, but no real remedy has been discovered, possibly because the study of the disease has never been taken up in any thorough fashion. Similarly, only a few years ago what had hitherto been a harmless fungus living upon dung and similar decaying matter suddenly developed, apparently in one place only, a power of attacking the living cucumber plant. From that centre it was rapidly distributed, probably by market baskets and packages, all over the South of England, until the growth of cucumbers under glass bade fair to become impossible. None of the remedies suggested by the very imperfect scientific study of the disease, which alone was possible with our existing equipment for such work, proved of any value; the only way out has been through the chance discovery of a disease-resisting seedling, but the disasters and impoverishments which those years of destroyed crops brought in their train have not yet wholly come to light.

It is difficult to make the layman appreciate how lamentably deficient is the equipment of Great Britain for dealing with these sorts of problems; although English science in this department as in all others has been distinguished by signal discoveries and by the pioneering work it has done, it has always been unorganised and unsupported by the State. What success has been gained has been due to those qualities of originality and imagination which we may fairly claim as racial characteristics. When we find that in the last financial year for which statistics are available the United States Department of Agriculture expended two and a half million pounds on agricultural research, whereas our

Digitized by Google
Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

Board of Agriculture only claims to have allocated £6910,* we get some sort of measure of the relative importance that has been attached to agricultural research in the two countries previous to the Development Act. Until within the last decade the experimental station at Rothamsted has represented practically the whole of the work done in this country for agricultural research; it was the first of all such institutions to be founded, and it has retained its honourable position throughout the whole of its seventy years' record. But Rothamsted owed both its creation and its continued existence to the munificence of one man, the late Sir John Lawes; its income is less than that of any one of the fifty odd experiment stations that are attached to each of the American States, the appropriations for which were not counted in the sum of two and a half millions stated above as devoted to research by the Federal Department of Agriculture. The work of Rothamsted is starved in all directions to a degree that is incredible to its foreign or colonial visitors, it cannot develop to keep pace with the new possibilities and more drastic requirements of science because its income is fixed and limited; hitherto it has been refused assistance by the Board of Agriculture on the ground that the Board had no funds for research. However, now that the State has accepted research as part of its duty to the community there should be no doubt about the Rothamsted station getting that measure of assistance which it merits, both by its distinguished history and by the work it has latterly turned out. Of course Rothamsted is not the only institution in the country now engaged in agricultural research; on the Royal Agricultural Society's farm at Woburn experiments of a similar character have been in progress since 1876, and many of the University Departments and Colleges which came into existence in the early seventies through the grant of the "whisky money" for technical education have developed specialists who are turning out an increasing amount of investigation every year. We have already mentioned Cambridge with its school of plant and animal breeders: the

* This is the figure given in a return to the House of Commons, Paper 278, September 14, 1909; but from the published accounts of the Board of Agriculture it is difficult to see how one-tenth of this sum has been expended.

Digitized by Google
Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

principles have been established, the men have been found (and at bottom it is only men, individuals not institutions, who make discoveries), all that is necessary for the attainment of practical results is more money to conduct the work on a large scale. At present the investigations are paid for out of the savings of the teaching department, the work has largely to be done in the private time of the staff and not infrequently in their own gardens and at their own expense, it cannot be increased or hastened because of the sheer physical inability of one or two men to count, measure, and record to a sufficient extent at the appropriate season. For practical work of this kind it is the big battalions that tell; our present neglect is like asking Wren to build St. Paul's with his own hands and such assistance as he can get from the pupils whom he is teaching in order to earn a living. One of the first objects of the Commissioners of the new Development Grant ought to be to build up a great National Breeding Institute at Cambridge.

There are similarly other institutions doing good work in a quiet way which should be encouraged in their special directions rather than replaced by any new State foundation; for example, the Agricultural College at Wye has already won a name for its investigations into the diseases of plants, both insect and fungoid. At that college are men who know their work, who have already won the confidence of the farmers and fruit-growers—they only need more scope and to be made available for the kingdom instead of for the counties of Kent and Surrey alone. The Midland College of Agriculture is a valuable school of instruction in dairy work of all kinds, and as far as lies in the power of one man who is busy with teaching and routine work of all kinds, it has contributed to our knowledge of the conditions governing the manufacture of cheese and butter in this country. But of the dozen or so indigenous cheeses we can only claim that the theory of manufacture of one of them—Cheddar—has been worked out, and that chiefly by American investigators. The complex processes which go to make up the texture and flavour of that peculiarly English product—Stilton—are still unknown; the manufacture is conducted by rule of thumb, and the occasional breakdowns have still to be thrown

Digitized by Google Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

on the broad back of providence. Here then is an opportunity for building up a Dairy Institute which may claim the title of national by the quality and range of its work. Other nuclei exist—the Experimental Fruit Farm which the Duke of Bedford founded and maintains at Woburn, the Fruit and Cider Institute near Bristol, the newly founded Innes Horticultural Institution near Wimbledon; they are all doing good work, but they are limited and starved both by lack of funds and by the policy which lack of funds compels of doing work that pays or advertises. We look to the Board of Agriculture, working with the Commissioners of the Development Grant, to single out the institutions which have got the right kind of men and possibilities of growth, and to subsidise each for work along special lines until the whole field is covered. In this way too, the Board of Agriculture would secure the expert advice it is always wanting, if only to enable its officials to answer the queries that pour in upon them from farmers on all sides. Many of these questions can, of course, be answered by a generally trained official with a library at his elbow, but the critical ones demand a specialist living among his experiments, if the replies are to possess any practical value.

The other spiritual question, which indeed is intimately bound up with research, is that of education, and here the task that is before the Commissioners has been simplified by the report of the Departmental Committee on Agricultural Education which appeared in 1908. As an outcome of the discussions between the two Boards of Agriculture and Education, it has now been agreed that the Board of Agriculture shall control such higher agricultural education as is given in University Departments and Agricultural Colleges, though this Board has yet been unable to obtain from the Treasury the grants necessary to satisfy the just demands of certain new institutions still less to increase the older grants in accordance with the growth of the colleges. Although some authorities maintain that money required for education should be drawn from other sources it is therefore probable that the line of least resistance will be taken and that the Development Grant will be indented upon for the needs of higher education. What are those needs? Briefly, as

Digitized by Google
Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

follow: Certain counties and groups of counties have established agricultural schools and colleges, which are supported out of the "whisky money" and also receive grants in aid from the Board of Agriculture. These colleges, if starved in many cases, are still doing excellent work in providing education for the future generation of farmers and expert advice for the current practitioners. They act as centres of intelligence and they have supplied an enormous stimulus towards better farming in their neighbourhood. But their operations are confined to the counties that support them, and wide stretches of the country, generally the most purely agricultural and therefore the poorest from a rating point of view, do not possess any access to such colleges, except at fees which are generally prohibitive to the working farmer. It will be one of the tasks before the Commissioners of the Development Grant to extend the educational advantages which now prevail in favoured districts over the whole countryside; to make, in fact, our system of agricultural education national and not local; to give, for example, to the farmer in West Sussex the same facilities for education and advice as his neighbour enjoys in East Sussex, in spite of the poverty or short-sightedness of his own County Council.

But after all the returns for education and research, however permanent, will only be reaped in the long future, and both the politician and the farmer may ask if something more immediate and direct cannot be done for the benefit of the industry. One way will be through what we may call industrial research, the definite trial, on a large enough scale to be a guide to the possible capitalist, of whether or not particular branches of farming can thrive in this country. Take tobacco for an example—it is certain that tobacco of sorts can be grown in England, it may be fit for smoking, it may only be utilisable for insecticides, but for that purpose it would still command a great outlet. Now that the excise authorities have been told to give consideration to authorised experimenters upon tobacco as a crop, we may be sure that a good many trial plots will be laid out, with the practical certainty of an equal number of failures. Suppose the initial difficulties as to the choice of seed and the methods of cultivation are overcome, the biggest problem of all comes with

Digitized by Google
Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

the curing, and only on a large scale can the proper fermentations be obtained; again, only a large growth would justify the outlay necessary to obtain an expert adviser. It would be far more economical to the nation if the Board of Agriculture, instead of allowing a lot of people to blunder about, repeating the same mistakes, itself took the business in hand, selected a centre and made contracts with neighbouring farmers to grow tobacco to order from the seed with which they would be provided. At this centre the Board would erect their curing-ovens and give the whole process a few years' trial on a working scale, finally publishing a careful report of the process, the product, and the working expenses. It might not succeed, but even if it failed, how many people might it not save from wasting their money? And if it did succeed, what a useful crop would have been gained, especially for the small holder, whose desideratum is a crop like tobacco, that employs a good deal of careful hand labour and yields a large monetary return per acre. In such a case, too, the success of the central curing-house would be the best of all lessons in the kind of co-operation that would be necessary. Or to take another case, flax was once a standard crop in the United Kingdom, now the acreage has shrunk to 26 acres in England, though 46,916 acres remain in the North of Ireland. The trade has perished chiefly because the farmer who grew the flax had then to submit it to the "retting" process in order to extract the fibre. Both his facilities and knowledge for doing this were bad, and he turned out an uneven, irregular, and discoloured product which was not saleable at remunerative prices. But the farmer ought never in these days of specialism to be called upon to conduct so delicate a process as "retting" really is; his business should be to grow the flax, and there is as yet no proof that the British farmer cannot *grow* flax profitably. Let the Board of Agriculture or the new Development Commissioners set some one to learn how to conduct the retting process on a large scale and then start it in East Anglia with flax grown by the neighbouring farmers under contract. It would not take many years to demonstrate whether there was enough money in the business to attract the local capitalist. One last example will be enough to complete this side of the case; we have heard for

Digitized by Google Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

years that sugar-beet can be grown in England as rich and as suitable for sugar-making as the continental beet. The farming side of the case has been proved, but no one is certain whether the manufacture of beet-sugar can be made to pay here with the prices which our farmers would require for growing the beets. Within the last year a company was started in Lincolnshire to make the attempt; plans were drawn up for the factory, arrangements were made with farmers for the growth of the crop, but the public would not subscribe to the venture and the company did not go to allotment. The enterprise was necessarily a doubtful one, which at the best could not hope for big profits; its promoters were working in the public interest and could only count on support to that end; here was eminently a case for an experiment by a public authority.

These are but a few examples of industrial experiments which it would not be difficult to multiply; the ultimate object of all such schemes being to add to the resources and flexibility of our farming, and particularly to substitute intensive crops requiring capital and skill for that dependence on the small natural return from the soil which is represented by the man who lives by grazing a wide acreage of unimproved grass. As another item in its objects the Development Act specifies the drainage and reclamation of land. Here is a wide field for work of a different type, not merely in the reclamation of the foreshores near the mouths of many of our rivers where the land is gaining on the sea, and where the erection of sea-walls coupled with an extension of the process known in the Humber Estuary as "warping" and in France as "colmatage" will gain great areas for cultivation, but in those other processes of reclamation which consist in the conversion of waste into farming land. Seventy years ago many of the great landlords of this country were at work making land, on the sands by marling and chalking, on the heavy clays by drainage, by paring and burning, &c. Some of the best land in Cheshire and Norfolk grew out of pure wastes in this fashion. The process stopped, partly because labour grew dearer, partly because the organising and speculative instincts of the landlords were turned in other directions that promised a bigger return, but with our improved means of moving earth on a large scale

Digitized by Google
Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

it ought to be possible to repeat the old successes. There is a lot of poor Crown land on the borders of Surrey, Berks, and Hampshire —Bagshot Sand, unfit to grow anything but villa residences and rhododendrons—yet bordering the area occurs both the London Clay and the Chalk, the two materials which if incorporated with the sand would make of it a fertile soil. Similar waste sands are to be found all over England, and in the East Midlands are many weary miles of poverty-stricken Oxford Clay, too heavy and wet for the plough, growing only miserable grass, land that can be bought for £10 an acre and rented for 10*s*. But on a big scale it is almost certain this land could be profitably reclaimed by close drainage, making the tiles on the spot, and by incorporating a certain amount of burnt clay with the soil, to which improvements must be added a judicious manuring with lime and basic slag. These experiments in reclamation, since they mainly require unskilled labour judiciously organised, might be coupled with social experiments in utilising the "unemployed." We cannot yet dogmatise whether the "unemployed" are unemployable or not in rural life; we shall first have to try experiments with leaders and organisations of different types, but if the unemployed are to be planted back in the country it cannot be straight away as agricultural labourers. They will have to learn their business, and the value of these reclamation schemes is that they will provide land for men who have proved capable, as soon as the work of reclamation is over.

Much in the way of bringing about better methods of marketing and transport can also be done on lines which we have indicated as followed by our Colonies. It is difficult to discuss co-operation in agriculture without becoming rhetorical and sentimental, but it will be generally admitted that the British farmer is intensely individualistic and will be one of the last persons to be converted to co-operation by preaching on the grounds of principle. The easiest way to teach him, however much it may sin against the pure doctrine of association for self-help, will be to co-operate him from above, to make it easier and more profitable for him to pool his produce and work to a common standard than to sell on his own. This is the method our Colonies have adopted with success, and it fits in with the

Digitized by Google Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

temperament and ways of the larger farmers in a manner pure co-operation has failed to do. In this direction there is one great chance open at the present time. Year by year our farmers are losing the meat trade, simply because the great firms importing foreign meat from America, the Argentine, Australia, and New Zealand, have covered the country with a magnificent organisation to supply the butcher with a standard article on which he can rely. The retail tradesman need no longer back his judgment in buying live stock, he is freed from all anxieties about killing and storage, for which his facilities are often poor, he can order his stuff by telephone from the daily price list and then concentrate his energies on the one problem of selling. This organisation will beat the British farmer out of the market except for the very choicest produce; it has already rendered the ordinary fat-stock business a very uncertain source of profit. We must set up rival organisations, by establishing in each district a slaughtering and cold-storage depot at some convenient railway centre, and by organising the local farmers and butchers, the one to furnish fat stock and the other to buy dead meat from the depot according to grade. This may seem an impossible undertaking, but one example successfully started would soon take effect all over the country, because the purchaser prefers British meat even at a higher price provided that he can get it properly hung.

But to make the Development Act effective, much if not everything will depend upon the personality of the five Commissioners who are to be appointed. The various agricultural societies are proposing to hold conferences to draw up schemes, but what constructive scheme was ever framed round a committee table? A committee may be a fine organ of criticism, but when presented with anything new it either rejects it at sight or bolts it whole out of respect to the originator. Now the Commissioners will ultimately have to become the scheme-makers; they must be flexible enough to take a hint where they can find it, though critical of project-mongers; above all they should possess the scientific temper that will count the cost of an experiment and yet make it thorough, carrying it out as an experiment and not with the object of proving the correctness of their forecast. It is indeed

Digitized by Google
Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

above all things scientific temper and method that are needed, for what after all is the Development Act but an application of the experimental method to affairs of State. Agriculture, either as a science, an art, or a business, is governed by so many and conflicting factors that the most experienced man will hesitate to predict success or failure for any step outside the routine; the only solution lies in experiment, and in the Development Act the State has got its charter for experiment.

Digitized by Google
Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

The Month

The historical retort "but this is revolution" is still the interjection of the day, and no man quite knows, neither Whig nor Tory, nor even the Banshee turnpike of British affairs, what precisely will happen next. Fortunately, the resilient Cabinet reverted betimes to their original starting-point, thereby showing that they set out upon the greatest revolutionary policy of modern times without either a policy or an alternative, and the will of the hosts has prevailed. Their goodwill enforced the injunction; the Prime Minister and his Cabinet stand now committed to a fighting issue, Veto first, that or nothing—for which good purpose the electorate returned them to Westminster.

It is a situation of flux and rudiment, but it is a situation of Napoleonic grandeur such as falls but rarely to the lot of statesmen. All that is essential is clarity of design, all that is needful is determination. But just as the principle of the French Revolution ended in the guillotine, so it is with the hereditary executioner's block that Mr. Asquith must proceed. For the whole constitutional Parliamentary procedure of this country has come to a standstill. It is a case of stale-mate, rather than king's-mate. But the sterility is on both sides. The Lords are sterile, because as a vested economic class, they have lost touch with the democratic progress of the age, are hostile to and afraid of it, and have denigrated their own independence. The Commons are sterile because actually there is only one party Government in England as there is actually only one chamber, one practical executive, which is the Upper House when the Liberals rule in the Lower one, and the Lower House when the Liberals are in the minority.

Digitized by Google Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

All the talk of the Party mandarins, the professional sword-swallowers of party machination, about the bicameral system is mere cant and verbiage. As a fact, there is no two-chamber system in this country. Never once has the Upper House thrown out a Conservative Bill. When the Conservatives are in power, the Upper House lapses automatically into a mechanical counting-house kept open for the endorsement of Conservative Bills. There is no work, no opposition, no anticipation of opposition. The whole legislative and executive of the country are fused then in one class denomination which is the authority of the landed gentry. The Upper House ceases even to be a debating platform. Its office, its distinction, its justification, vanish from the moment that a Conservative majority commands at Westminster. It becomes a club, an annexe of the Conservative administration. No one reads even the reports of what debates do take place. The Lords migrate to the country, and England is governed by a class oligarchy.

The immediate question for Liberals, as for all truly interested in constitutional government, is not what is to be done with the Lords—whether the Upper House is to be strengthened, weakened or abolished—but simply this: to establish a true definition of the legislative financial authority. Now it is obvious that as things are the actuality of Government in the country is entirely a class privilege, as autocratic in many ways as is the Hohenzollern sway in Germany, rendering nugatory and foolish all Liberal Parliamentary legislation, Feudal in conception and manifestation, only the form of it having any real democratic expression, only the tradition of it having any real practical acceptance. It has survived all these years in a country shut in by the sea, just as the habit of lighting bonfires on November 5 has survived, and it has become itself a Guy. It is a touching tribute to our sentimental insularity. But the little boys who parade the streets with masks and effigies of Guy Fawkes are as ignorant of the once notorious plot as they are of the institution he intended to blow up. Only the silly custom survives. And it survives much as the hereditary principle survives, for no better reason than that it once had one.

Digitized by Google
Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

Guy Fawkes, at any rate, stood and died for a principle. The emasculate apologists of the Lords can only wriggle round one. The hereditary principle is dead—there is no need of gunpowder to-day. A few Hotspurs, no doubt, there are, who still profess allegiance, a few halting knights, a few *preux chevaliers* of the dark link-boy age; but the principle, for all that, is dead. It is always the panache which goes first. And if there is one thing which every man in the House of Commons knows, which dimly but unmistakably, every man in the country feels, it is the simple fact of the passing of the hereditary panache, that cognisance of hereditary class privilege which, like the bauble in the Lower House, stands for the unwritten law of tradition which is the greatest power in this country. And it has gone, melted into the limbo of history. We all feel it. This is the age of science—we have no tears even to weep for it. "*Tout ce qui va sans dire*," said a witty French woman, "*va encore mieux en le disant.*" Truly, it has gone without saying, so to speak, and it has gone the better for the proclamation of it. That is the real, the only real, fact in the situation. It is the hiatus left that Mr. Asquith has to face. Whatever the Government may think well to do, that fact is the pivot of its destiny. All the whiskey-keening of the Irish, all the invective of the archaic opposition avail nothing. The thing is done. England is in the throes of a new Constitutional system, and all the kibbling of the brewers and all the mangling of the washermen in the Tory tub-house will not stay the progress of the new thing which has come into the public life to guide and direct its affairs.

Does any one doubt it? Listen then to the reverberations of the party opposition! Before the elections, words could not describe the dreadful things that would befall the country if anything so subversive as reform was applied to the prerogative of the Lords. But immediately after the elections the same prophetic voices admonished the Lords to reform themselves. The journalistic mentors—the men who make politics to-day—vied with one another in elaborate schemes of reform, admitting the anachronism of the hereditary right of Veto, vetoing the

Digitized by Google Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

whole Dual Chamber tradition, spiritual and temporal. And now that Mr. Asquith has come forward with a bold programme to abolish the absolute veto and to rebuild the constitution on a sound democratic basis, again these preachers shout in the wilderness, and proclaim that it is all a fraud and that what Mr. Asquith wishes is a Second Chamber which shall be merely a "sham and a screen."

QUAINT logicians, these gentlemen, to be sure! The greatest sham in England at this moment is the pow r of Government by majority, cited as the charter of the people's liberty. And the greatest screen at the moment in England is the pious fraud of the Upper House, the opposer of all Liberal reform, all democratic ideas, as of all legislation that is not interestedly and radically Conservative. The sham lies really in the Opposition. The screen lies really in the class Conservative rood built up in the House of Lords, vested in the economic hereditary principle. It has dog-eared the great Carta of liberty, relegated the proceedings of Westminster to the impotent ventilation apparatus of the Reichstag or the harlequinade of the Russian Duma, arrogated to itself the right of financial control, which is the nerve-centre of all government, and set up a one-party system of legislation which reduces the whole Constitutional mechanism of this country to an intolerant and intolerable formalism. But as the roods were torn down from the churches, so must the rood of the House of Lords go. The screen has been pulled aside, and there is no stay, no purpose, no reason behind it. Only seventeen epigoni of the grand old age sit in the once illustrious hall of St. Stephen's, wan and shorn of their magnificence. The principle has lost its prince.

THE conjuncture requires the guillotine. It is not a programme that is needed; above all, not a hasty and necessarily imperfect new Constitution but primarily and indispensably an ending of the old one. What the new thing may be is quite immaterial, is indeed irrelevant. Mending is not the question. No part can be mended or emended until the basic atrophy in

Digitized by Google
Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

the old structure has been ended, purged and made clean again. It is the old system that is bad, lop-sided, grotesque, unworkable. The Conservatives know that. They know that nothing can be done until the foundation of the present stagnant position has been removed, as that, failing such removal, nothing in the way of constitutional reform will be done. The umbilical cord of the Veto presumptive still exists. It must be severed. When it has been severed we can all begin to talk again, propound and expound our different plans and proposals. But for the true statesman there is but one course to pursue, regardless of tactics or party concern. And that is to take the hereditary principle with the Veto to Tower Hill and there, according to time-honoured British precedent, solemnly and conscientiously decapitate it.

Nothing would please the Opposition more than Governmental hesitation at this juncture, nothing would trouble them more than a bold, revolutionary policy leading to an immediate appeal to the country. In one way the Government has done admirably. The forty-million Naval estimates not only constitute a record, but they mark an epoch in the history of Liberal administration. The Navy now has been placed outside the party ring. Mr. Byles and the "imponderables" of parochial Radicalism may raise a contumelious brow, but the essential fact is patent to the whole country, and there will be no dissentient voice. For the present, the vote suffices. The party man who seeks to make the Naval estimates an electioneering question brandmarks his own honesty. He will not be heard. More. He will be disregarded and rightly denounced.

Arms have always been the bane of Liberal administrations. The new Naval Estimates show that a national danger, till quite recently denounced by the Liberal press as a party and nefarious cry, has now received official recognition. The whole nation has cause to rejoice. The question of our supremacy at sea is the all-important one to England to-day. So long as the Liberal party refused to recognise the danger threatening these shores in

Digitized by Google
Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

the growing German Navy, it was the duty of every man to oppose and frustrate them. That danger is now admitted. The great dividing line of party policy has been brushed aside. To-day the honest man can go to Liberalism with a clean conscience. He can take his place in the great Liberal fight against the Lords, with a heart true to country and Empire. He can stand four square against the blasts of opposition. This is very well, but in politics, as in all worldly affairs, things are not governed by justice but by adjustment, and the first adjustment the Government should undertake is the gross scandal of our electoral machinery. With the fatuity characteristic of registration agents, the Cabinet was induced to appeal to the country at the General Elections on a new register, with results that proved disastrous. These queer people entirely overlooked the fact that the greater the facilities for tracing and marshalling outvoters at the polls the larger the Conservative vote would be, yet they must have known that the vast majority of outvoters are Conservative. How is the Liberal party to achieve results if the very machinery of its initiative is warped and defective? How can the Government hope to carry the country on a reform so radical, so revolutionary as the Veto of the House of Lords, if the electoral apparatus is all in favour of the vested interests it seeks to overthrow? What is the use of appealing to England, of going to the countryside with theoretical panaceas if the terrorism of Conservative party organisation broods over every cottage home, and the village potman is the local "speeder-up" of the squirearchy interest? The whole apparatus is undignified, absurd, unreal. And there is only one way to remedy it: to send up to the Lords at once an electoral Reform Bill, establishing the elections on one day, prohibiting intimidation and the traffic with motor-cars, and suppressing the anomaly of plural voting.

WHAT the Government needs now is a little of that audacity which Danton once quoted with such tautological relish. It is the psychology of the movement that matters now, not the movement itself, for the hour of words is spent. A firm audacious

Digitized by Google
Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

front—that is the quintessence of successful venture. The Government began with a fine rattle and paraphernalia, talked revolution until even some of the Labour members thought that it was revolution, and then, after the elections, dispersed pleasantly to various golf-links on the Continent and "spanked" the rubber ball. That week of golf unbellied the nation's sail. Only British statesmen would have thought of such a thing, and when they returned they found a pretty general deflation with the proverbial grin on the face of the Irishman. A strange inception to revolution, it must be admitted. Nor is it at all surprising that when the golf Cabinet returned to Downing Street they came back with the old-time constitutional gags choking initiative and found themselves marooned on a solitary rock completely out of touch with their own party.

However, the bits were picked up betimes. The golf sticks were put aside and out of the bag—rather a lucky bag, perhaps—Mr. Asquith drew the new Dreadnought driver. Since then things have gone on apace. The Government and the administration of the country have been brought to a deadlock. Financial chaos has been engineered—and rightly engineered. Shock has been met with shock. In fine the game is *va banque*, and the croupiers of the Conservative party are now facing the brokers with what stuff of the conscience they can muster.

The thing is revolution—revolutionary must be the means. Resolve is not sufficient. It is idle to attempt subversive measures, if you begin by stating that no matter what the provocation, no matter how unconstitutional the action of the Opposition, the game will be played on the old comfortable rules and regulations with all their pitfalls and limitations. You cannot outdrive Braid with an umbrella, even a Bishop's. You cannot make revolution with evolution. Two things have been done excellently—the Naval estimates and the holding up of supply. The one thrills, the other sobers, the nation. England now sees that certain men in the country are in earnest. If the Lords refuse supply, it is only right and constitutional that the people

Digitized by Google Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

should feel it. And the Tories never credited Mr. Asquith with so much virility. Now that he has displayed his hand, cast down the gauntlet of revolution, the Lords and their advisers are dismayed. The immediate result is "Tartufian." The "throw it out" men and "damn the consequences" are now hustling like rabbits into the august Feudal warren, treading on one another's toes and noses, fighting, squirming, squeaking, clamouring—all for the very reform they vowed they never would consent to, like the virtuous maidens of Byronic romance.

Actum est. That part of the business is done. Having solemnly proclaimed that they would rather die fighting in their old fastnesses than cede the hereditary principle and the right of Veto on finance, one by one, grade by grade, the Lords are all forming into line in obedience to the call of reason. As usual Lord Rosebery, *Der Geist der stets Verneint*, is the soul of the reforming spirit. *Sapere aude*, he cries to them. Dare to know, gentlemen, that this is the age of service rather than of privilege, of merit rather than of tradition, and that it is the age of youth. He talks to them kindly, gently; gives them similes of race-horses, compares the administration of Empire with the starting of a horse for the Derby, extends to each flaming cheek a delicately perfumed powder-puff and conceals his own blushes. It is a spectacle of Olympian prestidigitation.

Now when the burghers of Berlin set out a few Sundays ago on a memorable "walk" of demonstration, they went with their hearts full of much the same thoughts that are stirring the minds of most Englishmen to-day. The agitation in Prussia is very similar to the anti-Lords agitation in this country. In the former it is the electoral system which bars the way; with us it is the hereditary control. But the principles of both are identical. In Prussia nothing can be done because the Diet is "packed" with the Junker squirearchy. In this country, nothing can be done because the Lords, whenever they are displeased with a Liberal Bill, gravely send the Liberals packing. The difference

Digitized by Google Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

lies in the working classes of the two countries. Here, the working man is still congenitally and by predilection, a sincere snob—in Germany he is a simple Socialist. And that is the guerdon of democratic Liberalism. This snobbery of ours, instinctive, hereditary, is the life-preserver of the hereditary principle. That, and not the jejune lachrymosity about the Lords, is the broncho that Mr. Asquith has to saddle. As Bismarck once said: "Place Germany in the saddle and she will soon learn how to ride," and the dictum applies to Mr. Asquith. Give the British electorate an honest electoral apparatus, and the snob will soon right himself. Let Englishmen learn to vote as Englishmen and one of the last surviving relics of the Norman Conquest will soon pass into the museum of curiosity.

ALL that Mr. Asquith has to do is to follow Nelson's example and cock a blind peep-glass at the reforming noblemen. That the House of Lords is now turned into a sort of quick-change electric theatre, supported by a harassed press enumerating the virtues, qualities, and qualifications of the Lords individually and collectively—as the showmen at the door summons people to inspect his properties and "practicables"—is a sign of weakness unparalleled in the history of that Assembly. The merits of birth are accidental, it is fatuous to strain their qualities. No man wishes to impugn a Lord because he is a Lord or to eat his mess of pottage. It is not his personal distinction that is at fault but his collective undistinction. The puling cry about the single Chamber Government is demonstrably false and grotesque; grotesque because it is beside the point, false because in fact whenever a Liberal Government is in power this country is governed by a single chamber caucus. The one desire of the Opposition is to confuse and delay the issue; to confuse it by the extraction of some statement of policy bearing on the reform contemplated, to delay it so that the traditional pendulum and the invariably perilous policy of inaction may engender the due reaction.

LIBERALISM stands at the crisis of its career. Failure now

Digitized by Google Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

spells inevitable, shattering disaster, disaster that will prove irretrievable. The question is no party one. England stands at the parting of the ways. It is the economic struggle of the representatives of the people *versus* class and hereditary landlordism. On the one side, booted and belted there is the entire Conservative, capitalistic feudalism of the country, marshalled under the banner of class supremacy. On the other, Liberalism holding democracy—as yet but a child in this island—by the hand, champions the flag of freedom and progress. All party motive shrinks in the background. It is not a Bill that the Government is fighting for, but a vital and indispensable principle of power between the Commons and the Lords. No doubt it is difficult in these commercial times to grasp all that the realisation, all that the alternative, of the issue implies. We do not demonstrate in this country. The hazards of the party throw have taught the people to regard politics as a polite pastime. Then, too, the personal element is conspicuously absent. Peoples understand a man : principles are more elliptic ; they need conviction rather than enthusiasm : they need sincerity, grim and unconquerable purpose. It is this purpose, this sincerity, this grim understanding that Mr. Asquith has to give them. Over his head flutters the halo of statesmanship. The question is, has he the head to wear its crown ?

We can picture Cromwell in such case, stern, calm, indomitable ; or Napoleon watchful, cruel, unflinching ; or Bismarck, eager, fierce, exulting ; or Beaconsfield, beaming in a new fancy waistcoat, or Cavour, or Gambetta. Already the whole office of the hereditary estate is " out of collar," so to speak. The edifice sags. The long reign of the country house in England is over. New men have arisen, and they want new things, things of merit rather than of privilege, an economic control that shall be based upon service rather than upon the chance of family. England can afford to " muddle through " no more. She needs all the men she has. The great families, they can go on building their castles, shooting their birds, ravelling their household policies, but they must control the law of Parliament no longer.

Digitized by Google Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

When they rejected the Budget they shot the albatross of fate, and there are only seventeen conscientious mourners.

If those behind cry forward, those in front cannot now cry back. It was the Lords who started the revolution, and the movement must be answered by counter-revolution. Cut and thrust—it is the rigour of the game that matters now. Even the ladies have put up their visors, pending the issue of the joust. The eyes of the whole white world are upon us. Failure of achievement will be the greatest triumph of reaction since the conclusion of the Holy Alliance, and must dethrone England from the van of civilisation. If the mother of Parliaments fails now to find its rightful expression, a staggering blow will have been dealt to the cause of European progress which will re-echo to the very steppes of Russia. The alternative to us is Socialism, the class Socialism of Karl Marx. That the Conservatives have not seen that is but another sign of their dull shortsightedness. This Duma of ours is in sore need of help. Not since the days of Cobden has any English statesman had so glorious an opportunity. Let Mr. Asquith but take it and he will win, as Cromwell said at Worcester, "at push of pike."

At push of pike. No other course is open. The dykes of party wisdom are burst. The thing is no longer on the plane of party tactics. The big policy is there awaiting inspiration. The big ships have been voted. Delay now must be fatal with the financial administration of the country in chaos, the whole business of Parliament held up, the whole action of State in abeyance. The dry-rot must not be allowed to continue. As always, the cause only asks for the man. The armoury on both sides is ready and well stocked. With the Irish, Mr. Asquith must play a bold game at "whiskey pot." Labour is bound to follow. The North is bound to stand to its Free Trade interests. There is no fear of Scotland, of Wales or, for that matter, of Ireland. The danger lies in the Squirearchy's power of intimidation, organised outvoting, motor-car bribery, beer and electioneering falsehood in the free country of England.

Digitized by Google
Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

If Mr. Asquith is wise he will not be drawn into any statement of constructive policy as to House of Lords reform, but will go to the country on a plain and fighting mandate of destruction. The seal of the evil is the Veto. That, and no other question, matters in the slightest. It must be taken to the country, like the Baptist's head on a charger, and submitted to general inspection. It must be shown to be an economic issue, an issue not of sentiment, or party recrimination, or pointless political alchemy, but, as the old question of ship money, of class economic privilege. Liberals must admit themselves to be what in fact they are, as an executive Government, impotent. The puerile talk about single-chamber government must be shown to be what it is, mere old wives' blarney. The Veto of the Lords must be taken to the people and placed upon the cricket pitch of every village green in the island. With a forty-million Naval Estimate, the flag can be waved handsomely. The ladies, always more in love with personalities than with principles, will, no doubt, oppose the cause of Liberalism in the hope of extracting from Mr. Balfour a ten pound vote—which is, of course, the very last thing any Tory Government will grant them. But this is a man's battle. It must be fought virilely. It must be fought immediately. Free Trade and the Veto—those are the two sole issues. The decision to Liberals will be final. It will either end Bourgeois Liberalism in this country until a real people's party shall arise in the cause of liberty, or it will end the hereditary prerogative and so re-establish the dignity of Westminster.

Digitized by Google
Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

The Policy of Free Imports

By Harold Cox

One of the great difficulties which the fiscal controversy presents, especially in its later developments, lies in the fact that many Tariff Reformers fail to realise that the ultimate objects at which they aim are equally desired by Free Traders. So far does this failure to understand the Free Trade position extend that some Tariff Reformers even fancy that a Free Trader must necessarily be opposed to Imperial unity, and indifferent to national defence. There may be such Free Traders in existence, as equally there may be some Protectionists who are so anxious for protection for their own industries that they are willing to sacrifice for the sake of that selfish gain the interests of Empire and of country. But on both sides such people ought to be ruled out of the controversy. Their peculiar views are excrescences which, if debatable at all, must be debated with very different arguments than those which are needed to decide the essential question underlying the fiscal controversy. That question in brief is whether it is an advantage or a disadvantage to the British people and to the British Empire that the United Kingdom should continue to maintain the fiscal system usually known as the policy of Free Trade, but more accurately described as the policy of Free Imports. Yet so widespread is the belief that Free Traders must be Little Englanders that to many people it has come as a revelation that Adam Smith, the father of Free Trade, was a keen Imperialist, and before all things a patriotic Briton. These characteristics of Adam Smith's teachings and personality have been admirably brought out in Professor Nicholson's recent work "A Project of Empire," with the amusing result that this able plea for Imperial unity and inter-imperial Free Trade has been hailed by some readers as a new book in defence of Tariff Reform.

Digitized by Google
Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

To what extent Free Traders are themselves to blame for this misunderstanding of their position it is unnecessary here to inquire, but as the present writer happens to have taken a fairly active part in the fiscal controversy during the past twelve years perhaps he may be permitted without egotism to state that he has persistently advocated the policy of free imports solely from the point of view of his own country. As early as 1896, in a series of articles first appearing in the *Daily Graphic*, and republished in the same year as a pamphlet by the Cobden Club, he wrote: "I am quite willing to admit that there are circumstances under which a Protectionist tariff might be advantageous to a country, but the practical question is whether under the present circumstances of Great Britain Protection is likely to bring any advantage to her." The pamphlet closed with the following sentences: "As for closer union between our Colonies and ourselves it would hardly be promoted by asking them to sacrifice their commercial freedom to increase the profits of our manufacturers, nor by taxing our food to please their farmers. It is, indeed, a sign of little faith to even look for a new bond of Empire in an arrangement of tariffs. The tie that binds our colonists to us will not be found in any ledger account, nor is ink the fluid in which that greater Act of Union is writ."

These passages are here quoted not with the suggestion that their reasoning is conclusive, but solely to show the spirit in which the problem was then approached.

It is exactly in the same spirit that I still approach the same problem, and I believe that the large majority of English Free Traders have precisely the same point of view. All decent Englishmen, whether Free Traders or Tariff Reformers, think of their own country first. They want her to be strong, they want her to be prosperous; and they wish to see the different portions of the great Empire which they have inherited bound more closely together, so that it may be handed on intact from generation to generation. Nor is the agreement between Free Traders and Tariff Reformers limited to these ultimate ideals. More specifically, we all agree in resenting the manner in which foreign countries by means of Protectionist tariffs from time to time destroy lines of British trade built up by our manufacturers and

Digitized by Google
Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

merchants at great expense of effort and of capital, and we all agree in desiring to increase employment in this country, and to secure its greater regularity.

This, then, is our common ground. We all want closer union with the overseas dominions and the Imperial Dependencies: we all want easier entry into foreign markets: we all want more extended and more regular employment at home. The only question at issue is whether these ends can be advanced by means of import duties, and if so, how?

Let us first of all deal with the question of Imperial unity. This is the aspect of Tariff Reform which originally inspired Mr. Chamberlain's campaign, and it is safe to say that apart from this conception he would never have been tempted to go back upon the Free Trade ideas which he had so long held and so forcibly expounded. It is, therefore, worth while to point out that his speeches show conclusively that he only advocated the re-establishment of a system of Colonial Preferences because he had come to the conclusion that without such preferences the Colonies would refuse to draw closer to the Mother Country or to take their share in the work of Imperial defence. Almost from the moment he became Colonial Secretary in 1895 Mr. Chamberlain devoted himself with characteristic energy to working for the greater unity of the Empire with a view to securing the permanence and efficiency of Imperial defence. It was only when he found the Colonies reluctant to enter into closer political relationship with the Mother Country, and reluctant to undertake any additional responsibility even for their own defence, that he began to consider the possibility of creating a new bond of union by means of preferential tariffs.

Yet even as late as 1902 in the famous Colonial Conference of that year, he made it perfectly clear that tariffs were only a means to this end. In the speech with which he opened the Conference he first dealt with political relations and Imperial defence, and then passed to "the second point—the question of commercial relations." On this second question he made his attitude perfectly clear. His ideal was a self-sustaining Empire, and he argued that the Empire contained such a variety of products within its own borders that this ideal was attainable.

Digitized by Google
Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

As a means of attaining it he urged the necessity for Free Trade within the Empire. "What we desire, what his Majesty's Government has publicly stated to be the object for which they would most gladly strive is a free interchange. If you are unable to accept that as a principle, then I ask you how far you can approach to it. If a free interchange between the different parts of the Empire could be secured it would then be a matter for separate consideration altogether what should be the attitude of the Empire as a whole, or of its several parts, towards foreign nations." Mr. Chamberlain then went on to explain that by Free Trade within the Empire he did not necessarily mean the complete abolition of Customs Duties: "In my mind, whenever Customs Duties are balanced by Excise Duties, or whenever they are levied on articles which are not produced at home, the enforcement of such duties is no derogation whatever from the principles of Free Trade as I understand it."

He next proceeded to deal with the Canadian preferential tariff, which had been established five years previously, and, while acknowledging with gratitude the sentiment which had inspired the authors of that tariff, expressed his disappointment at the practical results achieved. It may here be added that the subsequent course of trade has confirmed Mr. Chamberlain's view that the Canadian preferential tariff has in fact done less to promote inter-Imperial trade than its authors possibly intended, and than he certainly desired. In the *Times* of March 14, 1910, the Toronto correspondent of that paper gives the following Table showing the relative percentages of British and American imports into Canada shortly before the preferential tariff was established and for the last two years for which accounts are available:

Imports into Canada.	British.	American.
1892–4 ...	35.54 per cent. ...	45.62 per cent.
1907–9 ...	25.71 „ ...	58.88 „

It will be seen that in spite of the preferential tariff, the British proportion of Canadian import trade is now only 25 per cent. of the total as against 35 per cent. fifteen years ago.

Digitized by Google
Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

But in 1902 Mr. Chamberlain, not only criticised the Canadian preferential tariff on the ground of his disappointment with the results, but also on account of the principle upon which it was based. The principle was and is the establishment of a substantial protection against British trade accompanied by a still higher protection against foreign trade. Mr. Chamberlain made it perfectly clear that this was not what he wanted: "So long as a preferential tariff, even a munificent preference, is still sufficiently protective to exclude us altogether or nearly so from your markets, it is no satisfaction to us that you have imposed even greater disabilities upon the same goods if they come from foreign countries."

These passages are not quoted for the purpose of showing that Mr. Chamberlain subsequently changed his opinion. Any man whose mind is capable of expansion must from time to time change his opinion as new facts are presented to him or as new ideals come within his horizon. The purpose of making these quotations is to trace the development of Mr. Chamberlain's ideas. It was only when he found that the Colonies would not respond to his advances, that they would neither make any appreciable sacrifice for Imperial defence, nor even consider the abandonment of their Protective duties on British goods, that he made a further effort to win them to the cause of Imperial unity by proposing that all the sacrifice should come from the Mother Country. In order to bind the Empire together, she must be asked to abandon her Free Trade because they would not abandon their Protection.

I do not wish to express any opinion as to whether Mr. Chamberlain was right or wrong in thus deciding that it was worth while to abandon our national policy of free imports in the hope of securing Imperial unity. My point is that events have proved that this abandonment is not necessary to secure the end desired. The growth of the power of Japan in the Far East and of Germany in Europe has convinced the Colonies, in a manner which no fiscal arguments could have effected, that they must make serious preparation for their own defence, and that they can not hope to preserve their independence if the Empire fails them. In a word, the ideal of Imperial unity which inspired

Digitized by Google Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

Mr. Chamberlain's Tariff Reform campaign is now coming into sight without Tariff Reform.

More than that, the later developments of the Tariff Reform propaganda are distinctly anti-Imperial. Mr. Chamberlain wanted to bind the Empire together by getting rid of the existing Protective duties between different portions of the Empire, and he only proposed that the United Kingdom should put Protective duties on foreign goods because he hoped thereby to induce the Colonies to lower their Protective duties on British goods. His followers, on the other hand, propose to place Protective duties on Colonial as well as on foreign products. The reason for this change of programme is perfectly clear. The Tariff Reformers have found that English farmers are no more anxious to have prices lowered by Canadian than by Argentine competition, and though they may be filled with Imperial sentiment, they see no advantage in being ruined by New Zealand mutton in preference to American beef. To secure their support for Tariff Reform it is necessary to promise Protection against Colonial as well as against foreign food-stuffs. But the moment this is conceded we get back to the very form of preferential tariff which Mr. Chamberlain so strongly condemned in the passage above quoted. And just in the same way as Mr. Chamberlain rightly insisted that our primary interest was to secure absolutely free entry into Colonial markets, so will the Colonies, when this new scheme is presented to them instantly reply: "We would sooner have the free entry into the markets of the United Kingdom which we now possess than the kind of preference which you propose." Thus, Tariff Reform in its later phases has not merely ceased to offer a bond of Empire, it has become absolutely anti-Imperial.

For these reasons we may rule out the Imperial question so far as the existing tariff agitation is concerned. No changes of our tariff are needed to bring the Colonies to an appreciation of the duty of self-defence and of the necessity for Imperial unity. The tariff actually proposed would act as a separating rather than as a consolidating force.

Let us now pass to the question of retaliation. Here again the ordinary Tariff Reformer completely misunderstands the

Digitized by Google Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

Free Trade position. A Free Trader does not object to retaliation on principle, nor is he indifferent to the injury which certain foreign tariffs do to certain British industries. He only objects to the policy of retaliation because he believes that in practice it is unprofitable. He is confirmed in that view by the failure of all Protectionist countries to secure any substantial reduction in one another's tariffs, although the policy of retaliation is constantly employed. It may be argued that a Free Trade country, especially such a country as Great Britain, with her large import trade, is in a stronger position for applying the policy of retaliation than most Protectionist countries. This is true, but only on the assumption that the policy of retaliation is applied on Free Trade methods and from a Free Trade point of view. It is conceivable that a Free Trade Chancellor of the Exchequer with autocratic powers might, by threatening to stop altogether a particular trade in which a particular foreign country was largely interested, bring that country to its knees and extort a reduction of its tariffs. In effect this would be an act of war, and it might be successful; but the immediate injury to the home country would be so great, and the ultimate results so doubtful, that Free Traders, looking at the problem as practical men, have come to the conclusion that Sir Robert Peel's experience still holds good, and that the best way to fight foreign tariffs is by free imports.

But the Protectionist who talks about retaliation does not, propose to approach the question on Free Trade lines at all. He wants first to secure a Protectionist tariff, and then to use that tariff as a means for bargaining with other Protectionist countries. He fails to see that the establishment of a Protectionist tariff means the destruction of that very liberty in negotiating which he constantly demands, and which this country now possesses. For suppose that a general tariff is set up, as the Tariff Reformers demand, it must give protection to certain British industries, and immediately this has been done, vested interests will have been created which cannot afterwards be ignored. Suppose, for example, that a duty of ten per cent. were imposed on French dress goods for the benefit of Bradford. It is quite certain that the Bradford manufacturers and their

Digitized by Google Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

employés would make themselves extremely unpleasant to any government which subsequently proposed to take off the ten per cent. for the sake of securing some French concession to Sheffield.

The policy of retaliation and the policy of Protection for home industries are in fact, essentially opposed. Retaliation is a weapon for Free Traders to use, and they reject it solely because reason and experience have convinced them that like a boomerang it may miss its mark and damage those who use it.

Lastly we come to what, from the electioneering point of view, is the most important aspect of the Tariff Reform case. namely the proposition that by means of import duties employment at home can be increased. This proposition is not only plausible, it is extremely difficult to disprove. Tariff Reformers in advancing it no longer indulge in the crude fallacies which disfigured their earlier campaign, and no longer talk about golden sovereigns going out of the country to pay for foreign goods, They see clearly enough that goods pay for goods, but they ask quite plausibly why the exchange of goods for goods should not take place within the boundaries of this country instead of between this country and another. Adam Smith, it may be remembered, asked the same question in the eighteenth century and yet he continued to condemn the policy of Protection for home industries. This fact alone should make modern Protectionists chary of appealing to the authority of the Father of Free Trade. Of course, it is better to have two industries at home than one at home and another abroad. The whole question is whether this object can be best attained by leaving individuals free to trade as they think best, or by imposing duties on foreign goods with the object of compelling the citizens of the country to trade with one another.

This question is the kernel of the whole controversy. Let me begin by applying to its examination the method employed by a famous geometrician two thousand years ago, the *reductio ad absurdum*. If it be really true that the substitution of domestic exchanges for foreign exchanges means a net increase of employment at home, then clearly it is the duty of a Government not merely to impose small duties on foreign goods, but absolutely to forbid foreign trade. No modern Protectionist

Digitized by Google Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

has yet proposed this. Further, if it be true that the internal prosperity of the United Kingdom can be increased by shutting out foreign goods, it must be equally true that the prosperity of France and Germany can be increased by the same method. Therefore, we should do them no injury by shutting out their goods, while they would do us no injury by completely shutting out our goods. All parties would gain by this mutual exclusion. But if each of these three countries separately gains by the policy of mutual exclusion, there is no reason of national policy why we should not apply the same principle to the internal divisions of our own country, and permit the separate counties of England and Wales all to strengthen themselves, and so to add to the strength of the nation by refusing to trade with one another.

This deduction from the main Protectionist premise shows that there must be some flaw in that premise. The flaw lies in the assumption that the stopping of a foreign exchange will necessarily produce an additional domestic exchange. Obviously, this could not be so if the labour and capital of the country were already fully occupied. But in no country does this condition exist. In all countries there is always some unemployed labour and some unemployed capital, and it is this fact that gives plausibility to the Protectionist case. Much of that plausibility would disappear if people instead of concentrating their gaze upon one particular industry would look—not, indeed, at the whole range of our national industries, that would be too much to ask—but merely at two industries instead of at one. Let the Protectionist take the case of two Englishmen each engaged in a foreign trade, and then ask himself what national profit there would be if these two Englishmen were compelled to abandon their foreign trade and each to trade with the other. In nine cases out of ten they could not trade with one another, for their businesses, designed to meet foreign needs, would not be adaptable to mutual exchange; and the practical effect of Government interference would be, not to create a new domestic exchange, but to destroy two foreign exchanges, and substitute nothing in their place.

Let us approach the matter from another point of view. An intelligent Tariff Reformer will admit that there can be no

Digitized by Google Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

national advantage in attempting to establish in this country industries which are obviously unsuited to it, such as the growing of oranges. He argues, however, that there are many industries which are quite suited to this country, and which could be retained here if a small additional margin of profit were given to the British manufacturer by means of an import duty on the competing foreign goods. He will admit, as he is bound to do, that an import duty which adds to the profit of the British manufacturer, must also increase the price paid by the British consumer. But he argues that this increase of price is a small disadvantage compared with the great benefit conferred upon the community by the establishment of an additional industry.

This is perhaps the knottiest of all the knotty points in the whole controversy. If the additional industry could be established without any cost to the consumer, then there could be no question whatever of the gain to the community. This, indeed, is the defence for Mr. Lloyd George's Patents Act. The essence of that Act was that it enabled the Government to refuse to grant the monopoly which a patent implies, except on condition that the patented goods are manufactured in this country. The result has been that some foreign patentees, in order to preserve their patent rights, have established industries here. There may have been an additional cost to them, but there has been none to the British community, and unless foreign countries choose to retaliate in some manner or another, it is difficult to see how any serious disadvantage can arise. In this case, then, merely by limiting an advantage previously given to a foreign patentee, we have secured additional industries in our own country at no cost to ourselves. Whether it was equitable to make this limitation retrospective is another question. But so far as the new Patents Act applies to future patents the question of equity does not arise. Purely from the economic point of view the principle of the Act appears to be thoroughly sound. Nor is it, as some people have rather hastily claimed, in any way a concession of the Protectionist case. The Protectionist is not the only person who wants to facilitate the development of home industries; he is the only person who wants to secure this end by means of customs duties, and these of necessity involve some cost

Digitized by Google
Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

to the home consumer, who will pay more, at any rate for a time, than he would have paid if competition had remained free. There is the further fundamental difference that the Patents Act brings industries into the country by limiting a pre-existing monopoly: Protection, if it is to bring industries at all, can only do so by restricting foreign competition so as to create a new monopoly or partial monopoly.

The crucial question we have to consider is whether it is possible by imposing a small disadvantage upon the British consumer to secure a transference of employment from some other country to this country without involving the British community in a net loss. That this is theoretically possible will, I think, be admitted by most Free Traders. It is true that the question is much more complicated than many Protectionists appear to imagine. It is not merely a question of rivalry between producer and consumer. For if the consumer is compelled to pay more for one article in order to bring a certain body of producers into work, he will have less in his pocket to spend upon other articles, and thus some other producers will be thrown out of work. It is not, however, certain that the loss incurred by these unseen producers will be equal to the gain realised by those who are seen, for it is theoretically possible that quite a small addition to the cost of an article may determine its production here rather than abroad. Moreover, the persons who are by these means brought into employment will themselves become, as consumers, the employers of other people. Therefore, if we confine our attention to a particular industry, it can hardly be disputed that a small duty which had the effect of greatly extending this industry in our country at the expense of a foreign country might bring a net gain to us.

It will be observed, however, that the whole argument turns on the assumption that the injury to the consumer is small, and that this small injury to him will bring sufficient benefit to the producer to determine the establishment of a particular industry here. Clearly, this argument can have no application to a general scheme of Protection. For the protection given to each industry would cause a separate small loss to the consumer, and a multitude of small losses is equivalent to a big loss. This

Digitized by Google
Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

consideration would be conclusive, even if we were only concerned with our domestic trade. To try to establish a multitude of new industries by inflicting a multitude of losses on existing industries is like feeding a dog off its own tail. That system of national economy may be endurable in a large country with a relatively unimportant foreign trade, but in a little country dependent for its prosperity upon its export industries, the policy would be disastrous. Our manufacturers who are engaged in the overseas trade have to meet the keenest competition from every part of the world, and a very small increase in their cost of production may mean a loss of valuable business. The suggestion that they can be compensated for the increased cost of materials and tools and machinery by customs drawbacks has only to be mentioned to be dismissed as impracticable. No Custom House officer could determine, even approximately, what drawback should be given upon a piece of cotton cloth exported to China in consideration of the extra cost entailed by a ten per cent. duty on the following manufactured articles, all used directly or indirectly in the production of that piece of cloth, namely machinery, iron girders, glass, cement, leather, oil, and flour. The attempt to give any general protection to home industries must result in a disastrous injury to our export industries, and it is just because England is so largely dependent upon her export industries that she remains a Free Trade country, while other nations have adopted the superficially attractive ideal of Protection for home industries.

But even as regards the interest of particular home industries, the Protectionist case suffers from a serious flaw. For if it be true that a specified industry could be established in this country at the cost of a small loss to the consumer, it must be equally true that the same industry could be established if the manufacturer and his workmen were content to diminish to a similar degree their profits and wages. They have only to produce more cheaply and they will get the trade. Surely it is for them to decide whether the sacrifice is worth their while. They have no right to ask the rest of the nation—earning its living with some difficulty—to make sacrifices primarily for their private gain. If they believe that the industry is one which they can hold, let

Digitized by Google Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

them hold it : if they cannot hold it at the cost of a reasonable sacrifice, then it is better that they should turn to something else.

Since, however, there is a theoretical possibility that a truly scientific tariffc, onfined to a few carefully chosen trades, might conceivably increase employment in those trades without injuring the community, Free Traders ought to be willing to submit their case against government interference to an impartial tribunal. As a convinced believer in the practical superiority of the policy of Free Imports to any scheme of government interference, I am perfectly willing to submit to the judgment of an impartial Royal Commission appointed to inquire whether any protective customs duties, and if so what, would be of advantage to my country.

Digitized by Google Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

The Situation in Ireland

By Sydney Brooks

The recent elections, a severe blow for the Liberals, were an even severer one for the Irish Nationalists. For the first time since he rose to "the leadership of the Irish race at home and abroad," Mr. Redmond found his authority effectively challenged. He endured but did not enjoy the experience of a whole series of contested seats. He lost eleven of them and lost them under circumstances that threaten a still greater defection at the next appeal to the country. Over a considerable section of Ireland politics suddenly ceased to be froth and faction. They became instead unwontedly linked, linked as they had not been since the Parnell split, with specific and ponderable issues, with the land taxes and the increased whisky and licensing duties of Mr. Lloyd George's Budget, with the policy of the Nationalist Party towards the Wyndham Act, with the whole question of political bossism. Many causes and influences that have for years been slowly sapping the foundations of official Nationalism found in Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Healy spokesmen and champions of a rare fire and pungency. It was their revolt, and the success it met with, that was the one really unforeseen development of the General Election. Its consequences have been very great. But for the fear of Mr. O'Brien, Mr. Redmond would never have pointed his alternative of "No Veto, no Budget" so abruptly at the head of the Government. Indeed, I am not at all sure that an impartial analysis would not discover that the ultimate force behind the embarrassments and stratagems of the Ministry during the past few weeks has been the province of Munster. I am not, however, concerned at this moment with the effects of Mr. O'Brien's *émeute* upon the scheme of British politics so much as with its significance as a purely Irish phenomenon.

Digitized by Google
Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

THE SITUATION IN IRELAND

Within the past two decades a change that has all the sweep of a revolution has overtaken Ireland. The Irish mind has taken a new and most hopeful turn towards the concrete and the constructive. There is a far wider realisation to-day than there ever was, or could be, before, that the upbuilding of the Irish nation depends less on the passing or the repeal of laws at Westminster, or on external assistance of any kind, than on the efforts of Irishmen in Ireland; and that those efforts, to produce their best results, must be non-political and non-sectarian. Thus, we have seen the agricultural co-operative movement, initiated by Sir Horace Plunkett, the real "Liberator" of latter-day Ireland, spread until it now embraces nearly 100,000 farmers and has organised over nine hundred co-operative creameries, poultry societies, village banks and so on. We have seen the Recess Committee, composed of men of all ranks and religions and politics, formulating a programme of material amelioration. We have seen the fruit of that programme in the Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction, a Department popularly governed, working with and through committees appointed by the County Councils, and for the first time bringing expert assistance and advice within reach of the peasant proprietors. We have seen the establishment of the Congested Districts Board for the resettlement of the Western peasantry on an economic basis, and for the revival and encouragement of the Western fishing and cottage industries. We have seen the building of light railways. We have seen the famous round-table conference of landlords and tenants that brought the seven-century-old struggle for the land within sight of a decisive and more or less harmonious finish. We have seen the strong and auspicious beginnings of a movement of industrial re-creation. We have seen instance after instance in which practicality has triumphed over bigotry and partisanship; in which the politicians and the men of business have met and fraternised on a common platform; in which an economic object has secured the united support of the two forces that, hitherto, to the immense disadvantage of the country have been kept apart—the force of industrial leadership on the one hand and of political leadership on the other. On all sides new spheres of non contentious

Digitized by Google
Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

endeavour have been opened up in which all Irishmen may participate. Indeed, it is safe to assert that the past twenty years have witnessed the growth of more interest among Irishmen in the practical problems of life, and more co-operation among them in the solution of those problems, than any previous period of Irish history.

Nor do the movements I have touched on stand alone. They are reinforced, and their influence in inculcating self-dependence and a new sense of conscious and constructive nationality is made vastly more intensive and extensive by the Gaelic League and the fervour of the Celtic renascence. The Gaelic League is an organised and enthusiastic propaganda for the revival of the old Irish tongue, the old Irish dances, folk-lore, songs and sports, for popularising the sale of Irish goods and products, for promoting temperance, for brightening village life, raising the standard of rural economy, and implanting among the peasantry a higher conception of the comforts and embellishments of the home. It aims at an all-embracing Irish Ireland, at the education of the people in the broadest spirit of nationality, at the building up of an Irish character and an Irish individuality in a purely Irish atmosphere. "We shall never be satisfied," said its founder, Dr. Douglas Hyde, "until, throughout the whole of Ireland, man grasps man in peace and unity." No such ideal has ever yet been put forward by any League in Ireland. All other Irish Leagues have been political, sectarian or agrarian, have made for strife and not for peace, have appealed not to the individual, but to the mob, have destroyed character instead of forming it. It is in the labours and aims of the Gaelic League that those who believe that Ireland is in the throes of some such revivification of her national spirit and character as Hungary underwent sixty odd years ago find the justification for their faith.

The resultant of these various forces—the co-operative movement, the Gaelic League, the new concerted attention to the ways and means of practical prosperity, and so on—is, first and foremost, that a new sense of interdependence is being propagated among Irishmen who hitherto have barely conceived the possibility of having anything in common. Almost for the first time in her history Ireland is working round to some realisation of

Digitized by Google Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

what nationality is. She is beginning to see that it is something beyond politics and immeasurably above the factitious partitions of social and sectarian strife. Secondly, it is perceived to-day more clearly than ever before that the salvation of Ireland depends primarily upon the efforts of the Irish people themselves working on Irish soil. The best Irish thought is turning inwards, is moving away from Westminster and concentrating upon Ireland herself, is understanding at last that it is not in the House of Commons but in Ireland that the true current of national life flows. Thirdly, there is an increasing recognition that the deepest and most permanent questions involved in the Irish problem are questions not of constitutional change or adaptation, not primarily of material development or even of mental emancipation, but of character and spirit—questions not so much of Ireland as of Irish men and women. Great as is the economic value of the new movements of agricultural and industrial betterment, it is pre-eminently for their influence on character, for their efficacy in conquering self-distrust and encouraging virility and self-reliance, that they are most to be prized. What it comes to is that the Irish people within the past two decades have begun to throw off the disastrous belief that the cure for all their ills is to be sought in legislation, in some external agency and not in themselves; that they are gradually breaking down sectarian, social, and party barriers and coming to recognise that they are all members of one nation; that slowly they are emancipating themselves from the tyranny of leagues and committees and are beginning to think, speak, and act for themselves in a quite novel spirit of individualism.

To all this must be added the immense pacification of the country induced by the Wyndham Act. Ireland, as a whole, has definitely emerged from the more acute stages of agrarian unrest. The land question, or rather the Land Tenure question, is on its way to settlement, has lost already most of its old class bitterness, and above all is ceasing to provide the motive-power for political agitation. This last is a fact of vital moment to both parties. Irish Nationalism has always posed before the world as a struggle for self-government. I am not at all sure that it would not be better described as a movement to beat rents down. Irish

Digitized by Google
Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

Unionism, again, has always put forward Protestantism, the Crown and the Constitution as the basis of its appeal. But I am not at all sure that in reality it has not been, as much as anything else, an agitation to keep rents up. What is certain, at any rate, is that the main strength of Irish Unionism has been the landlords and of Irish Nationalism the tenants. What is not less certain is that the Home Rule movement has derived most of its impetus from the land-hunger of the peasantry. The genius of Michael Davitt, by linking the agrarian question with the national question, the desire for more land with the desire for self-government, incalculably reinforced the intensity of both demands. No one can as yet say positively whether the Irish agitation for autonomy is or is not a self-sufficing movement, or what vitality it will possess when deprived of the agrarian tumult and unrest which for thirty years and more has been its backbone. But the peace which has already followed the operations of the Wyndham Act suggests that the Irish peasant, once placed in absolute possession of his holding, will scarcely be the same man, susceptible to the same influences, as in the days when proprietorship seemed an incredible dream. Like all peasants he is more of a Tory than an agitator and more of a materialist than either, and I can easily conceive him in the near future, when he has got from political agitation all it is capable of yielding, as a steadying force in the national equilibrium, mounting sentinel for law and order, ruling the labourers with a rod of iron, an authority on manures, selling his produce through co-operative societies, borrowing from land-banks of his own establishment, gradually effecting his escape from the gombeenman, a Nationalist, but a placid one, with his pockets rigidly buttoned up against the treasurer of whatever may be the fashionable League of the moment.

In the same way it is impossible that the expropriation of landlordism should not profoundly affect the prospects and temper of Unionism. The land has always been the supreme rallying-point of Unionist defence as well as of Nationalist attack; and the fact that the pillars of the Unionist party are ceasing to be landlords, are relinquishing their last position of authority, are abandoning a sphere in which have been gathered

Digitized by Google
Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

all the worst animosities of Irish history, are no longer warring with tenants but living at peace with neighbours, means that a "change of heart" must insensibly pass over such of them as remain in the country, that they will slowly abandon the habit of looking upon themselves as units in a British garrison, that they will identify themselves, to a degree hitherto impossible, with the lives and aspirations of the people around them. But in many other ways we find a process of disintegration at work. The rise of a Labour party in Belfast, the formation of the Independent Orange League, and the gradual revolt of English Unionists from the dictation of the Ulster extremists, are all tokens of a sweeping transformation. Young Ulster, I conceive, is not so satisfied as it was to be the passive tool of a faction, to nourish a barren sectarianism or to look across the Channel for the centre of Irish interests. It is showing a disposition to break loose from boss rule, to outgrow the garrison theory of its existence, and to get in touch once more with the main stream of Irish nationality. At the same time the workings of the Local Government Act, the committees that in each county advise and assist the Department of Agriculture, the meetings that are held in support of the co-operative movement, and to a lesser extent the Gaelic League, are having an immense and pacifying effect throughout Ulster as throughout all Ireland in bringing men of all creeds, classes and parties together for the common good. Ireland, again, used to be all black or all white, all Nationalist or all Unionist. But within the last few years there has come to the surface a neutral, greyish tinge of political opinion that, while anxious to preserve the Parliamentary Union between the two countries, favours a wide and liberal extension of Irish control over purely Irish affairs. This it must be borne in mind, is not a recession on the part of the Nationalists; it is an advance on the part of the Unionists, not of all Unionists, but of some of their most enlightened and constructive members. The significance of this movement is far greater than its numerical strength. It means much for the future of Ireland that already there should be Unionists who have become alive to the expensive inadequacies of the Irish form of Government, who realise its lack of responsiveness to the needs and sentiments of the people,

Digitized by Google
Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

who have broken loose from the prejudices of their class and creed and environment, are building up a body of moderate opinion, are organising Irish sentiment against the continuance of many tangible and recognised abuses, and are groping their way towards a policy which, without being Home Rule, will go a long way towards satisfying the Irish sense of nationality and will unite all Irishmen on a non-partisan and non-sectarian platform of internal betterment.

But the influence of the many forces that are shaping what is little less than a new Ireland is visible even more among the Nationalists than among the Unionists; and wherever it is visible it is in the character of a dissolvent. The Nationalists have singularly failed to adjust themselves to the conditions and movements of the times. The Gaelic League, for instance, had won an established place for itself before the Nationalist Members of Parliament seemed even aware of its existence; and to the Agricultural Co-operative movement, to the activities of the Department of Agriculture, and, indeed, to every effort to make Ireland more prosperous and self-reliant and to regenerate her from within the Party leaders have opposed an obstruction as unremitting as it has been futile. The new spirit of individualism and virility, the new conception of a higher and all-embracing nationality, have propagated an atmosphere that is fundamentally hostile to the idea of a pledge-bound, mechanical, arbitrary Party, and to the gasconading resolutions, the stifling of private thought, the enforcement of a made-to-order mob-opinion, and all the other ingenious and demoralising methods of organised terrorism by which that Party carries on its propaganda. All that is most vigorous and aggressive in Irish Nationalism revolts against the Party's compliance with clerical demands and against the foreign subsidies that enable it to stand between the Irish people and the genuine, self-contained and constructive Home Rule movement which, but for the politicians, would assuredly be evoked. The Irish Party has always confounded nationality with politics and has always dubbed as anti-national those who did not subscribe to its own political formulæ. The new Ireland relegates politics to a secondary place, works for a union of all Irishmen and welcomes everything, from whatever source, that contributes

Digitized by Google Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

to Irish well-being. The Irish Party has consistently acted on the principle that the salvation of Ireland is to be wrought by speeches and manœuvres in the House of Commons; it has neglected the intellectual, moral, and economic progress of the country in order to concentrate all its strength on the constitutional panacea; it has denied that Ireland could be prosperous without Home Rule, and it has opposed and condemned every effort to make her prosperous as an act of treason to the national cause. The new Ireland, on the other hand, relies for the regeneration of the country and its people upon the practical work of Irishmen in Ireland, scouts the notion that the Irish question is a question of politics merely, and insists that the task of betterment shall no longer be postponed till an Irish Parliament is able to take it in hand. Thus, the Irish Party has contrived to separate itself at more than one point from the best Irish thought. It has no solution to propose except politics, cattle-driving, and agitation for the thousand and one problems that the creation of a peasant proprietary has called into being; and it continues to display a ceaseless jealousy of every non-partisan effort to promote the welfare of the new order. The policy of the Irish Nationalists has, indeed, been little less sterile, sectional and negative than the policy of the Irish Unionists. They have made no attempt to conciliate Ulster and they have shown a misunderstanding of the English nature and character hardly less complete than the English misunderstanding of the Irish nature and character.

Moreover, the Party possesses no leader who is even the shadow of a Parnell. Mr. Redmond is a far greater power in the House of Commons than he ever has been or can be in Ireland. Under his leadership the discipline and *personnel* of the organisation have steadily declined. The gombeenman, the publican, and the priest pull the strings to which Mr. Redmond's followers dance. The people, as a whole, have wearied of them or regard them merely as play-actors provided for their diversion. They will do anything rather than subscribe for their support. Mr. O'Brien has raised more money in a few weeks for *The Cork Accent* than the official Nationalists have been able to collect from all Ireland in a whole year. The Irish people are perfectly able to finance their own politics. O'Connell who engineered a

Digitized by Google Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

far more powerful agitation than Mr. Redmond will ever lead never owed a penny to extra-Irish sources. But such is the indifference of the modern Nationalists that their leaders have to tramp the world, cap in hand, begging for the means to carry on their propaganda. Mr. Redmond only a few weeks ago admitted that had it not been for the donations raised in America by Mr. T. P. O'Connor, the Party would have been bankrupt at the recent election; and Mr. Dillon, a year or two back, declared with unwonted candour that "the National cause in Ireland could not live for one six months if it was deprived of the support of the Irish nation across the Atlantic. . . . If the National cause is killed in America, it will soon die in Ireland." In other words Home Rule is so destitute of native vitality and local support that it must either be financed from overseas or collapse. A more damning confession has never, I suppose, been made by a political leader.

But what perhaps more than anything else has disenchanted the Irish people with the Nationalist Party is, first, the extent to which Mr. Redmond has allowed it to be captured by a junta of the Ancient Order of Hibernians and, secondly, the treachery of the Party leaders to the compact that ended the struggle for the land. Partly because they were unwilling to throw away a vital weapon of agitation, partly because they believed that the tenants were paying too high a price, and partly because certain prominent Nationalists were not included in the famous Conference of 1902—and the vanity of her politicians is one of the greatest of Ireland's curses—the Nationalists have for the past five or six years persistently thwarted the workings of the Wyndham Act, and a few months ago assented to an Amending Act which appears so far to have brought the policy of land purchase outside the Congested Districts to an almost complete stoppage. Mr. O'Brien, on the other hand, has not only fought the domination of the Molly Maguires but has also stood to the agreement of 1902 with a manliness and courage that have won him the confidence and respect, not of Munster alone, but of all the Unionists in Ireland. Steadily insisting on the realities of the political situation—on the "iniquity," for instance, of the Budget and the futility of thinking that England will ever agree

Digitized by Google
Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

to so limit the veto of the House of Lords as to make possible the passage of a Home Rule Bill—steadily championing the right of Irishmen to say what they think, seeking the path of practicality and peace, Mr. O'Brien at the first onset has dealt the Nationalist party a staggering, possibly a fatal, blow. Until his dramatic onslaught one could see that Mr. Redmond and his followers were being played upon by two impulses and were facing two alternatives. On the one hand the dying out of the land war, the exhaustion, disillusionment and indifference of the masses, threatened to rob the Nationalist movement of pretty nearly all its old driving force. On the other hand, the new turn of the Irish mind towards the material and constructive, the new sense of nationality and interdependence, the gradual but sustained approximation of all Irishmen towards a common centre, and the strengthening of the national fibre, summoned all who professed to be representative of the Irish people to the accomplishment of a more vigorous and aggressive programme. Therein lay the seed and the opportunity of such a policy as the Sinn Féiners put forward. But Mr. O'Brien has now propounded a third alternative, one that while responsive to the new and vital movements that are stirring Irish life and thought, and while strictly regardful of the material interests and upbuilding of the nation, will welcome every chance of co-operation between Unionist and Nationalist and will seek to harmonise instead of aggravating their mutual differences, until, from the confidence born of association and goodwill, there is evolved a compromise that will settle the problem of Irish government just as seven years ago a compromise settled the far older and more contentious problem of Irish land. Of all the dreams of politics there are many that are more unlikely of fulfilment than the dream of a Home-Rule Government with the consent, and at the prompting, of Irish men of all classes, creeds, and parties.

Digitized by Google
Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

Strauss's "Elektra"

And the Future of Music-Drama

By E. A. Baughan

UNQUESTIONABLY the "boom" this year is Strauss's *Elektra*. "Have you seen *Elektra?*" has been as tiresomely reiterated as the inquiry a short while back about Maud Allan; and of course every one has gone to see *Elektra*. Not to have seen it is the mark of mental and social dowdiness. It would be ridiculous to assume that the audiences which bought up every seat for every performance of Strauss's latest opera were mainly composed of lovers of music, but it would be just as absurd to assign all the popularity of *Elektra* to a passing and indiscriminating fashion. I have heard the work five times, and I have met people who have worshipped even more devoutly at the new shrine, not because *Elektra* is the violent, bloodthirsty, decadent piece of musical weirdness which the busy newspaper "story" writers would have us believe, but because amidst much that is bizarre and bad as art there is more that is beautiful, touching and noble. Moreover, to the specialist in music, *Elektra* has many points of interest, not only in its workmanship, but in its musico-dramatic form. It opens up a wide field for speculation as to the future of opera.

The music itself is characteristic of Strauss and has sprung naturally from his symphonic poems. Those who know *Also Sprach Zarathustra* and *Ein Heldenleben* are not likely to hear anything unexpected in *Elektra*. For good or ill Strauss has a style of his own. It is as individual as the style of Carlyle, and has the same irritating effect on certain minds. *Elektra* is packed full of Strauss's mannerisms, but we must allow an artist to work in the style that suits him, and Strauss has certainly

Digitized by Google
Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

found that style. In *Elektra* we have the same short themes which are characteristic of his symphonic poems. Some critics have complained that the composer does not develop them, but Strauss does not invent themes that lend themselves to development. The most striking motive in the whole opera, the theme representative of the children of Agamemnon, is not really capable of much development unless recourse were had to obvious and banal sequential imitations. Towards the very end of the opera it is made very important as the subject of a climax, but it is not developed to any extent. Ingenious analysts have accounted for forty-five themes, but all of them are short, and many are nothing more than rhythmical figures. This has been cast up against Strauss. It always has been and always will be cast up against him, although it can easily be shown that it is an integral part of his style, and is necessary for the rapidly shifting polyphony of which he is master. In Strauss's pure orchestral works this thematic scrappiness is not very successful, but it is necessary for the accomplishment of his descriptive aims. It enables him to create a very plastic medium for the expression of his ideas. Æsthetically it can be shown that the symphonic poem should stand on its own feet as music, and that thematic material is the connecting thought of every musical composition, so that if the themes are short, scrappy and do not lend themselves to much development, something other than musical thought is the basis of the composition. That basis in the symphonic poem is no doubt quite clear to the composer, who wishes to express his ideas through music, but as those ideas are musically non-existent and cannot always be accurately suggested the listener is apt to feel that something is wanting. The music seems all background; very beautiful it may be in its polychromatic colour, but lacking a central design, or even a clear pattern. In music-drama the same style of composing has the advantage of the action and dramatic ideas as the central design.

I think I understood Strauss for the first time in listening to *Elektra*. What had been baffling in the symphonic poems had become quite clear and obvious. Strauss has always been a dramatic composer in one sense. He has always worked to an idea, but we have not always been able to take up the clue to

Digitized by Google Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

his meaning. There is no room for doubt in listening to the music of *Elektra* and seeing the action of the stage. When the daughter of Agamemnon begins to dig like an animal for the axe that killed her father, we do not require any explanations as to the meaning of the music, but in a symphonic poem such a passage would puzzle the most imaginative mind. Then in the higher aspects of the drama all is clear. When the beautiful theme of the Children of Agamemnon is heard for the first time in Elektra's long speech after her entrance we know what it means. The verse gives us the clue. Again, in the matter of scoring the symphonic poems often seem arbitrary. Our ears tell us something is meant by the composer; something more than a strange combination of unusual instrumental sounds; but precisely what is meant is not so clear. In *Elektra* Strauss's genius for curious descriptive touches is made manifest for the first time to those who know only the symphonic poems. Some of these instrumental devices are so inspired that they form quite a new departure in music-drama. At the same time Strauss shows in *Elektra* the curious and irrelevant suddenness of change from a subjective to an objective expression which makes his symphonic poems sound so disconnected, and many of his devices of scoring are rather childish from an artistic point of view, since the action of the stage makes them unnecessary, and they only exist in order to prove that the composer can make his orchestra do wonderful things. This kind of freakishness is characteristic of Strauss. You might as well demand of a Whistler that he should paint in the solid style of a Rubens as that Strauss should write in the broad epic manner of a Wagner. Why should we persist in asking creators of art to imitate each other? Why should we criticise them for not doing what they have never intended to do? It is very easy to fall foul of *Elektra* for what it is not. It is simply Strauss.

Strauss is not a great genius, but he *is* a genius. He has something very definite to say, although we may not always admire it. There is something small in his musical thought, for even allowing for the necessity of short themes for Strauss's particular style of treatment, a great genius would invent more *distinguished* themes. A man who was not a genius would try

Digitized by Google Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

to make us believe he had invented them. That is where Strauss is great. He does not pretend to speak in the grand manner, but gives us the best that is in him. He is a very human composer, and his *Elektra* is not a goddess seeking vengeance in the tragedy manner, but just a woman-Hamlet goaded to frenzy by her sense of wrong and by her love for her dead father. The fault of the music, as it is the fault of Hofmannsthal's version of *Elektra*, is that it dwells too much on the physical side of the tragedy, but, fortunately, music is an art which ennobles what it illustrates, and Strauss's score is on a far higher plane than Hofmannsthal's drama. The composer has attempted to thrill us with his realism, but all that part of *Elektra* is a sad disappointment, if the truth must be told. The Grand Guignol touches do not come off. The little guide which Otto Röse and Julius Prüwer have written speaks of the "slippery blood" motive. In depicting the slaying of Ægistheus, Strauss has tried hard to be sensational, but he has tried so hard that the effort is too obvious, and one's flesh refuses to creep. To my mind *Elektra* is disappointing in its realism. Everything is thrown at you, and the imagination is never kindled by suggestion. On the other hand, the composer has been very successful in conveying the pity and humanity of his drama. Nothing as noble as the scene between Orestes and Elektra has been musically conceived since Wagner. It shows that Strauss is a musical dramatist of the highest rank.

In turning from an appreciation of this particular music-drama to a consideration of its place in the development of other art, it will be necessary to examine quite briefly the different types of modern dramatic music. Roughly, it may be said that there is no settled type of music-drama to which all must conform. Wagner had his own theories and wrote at great length upon them, but the Wagnerian music-drama remains only one of many kinds. The dramatic form does not necessarily mean dramatic music, and, conversely, a style of composition which flies in the face of all Wagnerian reforms is not necessarily undramatic. That idea of music and drama being one is mere cant, and the more modern Wagnerian will tell you that the master never intended that music should take a subordinate

Digitized by Google
Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

position. At any rate in his works it did not, and it is an old tale that the importance he gave to the musical expression of his dramas actually conditioned their construction. Of all modern composers Debussy is the only one who has seriously attempted to make the music dependent entirely on the drama. The result, in *Pelléas et Mélisande*, is of the highest interest, but the music as music suffers from this æsthetic austerity. Wagner's music-dramas are big vocal symphonic poems. The orchestra, not the drama, is the driving-force, and the orchestra is Wagner's own commentary. He does not so much paint for us what his *dramatis personæ* are feeling as what he thinks about their feelings. Wagner's *dramatis personæ* cease to interest us, for they are so much the puppets of Wagner, the wonderful composer of orchestral music. Wagnerians, mad and other, will deny this, but who can honestly say that his *dramatis personæ* do not explain the orchestral music rather than the orchestral music explains them? Outwardly Strauss's *Elektra* is derived from Wagner's music-drama, but in some very important points it is not. It is symphonic in the sense that *Tristan und Isolde* is symphonic. The orchestra drives the drama along, but it is not so complete in itself as Wagner's orchestra. It is more dramatic in being an illustration of the feelings of the *dramatis personæ* rather than of the composer's feelings, and consequently it does not condition the scene to the same extent. Moreover, Strauss's method of scoring and his delicate, shifting background of polyphony do not drown the voices, which stand out with wonderful sharpness. This was particularly noticeable when the composer himself conducted his work. Strauss has certainly solved the difficulty of making the voices tell in a symphonic music-drama. At the same time he has not written his vocal parts so that the human voice is given its full scope for poignant expression. In this he has fallen far below Wagner at his best, for Wagner did understand how to write for the voice, and when his orchestra did not make the singer a nonentity he was most dramatically expressive. There is very little in *Elektra* of real understanding of the human voice. You hear the voices, because Strauss's technical style enables you to do so, but, except for the "recognition" scene, they are hardly worth

Digitized by Google Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

hearing. Surely opera of the future will strike some kind of mean between the Wagner-Strauss orchestral music-drama and the Debussy incidental music-drama.

There should be nothing of dogmatism in dealing with this difficult opera problem. I would even go as far as to say that if drama assists a composer in writing more poignant and more varied absolute music it is justified, although the result may not be drama at all but a kind of vocal symphonic poem. If Wagner had written symphonies or pieces of programme music akin to them, would he have composed such memorable music? If he had emulated Mozart or Gluck or had imitated Meyerbeer, would not the world have been the poorer by the loss of his orchestral and vocal symphonic-poems? Strauss's *Elektra* is just as much a symphonic-poem as anything Wagner wrote. Immediately you pit the orchestra against the singers the contrast deadens the actual drama. It is not a question of the voices being audible or inaudible—they are audible enough in *Elektra*—but of musical interest. If the orchestra is to be paramount, the voices must be more or less subordinate to it. Do not let us call this very interesting form of art a music-drama, for it is not. We may accept it as a fascinating form of music, and possibly there may be a future for this type of composition. As I have already pointed out, Strauss himself becomes clear and sane when he has the thread of drama as a connecting design, and his genius has never been more clearly articulated than in *Elektra*. At the same time it can be truthfully held that music does heighten drama; that in spite of its conventions the art does deepen the impression of a play. Maeterlinck's *Pelléas et Mélisande* is beautiful as a stage play. I have seen Sarah Bernhardt and Mrs. Patrick Campbell in the principal parts, but the impression they made was pale beside the impression created by Debussy's opera. Sardou's *Tosca* as a play was merely horrible and seemed to have no other reason for existence than that of giving Sarah Bernhardt an effective acting part. Puccini's version is infinitely more touching and more dramatic. *Cavalleria Rusticana* is more striking as an opera than as a play, even with Duse as Santuzza. Of one thing we may be sure. In spite of what writers on æsthetics may say, the expression of

Digitized by Google Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

drama by singing does not seem unnatural, and in art we only have to do with " seeming " and not with facts. Charpentier's *Louise* is one of the most moving dramas I know, and yet he by no means subscribes to the cant of Wagnerian " reforms."

The men who have written the most vital music-dramas of the day have had the instinct of not abandoning the power of the human voice, nor of casting aside all musical conventions. They have not undertaken their tasks with the aims of orchestral composers, as Wagner and, to a still greater extent, Richard Strauss have. With Puccini, Debussy and Charpentier the human voice still counts as the real medium of drama, and if the more serious musician is inclined to belittle the work of these men from a musical standpoint, it is an accident rather than an essential that *Tosca*, *Pelléas et Mélisande* and *Louise* are on a lower plane of musical creativeness than *Don Giovanni*, *Die Meistersinger* or *Elektra*. There is no reason why a modern composer of the equipment of Wagner or Strauss should not write a music-drama which would contain as fine music as anything that those geniuses have done and yet conform to what is the essence of music-drama: the preponderance of the voice as the true medium of human expression. The protagonists of a drama should not be the slaves of an orchestra which whips them along as Strauss scourges his singers in *Elektra*. He makes his instruments the masters of his singers, and he himself, intoxicated with the egotism of the orchestral composer, rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm of this musical insanity. When the orchestra is too prominent we are impressed by the self-consciousness of the art. For that reason *Elektra* does not move one as it should. The whole thing sounds unconvincing and hollow, just like a piece of " fine " writing in literature, and only when Strauss forgets himself, as in the scene between Elektra and Orestes, does he really become dramatic. There is room for this kind of orchestral dramatic art, but it will never become music-drama. The composer of the future must learn that he gains nothing by casting aside all musical conventions. After all, music is a separate human expression, with its own fundamental laws, its own logical design, and its own method of expressing emotion. When Wagner threw aside what he was pleased to

Digitized by Google
Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

think was undramatic in the musical conventions of old opera he did a thing which looks well on paper, but in practice he afterwards recanted. His theoretical dislike of concerted vocal music was not proof against his instinct as musician, and so we have the beautiful climax of the love-duet in *Tristan und Isolde* the end of the love-duet in *Siegfried* and the quintet in *Die Meistersinger*, to mention only a few instances. Even Richard Strauss, after carefully abstaining from letting more than one voice sing at a time is finally compelled to amalgamate the utterances of Elektra and Chrysothemis as a climax to his music-drama. What was bad in the old operas was not the concerted singing itself but the stereotyped cadences, the unnecessary full closes, and often the absolute want of essential dramatic character in the music. A modern composer need not emulate these weaknesses, which were often musical weaknesses as well as dramatic, but he should not and must not deny himself the beauty of musical conventions from the mistaken idea that they are essentially undramatic. Strauss has done that, and his *Elektra*, except in proving that voices can be heard against the complex background of modern orchestral writing, has done little to advance the art of music-drama.

Digitized by Google
Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

On Humanism

By R. A. Scott-James

The Meaning of Truth. A Sequel to *Pragmatism.* By WILLIAM JAMES. Longmans, Green and Co. 1909. 4*s.* 6*d.* net.
Justice. A Tragedy in Four Acts. By JOHN GALSWORTHY. Duckworth and Co. 1910. 2*s.* net.

"ALL that could be done, by keeping him in the paths of virtue and truth, I did. He is become a man, and as a man he must reap his own sowing." Thus spoke Sir Austin Feverel of his son, and through him speaks the social system as it has been handed down to us through the nineteenth century—the century of abstract ideas—the century which seemed to codify and adopt all the doctrines that had ever been hailed as finalities, since the time of Parmenides. From its wisdom and benevolence the social system, articulate in Sir Austin, prescribes for the individual the strait and narrow path which he is to follow, and visits him with its wrath if he departs from it. Meredith in his earlier novels was the Sir Galahad of individualism—of glorious youth asserting its strength against hostile forces, of passion triumphing over sentiment and preconceived ideas, of honest thought, or pure instinct, or directed purpose which enables man or woman to become "master of an event."

It has been not without result that Carlyle demonstrated to Englishmen the lesson of the French Revolution—the gospel of the strong man, of the hero who stirs and drives the world. Meredith too was saturated with the idea, and in his unexaggerating, philosophical manner again and again described society as a human complex in which the few energic forces were perpetually at variance with the many static forces. Meredith's ideas have subtly penetrated and leavened modern thought, but

Digitized by Google
Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

in our love for extremes we are wont to ascribe our contemporary apostleships to the violent Messianic example of Ibsen or Neitzsche. Happily all our philosophers, novelists and playwrights are not Shaws or Granville Barkers. These latter, lance in hand, pennons waving, amid shouts of battle, are combating the still surviving and ever-human errors which were more subtly, more winningly, but less demonstratively combated by Meredith, Whitman and lesser writers. The former—Neitzsche, Shaw and their kind—make their assault upon abstract ideas; and their weapons are abstractions. They pull down temples, and set up their own mannikins in the sacred groves. The world applauds—because it was from infancy accustomed to such ideas —and with appropriate modesty doubts if it has fully grasped their esoteric meaning.

Meantime other methods are finding favour. There are some who prefer truth even to reputation. There is growing up in many quarters a desire to find some sort of *via media* between the antitheses of individualism and universalism, egotism and altruism, self-assertion and obedience, science and faith, despotism and slavery, eccentricity and custom. There is what I may call a reconciling spirit at work in almost every sphere of intellectual activity, an attempt to find some least common denominator from which all parties may start. We see scientists like the late Frederick Myers and Sir Oliver Lodge attempting to find *in science* a basis of religious faith. We see theologians like Father Tyrrell and the French and Italian Modernists accommodating religion to the requirements of rationalism and the facts established by biology or history. We find Professor William James, who was trained in the idealistic school of philosophy, going out to meet the champions of empiricism; and Mr. John Galsworthy, showing in *Fraternity*, *Strife* and *Justice* the common human bond between masters and workers, rich and poor, casting the burden of blame not so much upon human beings as upon the mechanism of abstract ideas under which society is bound.

In every one of these cases which I have mentioned the attack is made, as of old, upon Abstract Ideas, Abstract Ideas stereotyped in the form of theological and logical systems of

Digitized by Google Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

thought, or in outworn laws, legal and moral, conventions, customs, &c. But the point is that in making this attack, the authors of it attempt to avoid the mistake of replacing one extreme by another, of substituting for one abstraction another which is its opposite. Professor James calls himself a pragmatist, or a humanist. The same name may be given to Mr. Galsworthy. The former is concerned with the theory of knowledge. That, he says, is true, which agrees with "the *dramatic temperament* of nature." . . . "We turn to the great unpent and unstayed wilderness of truth as we feel it to be constituted, with as good a conscience as rationalists are moved by when they turn from our wilderness into their neater and cleaner intellectual abodes." In *Justice* the young advocate who appears for the defence is not so much pleading for the client under the law, as arraigning the present legal system, setting up a new conception of law based upon common sense, human insight, and a morality finer than legalism. "Gentlemen," he says, "men like the defendant are destroyed daily under our law for want of that human insight which sees them as they are, patients, and not criminals . . . Justice is a machine that, when some one has once given it the starting push, rolls on of itself. Is this young man to be ground to pieces under this machine for an act which at the worst was one of weakness?" Both Professor James and Mr. Galsworthy are appealing against the machine, the one against the machine of thought which is divorced from common perception, the other against the machine of the law which has no contact with the needs of persons.

This attempt to get back to something that *satisfies* the human mind, the human idea of good, is to be seen equally in these two thinkers who belong to different countries and different traditions. The word "satisfactory" continually occurs in Professor James's writings. "Humanism," he says, "conceiving the more 'true' as the more 'satisfactory,' has sincerely to renounce rectilinear arguments and ancient ideals of rigor and finality." He wishes to break with that view of philosophy which says "the anatomy of the world is logical, and its logic is that of a university professor." He is one of those who, having been a lifelong student of philosophy and psychology,

Digitized by Google
Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

has the energy to know that however theoretically perfect may be the logical system evolved by thought, that system will not be sufficient to prevent a man from saying, " After all, am I sure of it ? " The only things of which we are sure are those things which we directly experience. We know the appearance of a tree, because we see it ; we know the emotion of pity or love, because we have felt it ; we know that what we call tigers exist in India, because acquaintances have seen them, and direct experience has taught us that their evidence is satisfactory ; and if we went to India their testimony could be found true by the evidence of our own senses. " What becomes our warrant for calling anything reality ? The only reply is—the faith of the present critic or inquirer. At every moment of his life he finds himself subject to a belief in *some* realities, even though his realities of this year should prove to be his illusions of the next." " *The most we can claim is, that what we say about cognition may be counted as true as what we say about anything else.*" Nothing is true for him unless it has reference to the world which we know, which we accept on faith, by the practical evidence of our senses, or, it might be added, our desires, our aspirations, our intuitions. Nothing is ruled out so long as it can be pinned down at any moment to that which is real, to that which is individual. " Demonstration in the last resort " is to the senses.

> Contemned though they may be by some thinkers, these sensations are the mother-earth, the anchorage, the stable rock, the first and last limits, the *terminus a quo* and the *terminus ad quem* of the mind. To find such sensational *termini* should be our aim with all our higher thought. They end discussion, they destroy the false conceit of knowledge, and without them we are all at sea with each other's meaning. If two men act alike on a percept, they believe themselves to feel alike about it ; if not, they may suspect they know it in differing ways. We can never be sure we understand each other till we are able to bring the matter to this test. This is why metaphysical discussions are so much like fighting with the air ; they have no practical issue of a sensational kind.

Digitized by Google
Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

Truth, then, for the pragmatists is that which has "practical consequences." A belief is held to be true when it is "found to work." Transcendent ideas have no validity except as ideas unless they are found to have a "cash-value" in practical life, that is to say, unless they refer to, and are operative in, the world of immediate experience. "Reality is an accumulation of our own intellectual inventions, and the struggle for 'truth' in our progressive dealings with it is always a struggle to work in new nouns and adjectives while altering as little as possible the old." You may talk of absolutes as much as you like, you may contemplate the fundamental categories of the mind, you may dwell upon the *a priori* conceptions to which all our experiences must conform, but the fact remains, says Professor James, turning his back on all transcendental idealism, "the concrete truth *for us* will always be that way of thinking in which our various experiences most profitably combine."

> The true is the opposite of whatever is instable, of whatever is practically disappointing, of whatever is useless, of whatever is lying and unreliable, of whatever is unverifiable and unsupported, of whatever is inconsistent and contradictory, of whatever is artificial and eccentric, of whatever is unreal in the sense of being of no practical account. Here are pragmatic reasons with a vengeance why we should turn to truth—truth saves us from a world of that complexion. What wonder that its very name awakens loyal feeling! In particular what wonder that all little provisional fool's paradises of belief should appear contemptible in comparison with its bare pursuit! When absolutists reject humanism because they feel it to be untrue, that means that the whole habit of their mental needs is wedded already to a different view of reality, in comparison with which the humanistic world seems but the whim of a few irresponsible youths. Their own subjective apperceiving mass is what speaks here in the name of the eternal natures and bids them reject our humanism—as they apprehend it. Just so with us humanists, when we condemn all noble, clean-cut, fixed, eternal, rational, temple-like systems of philosophy.

Digitized by Google
Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

I am not here seeking to examine closely, still less to criticise, Professor James's pragmatist doctrines. What I am concerned to show is that we have in him a trained philosopher adopting towards the theory of knowledge a point of view strangely similar to that which Mr. Galsworthy takes up towards the social ethics of modern England. Is it not Mr. Galsworthy's function to "condemn all noble, clean-cut, fixed, eternal, rational, temple-like systems" of morality and etiquette? Professor James's rationalist antagonists are exactly like the administrators of law and order criticised by Sweedle in the play. "They've forgot what human nature's like." Just as your Hegelian wishes for nothing but the perfection of knowledge, and leaves you in an inconceivable, unknowable Absolute, so, according to Falder, who has been in prison, "Nobody wishes you any harm, but they down you all the same." In precisely the same way as Professor James pleads for a view of truth which rests on the unfailing vividness of finite experience, so Mr. Galsworthy pleads for a justice which shall be applicable, not to an infinite number of imaginary cases, but to the individual, to the person whom we might chance to know, and meet, and work with—to the necessitous human being. He pleads for a law which shall be elastic, not rigid; dealing with men, not cases; for which mercy shall come to be a part of the idea of justice. That which is good enough for human beings in their dealings one with another ought not to be too good for the law.

Intercourse with concrete reality is Professor James's requirement for the truth of an idea; intercourse with human beings is Mr. Galsworthy's requirement as the basis of social morality and of law. That does not of course mean that the legislator must be acquainted with all those for whom he legislates any more than that we can directly experience the facts of history which we claim to know. But every rule—in knowledge, in morality, in law—must be referable to this test of intercourse. Let your judgment of human beings be such as you would award to those who are sufficiently human to be among your friends. Let it be directed solely towards the well-being of the individual so far as that is consistent with the well-being of society. Again and again Mr. Galsworthy has shown us how

Digitized by Google
Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

stereotyped views, abstractions of the human mind, settle down upon classes and individuals and warp their judgments and their conduct. In *Fraternity* he showed how the idea of class differences becomes an obsession in the human mind, obliterating the truer idea of human community, of those common qualities in character which are not skin-deep, like class, but fundamental. In *Strife* he showed how the idea of the rights of an employer, of the rights of a workman, is an abstraction hiding from master and workman the human bond which human intercourse would have revealed. In *Justice* again he shows how that lowest of all existing codes, the legal code, erects a "temple-like" abstraction of the law to which all individuals, however different they may be, however various their requirements, are made to conform.

We may notice that in the cases both of the philosopher and the dramatist there is a return to what I may call a rudimentary common sense. Professor James's views come as a reaction in the course of the long evolution of ideas. If on the one side we had not had thinker after thinker who emphasised the necessity of approaching reality as a relation of the conscious mind, and on the other side sceptics who asserted that there is nothing knowable but the continuum of disconnected sensations which present themselves, a blind array of atoms, there would be no meaning in a thesis like that of Professor James, which refutes the follies of the two extremes, and stands upon a ground which is very nearly a denial of the possibility of philosophy. In like manner Mr. Galsworthy's ethics are only valuable as a chain in the progress of morality and institutions. Primitive society conceived punishment as an antidote to the horrors of unchecked violence. Mediæval law devised fearful penalties for the forger because forgery was a fearful menace to the stability of a commerce not yet backed by a high commercial morality. But now we have reached the time when we are menaced by the machinery set up by our ancestors. The law works with a violence and a brutality which were invented in and proper to an age of violence and brutality; and we are confronted with the daily spectacle of benevolent judges administering an antiquated and ferocious law, which awards to

Digitized by Google
Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

the criminal the double penalty of chastisement and shame. The old idea clings to the machine and works havoc. And because it is old, and because we are accustomed to it, we tolerate it. We do not put it to the test, which must be a personal test. How does it work in the case of this individual and of that? Is the application of these rules "satisfactory" when they are made to operate on the human beings for whom they were devised? Has this code any social "cash value" when it is brought to bear on the lawyer's clerk who forged a cheque to save a woman?

I have not considered Professor James's merits as a dialectician, or Mr. Galsworthy's as a dramatist. I have attempted to hint at that quality in them which is called "humanism," humanism in thought, humanism in ethics—the quality which makes men seek to judge ideas, institutions and things by what they are worth to human beings for their most pressing, their most vital needs. I might go further and show how "humanism" is the most remarkable modern characteristic in many branches of activity, for instance, in politics (but that is forbidden ground) or in literary criticism. Clearly it tends at all times to set up individual conviction against authority, freedom against discipline. It has as its virtue the quality of being opposed to red-tape, pedantry, officiousness, intolerance, lethargy, and the tyranny of custom; it has its dangers in that, resting as it does in the last resort on the personal and the concrete, it tends in ill-balanced minds to neglect the value of ancient and dear illusions, and to degenerate into chaos and caprice. Chaos, however, is not so much to be feared as those "little provisional fool's paradises of belief" which Professor James so brilliantly attacks.

Digitized by Google
Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

Two Women Poets

By Edward Storer

Poems Old and New. By Lily Thicknesse (Elkin Mathews 3*s.* net).
Mingled Wine. By Anna Bunston (Longmans. 3*s.* 6*d.* net).

It is a rarer thing among the women poets than among the men for them to reach that point of art where the evidences of the lesser self disappear from their works. The point where art becomes so personal, so utterly from the essential heart (which is evidently the same in all of us) as to be impersonal and universal is a pinnacle to which few men and almost no women attain. For the most part, our poets yield themselves to lesser moods and when they write, they are painting little pictures of themselves nearly all the time, so that we come to know almost how they speak, and laugh, and look, and what their political views are and the colour of their surroundings, which is very amusing but quite unimportant. What pleases us easily and without cost to-day we do the honour of forgetting to-morrow, and the more a person tells us about himself the less respect we seem to have for him. It is mystery, reserve, control which are the attraction in letters as well as in life. In this respect some smaller poets are like a lot of invalids at a Sanatorium. They do little more than chatter of their symptoms and then put them into verse.

In these two books of poetry there is plenty of this lesser, immediate kind of work, of very good quality, but only in one or two pieces can I find poetry which even in any degree transcends its own creator and was so intimately and deeply felt that its author spoke for many beside herself.

True poetry, that is great poetry, is like true and great love in this, that in its supreme expression it speaks really for the race

Digitized by Google
Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

rather than for the individual, though its agent is at the time passionately deluded to the contrary. Such verse has its roots deep into the years of the world. Old loves, old passions, old memories nourish and support it, and, for a consequence, its flower is strong and lasting, and must remain to delight the eyes of the future.

In the following lines from Mrs. Thicknesse's "Poems Old and New" I find just a little of this supreme quality:

A TOAST TO DEATH

O Most belov'd, when that unbidden Guest
Shall enter whom nor bolt nor bar can stay,
Nor unavailing tears may turn away,
Will I before him spread a royal feast;

I'll greet him bravely with unconquered breath,
And melt this pearl of love within the cup,
So like great Egypt drink my kingdom up,
And pledge a last triumphant toast to Death!

At any rate, it is a fine little poem. A mood of swagger if you like, but noble swagger, and no more false or exaggerated than many of the brave conceits of the Elizabethan love-song, with which indeed it has a certain superficial affinity.

Pondering over it, a vivid picture is called up. One can imagine the cup, a black one surely, gleaming and mysterious; the hand raising it aloft in defiance; the draught, and then the shattering of it into pieces on the floor. Regarding the poem coldly, word by word, and line by line (a terrible but a fair test), there is not much that is not effective. "Royal" and "bravely" perhaps add nothing to the whole, and the first line of the second verse suggests a taking of breath, but this is amply repaid by the passionate sweep of the last three lines with their dramatic finish. Less bold in conception, but full of feeling is the tiny "*In dir liebte ich das Ewige. . . .*"

If I were asked what I do love in thee,
No words there are my love hath not outgrown,
Lo, even as though a little child alone
Should sing beside the murmurs of the sea.

Mrs. Thicknesse has some fine phrases too, as "the borrowed

Digitized by Google
Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

sovereignty of grief," and her sonnets are always capable of affording pleasure. Take this one :

TO MY LOVE AT SEA

When thou art absent, I am not afraid,
If thou shouldst see a fairer face than mine ;
The love 'twixt me and thee is too divine
To doat on what the sullen years must fade.
I am not jealous lest a shining maid
Should meet thee at thy journey's utmost fine,
And weave a mesh to snare that heart of thine,
As did the Sirens where Ulysses stayed.
I do but fear lest dull and envious death
Should lurk for thee in a green island wave,
And bear thee down, and kiss away thy breath
In some dark, hidden, immemorial cave
Among the deeps where sorrow wandereth,
And love would seek in vain thine unmade grave.

It may be seen that the poetess can write very elegantly and appealingly along intimate introspective lines.

Miss Anna Bunston's work is fresher and more original than that of Mrs. Thicknesse, though it has a certain scrappiness and waywardness which the other poet always avoids. It is supple verse with a very dimpled feminine charm. It captivates the fancy with a subtle entanglement of words, sly, caressing, and with a hint of quick laughter behind it all, as one may feel the sunlight behind the shattered beauty of an April morning. It springs from a larger talent than does Mrs. Thicknesse's work, but it is nurtured by a narrower philosophy and criticism. It is curious to remark that both poets use at times the Shakespearean sonnet form, and that in using it they both imitate the same particular quality of the many qualities of the famous Quatorzains. This is the trick of antithesis, and what may be called sleight of word. The source of work like the following is too obvious :

Why wilt thou so laboriously excuse
Thy long and often absences from me ?
Or when did I thy wanderings accuse
Or plant a hedge about thy liberty ?

Digitized by Google
Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

I must have waited all thy faith to prove
If I would love thee for thy faithfulness;
I loved because it was my will to love,
And my love stands in my will's steadfastness.
Thou sayest thou hast won a second youth,
Right well I know it, thou hast stolen mine,
But never shalt thou filch away my truth,
Which stays my own although all else be thine:

Then knock no more, who canst not lose the key,
Since thee I love, and not thy love of me.

Even though this savours of *pastiche*, it is a notable bit of work.

Most of Miss Bunston's poetry, however, is in a freer form than that of the Sonnet, which fact stands her in good stead, for the whereabouts of the concealment of the art in the Sonnet form is so patent to everybody that it is farcical to pretend that it is concealed at all. In a few pieces Miss Bunston's work touches a remarkable level, and with a proper horror of being extravagant, it does not seem too much to say that it is the freshest and most original book of woman's verse that has appeared for a very considerable time. I quote her poem:

ON A CERTAIN SPINSTER WHO LINGERED IN CHURCH

Not hers the hungry gaze of souls unwed;
Not hers the cold and narrow barren bed:
Those virgin shoulders yet have pillowed men
Who through her ministry grew strong again.
She knows embraces both by night and day
Beyond all price of intermingling clay.
Man's weary cares upon her knees find rest,
His secret hopes are hanging at her breast;
Therefore, if long before the cross she bend,
'Tis not that loneliness may find a friend,
But that she takes so many with her there,
And needs must wait till each have said his prayer.

Certainly a beautiful thought, evanescent it may be, and only minor poetry because it takes twelve lines in the expression of one idea, and no great poetry is born as slowly as that. But in its class remarkable, and comparable with anything of the kind in modern verse.

Digitized by Google
Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

" 'Tis not that loneliness may find a friend." That line is in the manner of the big people—thought that is swift and full of daring.

And the coquettish " Hearts and Sleeves " ; in much lighter vein to be sure, but of its type most excellent. I quote the opening lines :

You fear I am too frank,
And wear my heart upon my sleeve ?
Which heart ? Which sleeve ?
Had I as many gowns to wear
As Queen Elizabeth,
I'd set a heart upon them all
And still have hearts to spare.

That is fresh and light-hearted, and rather characteristic of Miss Bunston's work, which is often coquettish, whimsical, and full of a tender *câlinerie*. I must be content merely to mention the " Garden Song and " The Reprobate." Both of these volumes of verse stand out well above the level of contemporary poetry, and in Miss Bunston's case the superiority is a thing to be carefully remarked.

Digitized by Google
Original from MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY